This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

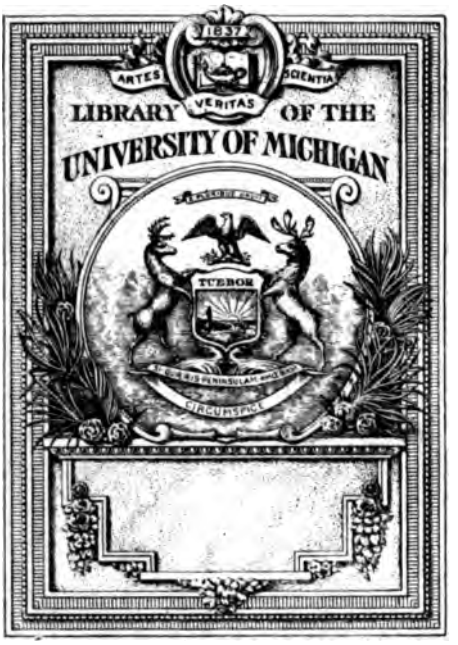
We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

B 956,162


1837
ARTES
VERITAS
SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TUEBOR
SI QUAERIS PENINSULAM AMOENAM
CIRCUMSPICE

828
G624
C97

GOLDSMITH'S WORKS.

22304

THE WORKS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

EDITED

BY PETER CUNNINGHAM, F.S.A.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

BIOGRAPHIES.
REVIEWS.
ANIMATED NATURE.
COCK LANE GHOST.
VIDA'S GAME OF CHESS.
LETTERS.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1854.

LONDON:
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

MEMOIRS

OF

M. DE VOLTAIRE.

1759.

This Memoir (added to the works of its author for the first time in 1837) was written in 1759, by way of preface to a translation of the *Henriade* made by Purdon, and which Griffiths had undertaken to publish. "I know not," Goldsmith writes to his brother, "whether I should tell you—yet why should I conceal those trifles, or indeed anything from you? There is a book of mine will be published in a few days, the life of a very extraordinary man; no less than the great Voltaire. You know already by the title that it is no more than a catch-penny. However, I spent but four weeks on the whole performance, for which I received twenty pounds." Though announced for *speedy* publication in *The Public Advertiser* of the 7th February 1759, it has not been discovered as a separate publication. It was printed, however, in detached portions in *The Lady's Magazine* for 1761. It is a fragment, and chiefly of importance for its account of Voltaire's residence in England.

MEMOIRS OF M. DE VOLTAIRE.

THAT life which has been wholly employed in the study, is properly seen only in the author's writings; there is no variety to entertain, nor adventure to interest us in the calm anecdotes of such an existence. Cold criticism is all the reader must expect, instead of instructive history.

VOLTAIRE, however, may be justly exempted from the number of those obscure philosophers whose days have been passed between the fireside and the easy chair. It is a doubt whether he appears more remarkable for the busy incidents of his life, or the fine productions of his retirement. If we regard the variety of his adventures, we shall be surprised how he had time to study; and if we look into his voluminous and spirited productions, we shall be apt to conclude that his whole employment was speculation. The truth is, no man can more truly be said to have lived. There is hardly a period of his existence which is not crowded with incidents that characterise either the philosopher or the man of the world. No poet was ever more universally known than he: none more praised or more censured; possessed of more sincere friends or inveterate enemies.

François Marie Arouet de Voltaire was born at Châtenay, near Paris, the 20th of February, 1694. His family was but mean, as his father was the maker of his own fortune. François Arouet was at first an usurer; in which employment, by the most extreme parsimony, he saved as much as entitled him to follow the business of a public notary. Frugality in the lower orders of mankind may be considered as a substitute to ambition: this old man was a miser with no other view; and when his circumstances permitted, he purchased a place under the government of *greffier du châtelet;* which is equivalent to an under-secretary with us. In this office he acquired a fortune of about 500*l.* a-year, and had interest sufficient to get his family ennobled, by having the title of DE added to the name of Voltaire.

Being therefore in easy circumstances, he was resolved to give his son the best education in his power, and accordingly, at the usual age, put him under the care of the celebrated Porée, who at that time professed rhetoric and philosophy in one of the colleges of Paris. Young Voltaire quickly discovered a capacity equal to any task, but at the same time an utter aversion

to all that wore the appearance of study—enamoured with poetry and eloquence, yet showing his love by feeble efforts to imitate, rather than by a fondness of reading the models proposed to his admiration. This dislike of learning the polite arts by precept, the manner in which they are generally taught, made him appear to his fellow-students as if endued but with a very ordinary capacity; nor did any of the assistant-masters view him in a light more advantageous. Porée, however, who was himself a man of genius, perceived in his pupil the sparks of latent fire, and saw with regret—for he loved the boy—that Voltaire was born a poet. To prevent his pursuing an employment that generally points to misfortune, and which, at the greatest and best, is attended with painful pre-eminence, Porée thought proper to change the course of his pupil's studies. He deprived him of his favourite poets, Virgil and Sophocles, and put into his hands Euclid, Tully, and the System of Des Cartes, at that time much in fashion in France. But Voltaire seemed wound up to no other pursuit than that of poetry; he neglected severer studies, and was ridiculed for his backwardness in the sciences, by the whole university. The greatest genius can make no figure in philosophy without application; and application a young poet is ever averse to. The punishments of the academy, and the exhortations of his masters were insufficient to influence him: anything that wore the face of industry he carefully avoided, and wherever pleasure presented, he was foremost in the pursuit. In conducting a boy of so refractory a disposition, other masters would have redoubled their punishments, or discontinued their care; but Porée, who perceived that all his attempts to thwart nature were to no effect, was at last resolved to indulge the genius of his pupil in his favourite pursuits, and to give that imagination a full liberty of dilating, which all his endeavours could not repress. "I perceive," said he, "that the youth will be miserable, in spite of all my efforts: he must be what nature has made him, a poet; let us then, since we cannot make him happy, endeavour to make him great."

And now the course of Voltaire's studies was changed once more; all the enchanting prospects of poetic ground, and all the invaluable treasures of antiquity, were opened before their youthful admirer. Few equalled, scarcely any excelled Porée in the proper methods of forming a poet. He exhibited to his pupil not only the finest models, but directed his efforts in imitating them; showed him that the true method of copying the ancients was to draw after nature, and instructed him from the copious volume of mankind; of which a long acquaintance with the world had made him a perfect master. The whole college now began to turn their eyes with wonder upon a boy they had before considered in the most despicable light; and Voltaire seemed to glory in his conscious superiority. There were four prizes generally distributed in the year, to the most deserving in the Belles Lettres: he had obtained three, and missed the fourth; however, he was resolved to have all or none. Accordingly, rejecting the three which were offered him, he continued another year at college, until he should obtain the four; which he did with uncommon applause.

When he had passed the usual time at college, his father was resolved to remove him home; by which means he might at once have an opportunity of seeing the world, and finishing his education. The world was too dangerous a scene for a youth of passions as strong as his imagination; in love with pleasure, and as yet seeing human nature only on the pleasing side. But his father, either not considering, or regardless of these precautions, gave him an apartment in his own house, and indulged him, though but a boy of fifteen, in a degree of liberty which others are not allowed till a more advanced age. The truth is, the old man mistook his son's knowledge for prudence, and imagined that a lad so very wise in conversation would be equally so in action. In this he was deceived: Voltaire was a youth of exquisite sensibility, and men of such dispositions generally feel pleasure with a double relish: he had a constitution though not strong, yet delicately pliant, and such a disposition as inclined him to society. His visage, which was thin, might, at first view, have passed for indifferent; but when he spoke it caught ineffable graces, and his soul seemed beaming through his eyes. His stature was about middle size, and his person, upon the whole, not at all disagreeable. Thus furnished, our young poet launched out into all the excesses of refined debauchery. There are in every great city a set of battered beaus, who, too old for pleasure themselves, introduce every young fellow of spirit into what they call polite company. A kept mistress, an actress, or an opera dancer, generally compose the society. These are all perfectly skilled in the arts of coquetting, teach the young beginner how to make love, set his features, adjust his bow, and—pick his pocket. Into such company as this Voltaire was quickly introduced; and they failed not, according to custom, to flatter him into a high opinion of his parts, and to praise his wit, though incapable of relishing its delicacy. Imagine a youth pleased with himself and everything about him, taking the lead in all conversation, giving a loose to every folly that happened to occur, uttering things which, when spoken, seemed to please, but which, upon reflection, appeared false or trivial!—such was the gay, thoughtless, good-natured Voltaire, in a circle of close, designing beings, who approved his sallies from flattery and not from their feelings; who despised his efforts to please, or enjoyed his folly with tacit malignity. His father saw with concern the company into which he was fallen: he knew by experience that to be a wit was the surest means of banishing friends and fortune, and saw that his son, by striving after the character of an amusing member of society, was giving up all pretensions of being an useful one. Admonition he thought might be serviceable, and accordingly he remonstrated very freely upon Voltaire's behaviour. No youth could receive advice with a better grace than he, or make more faithful promises of amendment. But he was now fallen in love with Mademoiselle G——n, the actress, and lost upon her bosom every domestic concern.

Mademoiselle G——n was extremely pretty, and though but low in stature, finely shaped. Possessed of a vivacity often more pleasing than true wit, she talked and looked tenderness, and sometimes enlivened

conversation with a double entendre; which, coming from pretty lips, is generally attended with the desired success. These were qualifications sufficient to captivate a person unacquainted with the world. Voltaire became enamoured, and took every opportunity of indulging the capricious, though expensive desires of a woman, since noted for ruining the fortunes of several of her admirers. Wherever pleasure was to be sold, our young poet and his mistress were first to raise the auction. Extravagance, however, soon brings on want, and this threatened a separation. Mademoiselle G——n had no other passion than that general one which women entertain for the opposite sex; any other man equally good-natured, open, and simple, would have been equally agreeable with Voltaire; she therefore felt no pain in the thoughts of separation. But it was quite otherwise with her youthful admirer; he entertained romantic ideas of the sex, considered woman as generally described in books, and looked upon beauty as the transparent covering of virtue. The apprehension, therefore, of being obliged to part gave him no small uneasiness. The more this apprehension increased, the more diligent he was in contriving means to satisfy her rapacity. He had already extorted money from his father by various pretences; but this resource now began to fail him. His mistress had frequently assured him, that it was polite to deceive the old man; that comedy every day afforded instances of this laudable disobedience; and often intimated, that money must be supplied or love discontinued. What was to be done in such a dilemma? to subdue his passion was a task he was as yet quite unacquainted with; he was resolved, therefore, to add one falsehood more to his former account. In pursuance of this resolution, he gravely assured his father, that the Cardinal Polignac, who was employed by the court of France to adjust the plan of pacification at Utrecht, had consented to take him in his retinue; and as it was proper to appear genteelly on such an occasion, our adventurer requested a hundred pounds for his equipment, promising to regulate his future conduct by the strictest prudence. The old man was the more inclined to believe this story, as it was a place he had been soliciting for his son some time before; he therefore advanced the money, and Voltaire, rejoicing in the success of his stratagem, flew to share his joy and his acquisition with his charming deluder.

I am not insensible, that by recounting these trifling particulars of a great man's life, I may be accused of being myself a trifler; but such circumstances as these generally best mark a character. These youthful follies, like the fermentation of liquors, often disturb the mind only in order to its future refinement: a life spent in phlegmatic apathy resembles those liquors which never ferment, and are consequently always muddy. Let this, then, be my excuse, if I mention anything that seems derogatory from Voltaire's character, which will be found composed of little vices and great virtues. Besides, it is not here intended either to compose a panegyric or draw up an invective; truth only is my aim: an impartial view of his history may show him guilty of some errors, but it will at last turn the balance greatly in his favour.

But to proceed. In a few days the old man began to testify some uneasiness at seeing his son make no preparations for his intended journey; but lost all patience when he found that the cardinal had set out, and left him behind. He had for some time known his correspondence with Mademoiselle G——n, and conjectured that her apartment would be the most likely place to find him. He accordingly went to her house, and finding the door by accident open, entered without ceremony; when, unfortunately, the first figure that presented was young Voltaire coming down stairs, pale and emaciated both by his apprehensions and debauchery. The father being resolved upon the severest correction, with his cane in his hand pursued the delinquent up stairs. Voltaire now saw that a drubbing was inevitable, and therefore thought it the best way, if possible, to divert his father's anger by a jest. Accordingly, when he had run up to the third story, drawing his sword, he cried out to his father, who was not yet got up to the second, "Sir, you must excuse me, if I consider our relationship now at an end; for we are at least three removes asunder."[1]

His father, however, in his present disposition, could by no means relish a jest: he desisted from his pursuit, but went directly away, meditating a much severer punishment. Voltaire, who thought the storm was over, went down to laugh away his fright with his mistress; and the young lovers began to be extremely facetious upon the awkward chagrin of the old man. But their mirth was soon interrupted by a file of musqueteers, who came to conduct our poet to the Bastille, for having drawn his sword upon his father. This was an early initiation into misery: to be snatched from the arms of an alluring mistress, and be confined in a gloomy prison, without fire, candle, pen, or ink, was a reverse of fortune which might throw a damp upon men of an ordinary degree of fortitude; but Voltaire bore it with an air that showed the utmost resolution; he entered his prison with the most cheerful serenity, repeating from his favourite poets such passages as were applicable to his circumstances. On such occasions of distress, the poet, perhaps, has the advantage of all others; when forsaken by society, the muse administers her friendly consolation, and softens even the horrors of confinement. A bit of red chalk was all that Voltaire had to serve instead of a pen, and the white walls of his prison supplied the place of paper; yet even with these rude materials he sketched out the first canto of his Henriade. The traces of his pencil are, to this day, preserved in the chamber to which he was confined, with as much veneration as the paintings of Raphael in the galleries of the curious.

When he had remained three weeks in prison, his father, who had taken this severe method only in order to his reformation, was appeased, and the delinquent was again admitted into favour. It is a doubt whether the incident of his imprisonment was more fortunate for him, or beneficial to the public. His intrepid behaviour soon gained him the notice of the great; his confinement turned his mind, which was wholly dissipated on pleasure,

[1] "Au troisième degré je ne connais pas de parent!"

from debauchery to ambition, and gave the world one of the greatest poets that any age has produced.

He now prepared in good earnest to follow the Cardinal Polignac to Utrecht; and some recommendatory letters which his father's interest had procured, gave him reason to expect a favourable reception from his excellency. Accordingly, without taking leave of the companions of his debauchery, he set out upon his journey, and arriving at Utrecht, presented his letters of recommendation to the Cardinal. Polignac was one of the deepest scholars and most refined politicians of the age. His Anti-Lucretius is sufficient to establish his character as one of the first in the literary world; and his address at the treaty of Utrecht fully evinces his skill in the business of the cabinet. He was particularly remarkable for reading every man's real character, upon the slightest acquaintance; and, notwithstanding all our young poet's precautions, this penetrating politician quickly perceived his violent attachment to pleasure. Yet he nevertheless had sufficient address to become a favourite, and scarcely a day passed in which the Cardinal did not spend some time in conversation with his gay libertine; for so he was pleased to call him. Madame Dunoyer relates some of the intrigues for which Voltaire was remarkable at Utrecht; but as they contain little more than what every reader may suggest, namely, his making love, and his addresses being crowned with success, I shall pass them by, particularly as he himself asserts the falsehood of all that his female biographer has been pleased to say of him.

Upon his return to Paris, he had again an apartment in his father's house: here he united the characters of the man of pleasure and the philosopher; dedicated the morning to study, and the evening to society. His companions now were very different from those he had some time before associated with; he began to have a reputation for genius, and some of the politest of either sex in Paris were pleased to admit him among the number of their intimates.

Our poet had always a desire of thinking differently from other people. He was particularly fond of controversy, and often mistook paradox for refinement. Of this fault he was more guilty in youth than in riper age; for it was about this time that he thought proper to confine himself to his chamber, to draw up a new system of religion, and abolish the old one. He had been employed thus six or seven days; when his father, surprised at his keeping his chamber so closely, thought proper to enter and inquire the reason. When he perceived how the youth was employed, he was almost unable to suppress his astonishment; but recollecting that it was impossible to convince by reason a vain young man, who neither had patience nor perhaps abilities for a slow and painful investigation, he was resolved to work, if possible, upon his passions. Accordingly, taking his son by the hand, he led him into his own apartment, and there, pointing to a large crucifix, exquisitely painted, which hung at one end of the room, "My son," said he, "you would alter the religion of your country,—behold the fate of a reformer!" This seasonable remonstrance had the desired success;

he laid by his controversial pieces, and turned to a subject of which he was much more capable. Fired with a love of antiquity, as he himself informs us, he was resolved to modernise the Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles, and try how a subject which Aristotle has asserted to be the fittest for tragedy, could do upon the French theatre. They had hitherto seen not more than one or two tragedies on their stage without a love plot, and upon that all the other incidents generally turned. It was, therefore, a hardy undertaking in so very young a man, to introduce Grecian severity, and show his countrymen that an instructive and interesting performance, without that effeminating passion, could be adapted even to the stage of a people who made love one of their most serious employments. This play was acted in the beginning of the year 1718: the public received it with the utmost indulgence; it was played several nights without intermission, and still continues to be performed with the highest applause. The author, however, has always been so modest as to attribute its success to the greatness of the subject and the excellence of the performers, rather than to the merit of the poet. The critics were divided in their judgment of this piece; some regarded it as too declamatory, and endeavoured to show, which indeed was no difficult task, how much the Grecian tragedy was superior; others, considering it as the first fruits of a young aspiring genius, were pleased with the harmony and correctness of the versification and the classic propriety which ran through the whole. Among this number was Madame du Chatelet, a lady equally famous for wit and learning; perhaps still more known by her connection with our poet, and for the variety of beautiful poems which he has addressed to her. Her apartments might have justly been styled the tribunal of criticism; for they were every day frequented by all whose wit or learning gave them any eminence in the literary world. She took the poet under her protection; and those critics whom her wit could not bring over to his interests, became proselytes to her beauty. In short, Voltaire owed his first rise to her; and she perhaps owes to him immortality. However, though the majority of critics were for him, there were still some refractory. Père Folard, and M. de la Motte of the French academy, were of the number; the one remarkable for his learning, the other for the fineness of his genius and skill in criticism. They were the reputed authors of several anonymous strictures which were published against the Œdipus of Voltaire; nor did they seem very studious to decline the imputation, though formerly professing themselves among the number of his friends. Men of the first rank in literature often, like the old trees in a forest, keep off those beams of favour from the younger shoots, which are, perhaps, of their own production. De la Motte, either envying the success of our poet, or choosing to enjoy the public favour without a rival, was resolved to show the indifference of Voltaire's performance, rather by example than criticism; and accordingly wrote a tragedy upon the very same subject. From the endeavours of a man of established reputation like him, much was expected; particularly as he had the errors of Voltaire before him to avoid, and his excellences, which

he might improve. The town waited with impatience to compare these efforts of contending genius; and their curiosity was at last gratified. La Motte's performance appeared, with a large party to support it; and it accordingly met the fate of all plays which are supported by party: it languished four nights, and then sunk into oblivion. This was a conquest Voltaire's most sanguine hopes could not have suggested: however, such was his ambition, that he was not merely contented with victory, but was resolved to triumph; not satisfied with enjoying the fruits of conquest, but bent upon proclaiming himself conqueror. This, indeed, was a fault of which he was always culpable: no person ever gained the victory in literary contentions so often as he has done; but while he pursued his advantages too far, he turned his opponents into enemies, and when they could no longer lessen his reputation as a wit, they often strove to blacken his character as a man. He found the majority now wholly on his side; he saw that none praised the tragedy of La Motte, but such as were attached by private connections to his person: in order, then, to insure his success, he was determined to show that his rival was his inferior, not only in poetry, but in criticism also; for a skill in which he had, till now, been especially remarkable. La Motte had written an essay against the rules of the drama, in which he endeavoured to show, that its laws had been established, not from nature but caprice, from fashion and not from feelings. This Voltaire undertook to answer; which, as it is both a fine piece of criticism, and an instance of the delicacy with which this great man treated his opponent, I shall beg leave to translate:—

"I shall not presume to speak of the tragedies of either Père Folard, or M. de la Motte: my censure or my praise would appear equally suspicious. I am still farther from bestowing anything like panegyric upon my own, being convinced that rules alone never made a genius. Conscious I am, that all the fine reasoning and delicate remark that have been exhausted of late years upon this subject, are not equal to one single scene dictated by a fine imagination. There is more to be learned from reading one of the tragedies of Corneille or Racine, than from all the precepts of the Abbé d'Aubignac. All the books composed by connoisseurs upon the art of painting, convey not half the instructions of a single head, which has come from the pencil of Angelo or Raphael.

"The principles of all arts which depend upon the imagination, are easy and simple, equally founded in nature and in reason. The best and worst poets have composed upon the same; they have both used similar materials, and the difference only lies in their application. The same thing happens in music; and even in painting. Poussin is directed by the very rules which conduct the most wretched dauber. It is as needless, therefore, in a poet to attempt to prejudice the public in favour of his performance by introductory criticism, as it would be in a painter or musician to lay down rules to prove that the spectators or the audience must be pleased with their respective performances.

"However, as M. de la Motte has thought proper to establish rules different

from those which have conducted our great masters in the art of poetry, it is but just to defend the laws of antiquity; not indeed because they are ancient, but because they are natural and useful, and also as they are in some danger from so formidable an opponent.

"This gentleman begins with proscribing the unities of action, time, and place. Those are so united with each other, that he who combats one attacks them all. The French were the first among the moderns who revived the laws of the drama: the neighbouring nations were long before they could be brought to submit to a restraint which seemed so severe; but as this restraint proceeded from nature, and reason taught them the justice of the compliance, in time they were brought to submit. At present, even in England, their poets are fond of informing the public in their prefaces, that the time of the action and the representation are equal; and they are even more strict in this particular than us who have been their masters.

"Every country now begins to regard those times as barbarous, when the laws of the stage were either not practised or not known. Shakspeare and Lopez de Vega are admired, but not imitated. All are ready to pay France their acknowledgments for having pointed out this just and natural simplicity. Who would have thought that a Frenchman would be the first again to introduce primeval barbarity?

"Though I had no other answer to make to M. de la Motte, but that Corneille, Racine, Molière, Addison, Congreve, and Maffei have all observed the rules of the drama, this alone might be sufficient to silence my opponent; but M. de la Motte deserves to be opposed with reasons, and not by authorities.

"A tragedy or comedy has been defined the representation of one action. Should it be demanded, why of one only, and not of two or three together, the reasons are obvious. Either because the mind is incapable of attending to two or three objects at once; or because our concern in the events is lessened by being divided; or because we are displeased to see two actions in the same picture. Uniformity is a constituent of beauty, imprinted on our souls by nature; and all the efforts of art excel, in proportion as they imitate the models she draws.

"For these reasons, unity of place is also essential; for one and the same action cannot be transacted in different places at the same time. If the personages whom I behold in the first act are at Athens, how can they be in Persia in the second? Le Brun has not painted Alexander at Arbela and in the Indies on the same canvas. 'But,' says M. de la Motte, 'there is nothing surprising, if a nation which has not studied itself into a fondness for rule, should be pleased at the representation of Coriolanus, condemned at Rome in the first act, received among the Volscians in the third, and besieging Rome in the fourth.' Yet, why should a sensible people be so much against those rules, which are made only for their pleasure? Are there not, in a subject thus conducted, three distinct tragedies; and were it put in verse, would it not resemble rather a history or a romance than a theatrical

performance? Take away the unity of place, and you necessarily destroy that of action. The unity of time is naturally connected with the two former. Let us then hold to the three unities, as the great Corneille has laid them down: in these we shall find every other rule of the drama contained, resulting from these, or conspiring to assist them.

"M. de la Motte, however, is pleased to call them principles, first invented by fancy, and supported by fashion: he maintains that they may with propriety be dispensed with in our tragedies, since they are entirely neglected in the opera. This method of reasoning somewhat resembles the absurdity of the politician, who would reform a regular government by the example of an anarchy. Absurdity, joined with magnificence, characterise the opera. In this the ears and the eyes find more entertainment than the mind. A subjection of the words to the music, renders the most ridiculous extravagances excusable. Cities are ransacked in recitative: the palaces of Pluto and of the sun, of gods and devils, of magicians and monsters, rise, form a dance, and disappear in the twinkling of an eye. We tolerate, nay, are pleased with these extravagances, because the spectator in such circumstances imagines himself transported into a fairy land; and provided he is entertained with good music, fine dancing, and a few interesting scenes, he is content. It would be as ridiculous to demand unity of action, time, and place in a pleasing opera, as to introduce dancing devils into a regular tragedy.

"Yet, though these regularities may be dispensed with in the opera, the best we have of this kind are those in which the unities are least violated. If I am not mistaken, there are some in which dramatic propriety is inviolably preserved; which serves to prove how necessary, natural, and interesting it is to every spectator. How unjust, therefore, is it to condemn our nation of levity for disapproving in one species of composition, what we approve in another! In tragedy we require perfection; there is in it no music to divert the attention, nor dances to confound; all our pleasure depends upon intellect alone; we there admire the address of the poet, who, in one day and in one place, describes a single action which charms without fatigue, and fills the mind without confusion; where our pleasure rises by just degrees, and terminates with moral propriety. The more difficult this simplicity appears, the more it is cheering; and we find upon examination, that most of our pleasure results from the various uniformity of the representation.

"M. de la Motte is not content with depriving us of theatrical propriety; he would also banish poetry from the stage, and have all our pieces represented in prose. It is a little extraordinary, that an ingenious writer, possessed of an imagination truly poetic, who has seldom written prose, except to vindicate or explain his own poetry, should write against verse, with the same contempt with which he has written against Homer; whom, nevertheless, he has thought proper to translate. Neither Virgil, Tasso, Boileau, Racine, or Pope, ever wrote against poetry, nor Lully against music, nor Newton against astronomy. There are sometimes men found,

who fancy themselves superior to their profession—the surest symptoms of their being actually below it; but this is the first time we have seen any attempting to asperse those talents to which they owe all their reputation. There are already too many who, having no acquaintance with the charms of poetry, affect to despise it. Paris abounds with men, otherwise of good understandings, who are naturally destitute of organs capable of relishing harmony; to such music is but noise, and poetry but ingenious trifling. Should these be informed that a person of merit, and who has composed five or six volumes of poetry, is of their opinion, would they not be apt to regard all other poets as fools, and him as the only one of all his brethren who had found the use of his reason? Let me, then, for the honour of our profession, endeavour to answer him; even let me add, for the honour of a country which owes part of its reputation among strangers to a perfection in this very art which he affects to despise.

"It is advanced by this gentleman, that rhyme is a modern invention, and had its rise in times of ignorance and barbarity: yet, notwithstanding this, all nations, except the ancient Greeks and Romans, have rhymed, and continue the custom to this day. The return of similar sounds is so natural to mankind, that we find rhymes obtain even in the most savage regions, as well as in Italy, Spain, France, and England. Montaigne presents us with an American ode, composed in this manner; and in one of the papers of the Spectator, written by Mr. Addison, we are presented with the translation of a Lapland ode, originally composed in rhyme.[1]

"The Greek,—'quibus dedit ore rotundo musa loqui,'—placed in an indulgent climate, and favoured by nature with finer organs than other nations, formed a language which, by the length or shortness of its syllables, expressed the calm or the impetuous dictates of the mind. From this happy variety in the construction of their language, resulted such music in their prose, as well as verse, as no nation but the ancient Italians could ever succeed in imitating.

"It is not, however, rhyme alone, but measure also, which this ingenious gentleman condemns. Before the time of Herodotus, history was written only in verse; this custom the Greeks borrowed from the ancient Egyptians, a people politic, learned, and wise. It was founded in nature; for the end of history being to preserve an account of the actions of a few great personages, which might serve as examples to posterity, as men had not yet attained the art of swelling the transactions of some obscure convent, or insignificant village, into several folios, nothing was transmitted but what was worth remembering; nothing but what was remarkable was generally treasured up in the memory as a guide to action. Verse, therefore, was proper to assist in this particular; accordingly, the first legislators, founders of religion, and historians, were poets by profession. On such occasions, however, poetry must necessarily have wanted either harmony or precision. Virgil at last appeared, who united these two excellences which seemed so incompatible.

[1] *See* "The Spectator," No. 366. The paper in question was written by Steele.

Boileau and Racine had the same success; a person who has read all the three, who knows that they are translated into almost all the European languages, but idly employs his talents in endeavouring to render them contemptible: such censure often reverts upon the accuser.

"I rank Boileau and Racine in the same class with Virgil, in regard to versification; for had the author of the Æneid been born a Frenchman, it is probable he would have written like them; and had they lived in ancient Rome, they would have moulded the Latin language into the same harmonious cadence with the celebrated Mantuan. When, therefore, M. de la Motte censures versification as ridiculous, mechanical, trifling, he not only accuses our poets, but all those of antiquity. Virgil and Horace have been as assiduous as we, in the mechanism of their verses. A happy arrangement of dactyl and spondee was as difficult as our rhyme and metre. Their labour must certainly have been great; since the Æneid, after the corrections of eleven years, was still thought far short of requisite perfection.

"But this ingenious author still asserts, that turning any scene of tragedy into prose diminishes neither its force nor its beauty. To prove this assertion, he transposes the first scene of Mithridates, and has thus rendered it intolerable to even the meanest capacity. 'But still,' continues he, 'our neighbours have rejected rhyme in their tragedies.' This must be granted; but then they are written in verse, which though without rhyme is, from the nature of their languages, harmonious. Should we attempt to cast off a yoke which was worn by Corneille and Racine, we might, perhaps, be subjected to do it from an inability to imitate rather than a desire to reform. The Italians and the English can dispense with rhyme, since their poetry has several liberties which we want: every language has its particular genius—inflections peculiarly its own; a construction of periods different from all others, and a particular use of the auxiliary verbs: perspicuity and elegance is the genius of ours; we admit of no transpositions in our poetry, but the words must flow in the exact order of our ideas. Hence, therefore, proceeds the unavoidable necessity of rhymes, to make a distinction between our prose and our poetry. He compares our poets, our Corneilles, Racines, and Boileaus, to a juggler who is employed in throwing a grain of corn through the eye of a needle; adding, that all such puerilities have no other merit but that of difficulty surmounted.

"I must confess that bad verses pretty much fall under this censure. They differ from bad prose only by the addition of rhyme; and this advantage alone neither gives merit to the poet, nor pleasure to the reader. What charms us is the harmony which results from this merit. Whoever encounters a difficulty, merely for the sake of overcoming it, without expecting any other advantage, is little better than a fool; but he who brings pleasure from objects which seem incapable of affording any, is certainly meritorious. It is a laborious task to form a fine statue, to paint a striking picture, to compose pleasing music, or good verses. Wherefore, the names of those great men who have surmounted the respective difficulties will last, perhaps, longer than the kingdoms which gave them birth.

"I could continue this dispute to greater length, but it would probably be regarded as proceeding from personal resentment; and my intentions might be branded with a malignity from which I am as remote as from the sentiments of my ingenious adversary. It gives me much greater pleasure to profit by many judicious reflections spread through his book, than to controvert his opinions. Let it be sufficient, then, that I have endeavoured to defend an art I have ever loved; an art which he should have defended also."

This criticism, which conceals a fine satire upon the author it professes to answer, was not published till the year 1730, though written, and communicated to M. Voltaire's friends, long before. M. de la Motte himself pretended to approve it, yet inwardly felt all the resentment of disappointed ambition, and (as if from the time Voltaire had defended poetry, he was no longer to have quarter from his brothers of the profession) he was ever after persecuted by party, and marked as an object of envy and reproach. Père Folard soon after wrote a tragedy upon the same subject, but it was more short-lived than even the former attempt of La Motte; serving only to advance the reputation of the first Œdipus, and to increase the number of the friends and the enemies of M. Voltaire.

There is, perhaps, no situation more uneasy than that of being foremost in the republic of letters. If a man who writes to please the public cannot at the same time stoop to flattery, he is certainly made unhappy for life. There are a hundred writers of inferior merit continually expecting his approbation: these must be all applauded, or made enemies; the public must be deceived by ill-placed praise, or dunces provoked into unremitting persecution. This under-tribe in the literary commonwealth perfectly understand the force of combinations, are liberal in their mutual commendations, and actually enjoy all the pleasures of fame without being so much as known to the public: while the man of eminence is regarded as an outcast of their society, a fit object at which to level all their invective, and every advance he makes towards reputation only lifts his head nearer to the storm; till at last he finds, that, instead of fame, he has been all his life only earning reproach, till he finds himself possessed of professing friends and sincere enemies.

Fontenelle and Voltaire were men of unequal merit; yet how different has been the fate of either! Fontenelle was as passionately fond of adulation as Voltaire was ever averse to flattery. The one kindly told every blockhead that he had wit; the other honestly advised him to discontinue a profession in which he was by no means likely to succeed: the one has received all his fame while living; the other must not expect unmixed applause till dead: the one was prudent, insincere, and happy; the other generous, open, and regarded with detestation.

But, though Voltaire was now fairly listed into an open war with all the dunces of society, yet he still had friends of another denomination, who by their power protected him, and by their company made him forget that he had enemies. Madame du Chatelet was of this number. At her house he

generally spent the mornings, among the learned of Paris, who composed the levee of this learned lady. The sciences then seemed to triumph when patronised by beauty. Madame Chatelet had many personal charms; and though a hard student, her complexion never called in assistant red to heighten its colour. She dictated to an admiring circle every morning from Plato, Newton, Clarke, and Leibnitz: and was thought as great an adept in philosophy as the deepest doctor of the Sorbonne. Voltaire soon perceived his deficiency in the sciences; and, as he knew that an excellence in them was the only way to secure his mistress, he set about attaining them with the most intense application. As he increased in learning, his intimacy increased in proportion; and at last, an intercourse which began in friendship turned into a passion of a much more masterly nature. His visits became more frequent, his behaviour more submissive, and the philosopher was lost in the gallant. Madame du Chatelet, whose soul knew no other passion but that of science, at first regarded the change in his behaviour with indifference, but soon perceived the real motive, and was not entirely displeased at the discovery. There is a principle of vanity in the sex, which gives them pleasure at the acquisition of a new lover, though they have no intention to accept him. She therefore gave him an opportunity of declaring his regard, and of professing a passion which his actions had before sufficiently indicated. Her answer, however, was very different from what he had expected: she informed him, with an apathy truly stoical, that she neither disliked his addresses, nor entirely approved of them. She had no objection to a lover, provided he was pleased to be content with what she could give. Minds could unite and form a happy intercourse, without indulging any coarser appetites; and she concluded by recommending to him the Banquet of Plato, as containing her system of love—a system which she was determined to act up to; and she found none more fit than M. Voltaire to be the object of so pure a flame.

Our poet now perceived that books had spoiled her for a mistress, and that she was resolved to sacrifice the substance to the shadow. Yet, as she was in some measure beautiful, as she seemed happy in his conversation and could still be a charming friend, he was resolved to accept of the terms she offered; to be contented with the spare diet which she could afford, and look for more substantial entertainment from others. An opportunity soon offered of this kind.

The Marchioness de Pire, a young widow of exquisite beauty, had taken a fancy to our poet; and, as she was possessed of a large jointure, had some intentions of marrying him. She found means to have Voltaire informed of her inclinations, and took care to have her nobility and fortune placed in the most advantageous point of view. Voltaire, who loved the sex, but hated matrimony, seemed to be happy in her proposal, and begged an interview, in which our lovers seemed mutually pleased with each other. As all his intentions were to please the lady and himself without the previous ceremony, he declined all conversation upon matrimony, but talked of disinterested passion unconfined rapture, and all the cant of an

insidious designer. The marchioness, who was as virtuous as beautiful, quickly perceived the tendency of his discourse, and thought proper to break off a conversation which took a turn not at all to her inclinations. At parting, she gave him hopes, and enjoined him secrecy. He accordingly promised the strictest honour, and with a heart elated with vanity, he went to communicate his happiness to all his friends. As he unsuspectingly made every person that professed the least regard for him a confidant, among the rest he happened to tell his success to a gentleman who was actually his rival. The consequence of this indiscreet confidence was, that the marchioness was informed of the whole, and proscribed our repentant lover for ever from her presence. In such a disappointment, the muse was his consolation; he worked the adventure into a comedy, which he dedicated to his unforgiving mistress. The dedication, which it is impossible to translate with elegance equal to the original, runs in plain prose thus:—"Thou who hast beauty without pride, and vivacity without indiscretion; whom heaven has formed with every gift it could bestow; a mind seriously solid, or rapturously gay; accept this picture of the indiscretion of a lover, who lost a mistress by boasting of her favours. Had the heroine of this piece been possessed of thy beauty, who could blame the lover for mentioning so charming a mistress, either through excess of vanity, or excess of love?"

But one adventure more of this nature. The Platonic passion between Voltaire and Madame du Chatelet was now become a subject of conversation all over Paris. His inconstancy was well known, and it was thought something strange that his attachment to one mistress should have so long a continuance. M. Piron, a man of infinite humour, was resolved to try the sincerity of his passion; not by presenting him with a real, but an imaginary mistress. With this intent he composed a panegyric on Voltaire in the highest strain of flattery, and presented it to him as coming from a lady in one of the provinces, who was enraptured with his poetry, and had almost conceived a passion for his person. Voltaire read the poem, found it inimitable, and fancied a thousand beauties in a lady of so fine discernment. In short, he was actually fallen in love with a creature of his own imagination, and entreated his dear ugly friend—for so he familiarly used to call Piron—to procure him an interview with a lady of so much merit. Piron promised in a few days to gratify his request; and in the mean time came every morning to tell Voltaire that the young lady was upon her journey, and would arrive very shortly; adding many pathetic exclamations on her beauty, and the delicacy of her behaviour. Our poet was at last wound up to the height of expectation; which, when Piron saw, he informed him that the lady was actually arrived, that the chief motive of her journey was to see a man so justly celebrated as M. Voltaire, and that she entreated the honour of his company that very evening. Our poet in raptures prepared himself for the interview, which he expected with the utmost impatience.

The hour at last came, and Voltaire eagerly flew to satisfy at once his

love and his curiosity. Upon being introduced into the apartment of his fancied angel, he was at first a little disconcerted to find Madame du Chatelet of the party; but guess his confusion, when he beheld his ugly friend, dressed up in a lappet-head and petticoat, approach to salute him. In short, he was informed that Piron himself was the fair one who wrote the panegyric, and who consequently expected the proper return of gratitude. "Well," said Voltaire, turning his disappointment to a jest, "if Piron had a grain less wit, I could never have forgiven him." This adventure has since served as the groundwork of a comedy called "La Métromanie," infinitely the best modern performance upon the French theatre.

Some disappointments of this kind served to turn our poet from a passion which only tended to obstruct his advancement in more exalted pursuits. His mind, which at that time was pretty well balanced between pleasure and philosophy, quickly began to incline to the latter. He now thirsted after a more comprehensive knowledge of mankind than either books or his own country could possibly bestow.

England, about this time, was coming into repute throughout Europe, as the land of philosophers. Newton, Locke, and others, began to attract the attention of the curious, and drew hither a concourse of learned men from every part of Europe. Not our learning alone, but our politics also began to be regarded with admiration: a government in which subordination and liberty were blended in such just proportions, was now generally studied as the finest model of civil society. This was an inducement sufficient to make Voltaire pay a visit to this land of philosophers and of liberty.

Accordingly, in the year 1726, he came over to England. A previous acquaintance with Atterbury, bishop of Rochester, and the lord Bolingbroke, was sufficient to introduce him among the polite, and his fame as a poet got him the acquaintance of the learned, in a country where foreigners generally find but a cool reception. He only wanted introduction: his own merit was enough to procure the rest. As a companion no man ever exceeded him when he pleased to lead the conversation; which, however, was not always the case. In company which he either disliked or despised, few could be more reserved than he; but when he was warmed in discourse, and had got over a hesitating manner which sometimes he was subject to, it was rapture to hear him. His meagre visage seemed insensibly to gather beauty; every muscle in it had meaning, and his eye beamed with unusual brightness. The person who writes this Memoir, who had the honour and the pleasure of being his acquaintance, remembers to have seen him in a select company of wits of both sexes at Paris,[1] when the subject happened to turn upon English taste and learning. Fontenelle, who was of the party, and who, being unacquainted with the language or authors of the country he undertook to condemn, with a spirit truly vulgar began to revile both. Diderot, who liked the English, and knew something of their literary

[1] Goldsmith, it is said, could not have seen Voltaire in Paris (Forster's *Life*, i. 67). Voltaire quitted Paris in 1750, and never returned to it till 1778.

pretensions, attempted to vindicate their poetry and learning, but with unequal abilities. The company quickly perceived that Fontenelle was superior in the dispute, and were surprised at the silence which Voltaire had preserved all the former part of the night, particularly as the conversation happened to turn upon one of his favourite topics. Fontenelle continued his triumph till about twelve o'clock, when Voltaire appeared at last roused from his reverie. His whole frame seemed animated. He began his defence with the utmost elegance mixed with spirit, and now and then let fall the finest strokes of raillery upon his antagonist; and his harangue lasted till three in the morning. I must confess, that, whether from national partiality, or from the elegant sensibility of his manner, I never was so much charmed, nor did I ever remember so absolute a victory as he gained in this dispute.

Upon his arrival in England, his first care was to learn so much of the language as might enable him to mix in conversation, and study more thoroughly the genius of the people. Foreigners are unanimous in allowing the English language to be the most difficult to learn of any in Europe. Some have spent years in the study to no purpose; but such was the application, and such the memory of our poet, that in six weeks he was able to speak it with tolerable propriety. In short, his conduct in this particular was such as may serve for a model to future travellers. The French who before visited this island were never at the trouble of attaining our language, but contented with barely describing the buildings and palaces of the kingdom, and transcribing a character of the people from former travellers, who were themselves unacquainted with our national peculiarities. Accordingly, we find few of their books in which the English are not characterised as morose, melancholy, excessive lovers of pudding,[1] and haters of mankind. This stupid account has been continued down from Scaliger to Muralt, while the virtues and vices which were peculiar to the country were wholly unknown. Voltaire quickly perceived that pride seemed to be our characteristic quality; a source from whence we derived our excellences as well as our defects. He perceived that the only way to understand the English was to learn their language, adopt their manners, and even to applaud their oddities. With this view, when sufficiently initiated into our language, he joined in companies of every rank: lords, poets, and artisans were successively visited, and he attained at the same time a proficiency in our language, laws, and government, and thorough insight into our national character. Before him, our reputation for learning had for some time been established in Europe; but, then, we were regarded as entirely destitute of taste, and our men of wit known not even by name among the literati. He was the first foreigner who saw the amazing irregular beauties of Shakspeare, gave Milton the character he deserved, spoke of every English

[1] "Monsieur de Voltaire says, that the English plays are like the English *puddings;* nobody has any taste for them but themselves."—*Fanshaw*, in SPENCE'S *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 330.

poet with some degree of applause,[1] and opened a new page of beauty to the eyes of his astonished countrymen. It is to him we owe that our language has taken place of the Italian among the polite, and that even ladies are taught to admire Milton, Pope, and Otway. The greatest part of our poet's time, during a residence of two years in England, was spent at Wandsworth, the seat of his excellency Sir Everard Falkener. With this gentleman he had contracted an intimacy at Paris; and as Sir Everard had insisted upon his company before he left France, he now could not refuse. Here he spent his time in that tranquillity and learned ease which are so grateful to men of speculation; had leisure to examine the difference between our government and that of which he was born a subject; and to improve by our example his natural passion for liberty.

He was resolved, however, to give some lasting testimony of that love which he had for freedom, and which has ever made one of the strongest features in his character. The elder Brutus, condemning his own son in its cause, seemed a fine subject for this purpose, and naturally suited to the British theatre. The first act of this play he accordingly wrote in English, and communicated it to his friends for their approbation. It was somewhat surprising to find a stranger, who had resided in the country but one year, attempt so arduous an undertaking; but still more so to find him skilled in the beauties and force of our language. The reader may be pleased to see how he wrote in English:[2] he makes Brutus, in the second scene of the first act, thus vindicate the cause of freedom:

Brutus.—"Allege not ties; his (Tarquin's) crimes have broke them all. The gods themselves, whom he has offended, have declared against him. Which of our rights has he not trod upon? True, we have sworn to be his subjects, but we have not sworn to be his slaves. You say you've seen our senate in humble suppliance pay him here their vows. Even here himself has sworn to be our father, and make the people happy in his guidance.

[1] "I told him (Johnson) that Voltaire, in a conversation with me, had distinguished Pope and Dryden thus:—'Pope drives a handsome chariot, with a couple of neat trim nags; Dryden a coach, and six stately horses.' JOHNSON: 'Why, Sir, the truth is they both drive coaches and six; but Dryden's horses are either galloping or stumbling: Pope's go at a steady even trot.'"—BOSWELL, by Croker, p. 173.

[2] "This noted author [Voltaire] about twenty years past resided in London. His acquaintance with the Laureate [Cibber] brought him frequently to the theatre, where (he confessed) he improved in the English orthography more in a week, than he should otherwise have done by laboured study in a month. I furnished him every evening with the play of the night, which he took with him into the orchestra (his accustomed seat). In four or five months he not only conversed in elegant English, but wrote it with great propriety. In time he wore off the prejudice he first conceived at the catastrophe of our English tragedy, the custom of killing upon the stage never having been introduced on the French theatre, till the *Zara* of this author, which he planned from Shakespeare's *Othello*."—CHETWOOD's *History of the Stage*, 12mo, 1749, p. 46.

Broke from his oaths, we are let loose from ours; since he has transgressed our laws, his the rebellion, Rome is free from guilt."[2]

This tragedy he afterwards completed in French; and at Paris it met with the fate he had foreseen. No piece was ever translated into a greater number of foreign languages, more liked by strangers, or more decried at home. He dedicated it to Lord Bolingbroke; and as the dedication contains a fine parallel between the English and French theatres, I shall beg leave to translate some part of it here:

"As it was too venturous an innovation, my lord, to attempt to write a tragedy in French without rhyme, and take such liberties as are allowed in England and Italy, I was at least determined to transplant those beauties from the English stage which I thought not incompatible with French regularity. Certain it is the English theatre is extremely defective. I have heard yourself say there was scarcely a perfect tragedy in the language, but to compensate this, you have several scenes which are admirable. Almost all your tragic writers have been likewise deficient in that regularity and simplicity of plot, that propriety of diction, that elegance of style, and those hidden strokes of art, for which we are remarkable since the times of Corneille. However, your most irregular pieces have a peculiar merit; they excel in action, while ours are frequently tedious declamations, and at best, conversation rather than a picture of passion. Our excessive delicacy often puts us upon making an uninteresting recital of what should rather be represented to the eyes of the spectator. Our poets are afraid to hazard any thing new before an audience composed of such as turn all that is not the fashion into ridicule.

"The inconvenience of our theatre also is another cause that our representations frequently appear dry and unentertaining. The spectators being allowed to sit on the stage, destroy almost all propriety of action. For this reason, those decorations which are so much recommended by the ancients can be but very rarely introduced. Thus it happens that the actors can never pass from one apartment into another without being seen by the audience, and all theatrical illusion must consequently be destroyed.

"How could we, for instance, introduce the ghost of Pompey, or the genius of Brutus, into the midst of a parcel of young fellows crowded upon

[2] *Brutus.*—"N'allégues point ces nœuds que le crime a rompus,
Ces dieux qu'il outrages, ces droits qu'il a perdus.
Nous avons fait, Arons, en lui rendant hommage,
Serment d'obéissance, et non point d'esclavage;
Et puisqu'il vous souvient d'avoir vu dans ces lieux,
Le sénat à ses pieds faisant pour lui des vœux,
Songez qu'en ce lieu même, à cet autel auguste,
Devant ces mêmes dieux, il jura d'être juste,
De son peuple et de lui tel était le lien:
Il nous rend nos serments lorsqu'il trahit le sien;
Et dès qu'aux lois de Rome il ose être infidèle,
Rome n'est plus sujette, et lui seul est rebelle."

the theatre, and who only stand there to laugh at all that is transacted? How could we, as the late Mr. Addison has done, have the body of Marcus borne in upon the stage before his father? If he should hazard a representation of this nature, the whole pit would rise against the poet, and the ladies themselves would be apt to hide their faces.

"With what pleasure have I seen at London your tragedy of Julius Cæsar, which, though a hundred and fifty years old, still continues the delight of the people! I do not here attempt to defend the barbarous irregularity with which it abounds. What surprises me is, that there are not more in a work written in an age of ignorance, by a man who understood not Latin, and who had no other master but a happy genius. The piece is faulty; but, amidst such a number still, with what rapture do we see Brutus, with his dagger stained with the blood of Cæsar, haranguing the people!

"The French would never suffer a chorus composed of plebeians and artizans to appear upon the theatre; nor would they permit the body of Cæsar to be exposed, or the people excited from the rostrum. Custom, the queen of this world, changes at pleasure the taste of nations, and turns the sources of joy often into objects of disgust.

"The Greeks have exhibited objects upon their stage that would be equally disgusting to a French audience. Hippolitus, bruised by his fall, comes to count his wounds, and to pour forth the most lamentable cries. Philoctetes appears with his wound open, and the black gore streaming from it. Œdipus, covered with the blood which flowed from the sockets of his eyes, complains both of gods and men. In a word, many of the Greek tragedies abound with exaggeration.

"I am not ignorant that both the Greeks and the English have frequently erred, in producing what is shocking instead of what should be terrible, the disgusting and the incredible for what should have been tragic and marvellous. The art of writing was in its infancy at Athens in the time of Æschylus, and at London in the time of Shakspeare. However, both the one and the other, with all their faults, frequently abound with a fine pathetic, and strike us with beauties beyond the reach of art to imitate. Those Frenchmen who, only acquainted with translations or common report, pretend to censure either, somewhat resemble the blind man who should assert that the rose is destitute of beauty because he perceives the thorns by the touch.

"But, though sometimes the two nations of which I am speaking transcend the bounds of propriety, and present us with objects of affright instead of terror, we, on the other hand, as scrupulous as they are rash, stop short of beauty for fear of being carried beyond it; and seldom arrive at the pathetic for fear of transgressing its bounds.

"I am by no means for having the theatre become a place of carnage, as we often find in Shakspeare and his successors, who, destitute of his genius, have only imitated his faults; but still I insist, that there are numberless incidents which may at present appear shocking to a French

spectator, which, if set off with elegance of diction and propriety of representation, would be capable of giving a pleasure beyond what we can at present conceive."

This gives us a tolerably just representation of the state in which Voltaire found the French theatre. His Œdipus was written in this dry manner, where most of the terrible incidents were delivered in cold recitation and not represented before the spectator. But, by observing our tragedies, like a skilful artist, he joined their fire to French correctness, and formed a manner peculiarly his own.

In studies of this nature he spent his time at Wandsworth, still employed either improving himself in our own language, or borrowing its beauties to transplant into his own. His leisure hours were generally spent in the company of our poets, Congreve, Pope, Young, &c., or among such of our nobility as were remarkable either for arts or arms, as Peterborough, Oxford, and Walpole. He was frequently heard to say, that Peterborough had taught him the art of despising riches, Walpole the art of acquiring them, but Harley alone the secret of being contented.

The first time he visited Mr. Congreve, he met with a reception very different from what he had expected. The English dramatist, grown rich by means of his profession, affected to despise it, and assured Voltaire, that he chose rather to be regarded as a gentleman than a poet. This was a meanness which somewhat disgusted the Frenchman, particularly as he himself owed all his reputation to his excellence in poetry; he therefore informed Mr. Congreve, that his fame as a writer was the only inducement he had to see him, and though he could condescend to desire the acquaintance of a man of wit and learning, he was above soliciting the company of any private gentleman whatsoever.[1] The reflection of another upon this occasion was, that he certainly is below the profession who presumes to think himself above it.

M. Voltaire has often told his friends, that he never observed in himself such a succession of opposite passions as he experienced upon his first interview with Mr. Pope. When he first entered the room, and perceived our poor melancholy English poet, naturally deformed, and wasted as he was with sickness and study, he could not help regarding him with the utmost

[1] "Congreve had one defect, which was, his entertaining too mean an idea of his first profession, though it was to this he owed his fame and fortune. He spoke of his works as of trifles that were beneath him; and hinted to me, at our first conversation, that I should visit him on no other footing than that of a gentleman, who had led a life of plainness and simplicity. I answered, that had he been so unfortunate as to be a mere gentleman, I should never have come to see him; and I was very much disgusted at so unseasonable a piece of vanity."—VOLTAIRE, *Letters concerning the English Nation.* "Voltaire has been charmingly absurd. He who laughed at Congreve for despising the rank of author, and affecting the gentleman, set out post for a hovel he has in France to write from thence and style himself *Gentleman of the Bedchamber*, to Lord Lyttelton who, in his *Dialogues of the Dead*, had called him an exile."—WALPOLE *to* MANN, March 3, 1761.

compassion. But, when Pope began to speak, and to reason upon moral obligations, and dress the most delicate sentiments in the most charming diction, Voltaire's pity began to be changed into admiration, and at last even into envy. It is not uncommon with him to assert, that no man ever pleased him so much in serious conversation, nor any whose sentiments mended so much upon recollection.[1]

There is a story commonly told of his being in company with Dr. Young[2] and some others, when the conversation happened to turn upon Milton's Paradise Lost. He displayed, as the story goes, all his critical skill in condemning the allegorical personages which Milton has introduced into his poem, and this with the utmost vivacity and unbounded freedom of speech. Upon which Young, regarding him with a fixed eye, spoke the following epigram:

> "So very witty, wicked, and so thin;
> Fit emblem sure of Milton, Death, and Sin."[3]

However, I only mention this to show what trifles are generally ascribed to men when once grown famous. The wretchedness of the epigram will readily convince those who have any pretensions to taste, that Dr. Young could never have been the author: probably some blockhead made the verses first, and the story after.[4]

Among the number of those who either patronised him, or enrolled themselves in the list of his friends, was the Duchess of Marlborough. She found infinite pleasure in the agreeable vivacity of his conversation; but mistook his levity for want of principle. Such a man seemed to her the

[1] "Voltaire, while in England, was entertained by Pope at his table, when he talked with so much grossness that Mrs. Pope was driven from the room. Pope discovered, by a trick, that he was a spy for the court, and never considered him a man worthy of confidence."—JOHNSON, *Life of Pope.*

[2] "Voltaire, like the French in general, showed the greatest complaisance outwardly, and had the greatest contempt for us inwardly. He consulted Dr. Young about his Essay in English, and begged him to correct any gross faults he might find in it. The Doctor set very honestly to work, marked the passages most liable to censure; and when he went to explain himself about them, Voltaire could not avoid bursting out a-laughing in his face."—SPENCE, by Singer, p. 374, on the authority of Dr. Young.

[3] Or as it is printed in the *Life of Young*, written for Dr. Johnson:—

> "You are so witty, profligate and thin,
> At once we think thee Milton, Death, and Sin."

[4] "It was on the occasion of Voltaire's criticism on the episode of Death and Sin, that Dr. Young spoke that couplet to him:—

> 'Thou'rt so ingenious, profligate, and thin,
> That thou thyself art Milton's Death and Sin.'

Voltaire's objection to that fine episode was, that Death and Sin were non-existent."—SPENCE, by Singer, p. 375.

properest person to digest the memoirs of her life; which, even so early as this, she had an inclination of publishing. She proposed the task accordingly to him, and he readily undertook to oblige her. But when she showed him her materials, and began to dictate the use she would have them turned to, Voltaire appeared no longer the good-natured, complying creature, which she took him for. He found some characters were to be blackened without just grounds, some of her actions to be vindicated that deserved censure, and a mistress to be exposed to whom she owed infinite obligations. Our poet accordingly remonstrated with her grace, and seemed to intimate the inconsistency of such a conduct with gratitude and justice; he gravely assured her that the publication of secrets which were communicated under the seal of friendship, would give the world no high opinion of her morals. He was thus continuing his discourse, when the Duchess, quite in a passion, snatched the papers out of his hands:—"I thought," said she, "the man had sense; but I find him at bottom either a fool or a philosopher."

He was but two years in England, yet it is somewhat strange to think, how much he either wrote, published, or studied during so short a residence. He gave amongst his friends a criticism he had written in English upon Milton, which he concludes in this manner: "It requires reach of thought to discover the defects of Milton; his excellences lie obvious to every capacity; he atones for a few faults by a thousand beauties; and, like Satan, the hero of his own poem, even when fallen he wears the appearance of majesty."

But the performance upon which he founds his most lasting share of fame was published in this country. The French language had hitherto been deemed unsusceptible of the true epic dignity. Several unsuccessful attempts by Ronsard, Chapelaine, and others, had made critics despair of ever seeing an heroic poem in the language; and some writers had laid it down as actually impossible. Voltaire, who seemed to be born to encounter difficulty, undertook the task, and that at an age when pleasure is apt to silence the voice of ambition. This poem, the "Henriade," was first published under the title of the "League." He began it in the Bastille, enlarged and corrected it for several years afterwards, and had some thoughts of publishing it in France. Upon showing the manuscript to Fontenelle, his friend, he was by him advised to retrench several passages which seemed to be written with too warm a spirit of liberty, under such a government as theirs; but Voltaire, who considered those very passages as the greatest beauties of his work, was resolved the poem should make its first appearance in a country in love with liberty, and ready to praise every performance written in its defence. With this view he brought the work over with him to England, and offered it in the usual manner to a bookseller, in order to be published. The bookseller, as some pretend, either unacquainted with its value or willing to impose upon a stranger, offered him but a trifle for the manuscript, and would print only such a number as he thought proper. These were terms with which the

author chose not to comply; and, considering the number and the rank of his friends, he was resolved to publish it by subscription. A subscription was opened accordingly, and quickly filled with persons of the first rank and eminence, not only of Great Britain, but of Europe in general. A condition of the proposals was, that the subscribers should have their books a month before it was published in the ordinary manner in London.

In this situation were things, when an unforeseen accident called our poet out of the kingdom, being sent for by M. D'Argenson, prime minister of France, in order to become the king's historiographer. Voltaire was therefore obliged to return with reluctance home, leaving to his bookseller the care of satisfying the subscribers. Voltaire however affirms, that the bookseller, considering that there was no great difference between reading a book a month sooner or later, was resolved to indulge the curiosity of the public first, and gratify the subscribers after; as by this means the profits accruing from the sale, which were to be his own, would be greatly increased. The reader may judge for himself whether this is not the true reason why the subscribers to the Henriade had not the work till a month after it was first published in London; and not against the author but his bookseller should their censure be levelled. It cannot be conceived what a number of enemies this raised Voltaire; for all imputed to him that meanness of which those who are of his acquaintance know him to be utterly incapable. A neglect, indeed, he was guilty of, in leaving no friend to see justice done to the public. This may be said of our poet's character in general, that he has frequently been guilty of indiscretions, but never of meanness. A mind employed in the contemplation of great virtues is sometimes guilty of trifling absurdities—

"—— quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura."—Hor.

An honest man may sometimes unite with such as will render his actions suspected; but then it is the fault of good minds to be too credulous, and instead of condemning such a man of falsehood, we should pity his good-nature.

The poem was dedicated to Queen Caroline, for which she made the author a present of her picture, valued at two hundred guineas. The dedication breathes a spirit which at once characterises the poet, the philosopher, and the man of virtue; and some prefer it even to any part of the succeeding performance. It must be confessed the Henriade has its faults: its incidents in general do not sufficiently interest or surprise; it seldom rises to the sublime, though it never falls into flatness. The moral reflections return too frequently, and retard that speed which is one of the greatest beauties of narration. ~~However, with all its faults, the French regard it as the first epic poem in their language, and though (national partiality laid aside) it sinks infinitely below Milton, yet it will be sufficient~~ to gain the author immortality.

Upon his return home, he found his fame greatly increased, the prime minister of France himself being proud of ranking among the number of his friends. Scarcely a country of Europe from which the learned did not send him their acknowledgments, for the pleasure and instruction they had received from his last performance. The king of France used frequently to entreat the pleasure of his company; for he found in him one who had learned from the English to treat monarchs with an honest freedom, and who disdained those mean submissions which at once render kings proud and miserable. Had our poet been inclined to make a large fortune, had he been that avaricious wretch which his enemies have often represented him, he had now an opportunity of gratifying his most sanguine expectations. But he was born free, and had imbibed the privileges of a man and a philosopher. Ambition could not bribe him to forfeit his birthright, and he disdained becoming great at the expense of his liberty. The king would frequently desire his company; but Voltaire came only when he thought proper. Sometimes he would beg of his majesty to excuse his attendance, as he had made an appointment elsewhere; sometimes he would return for answer, that he was detained by Madame du Chatelet, and could not possibly come. These excuses the king generally received with the utmost good humour, and never upon Voltaire's appearance resented his former refusal. The truth is, the king loved a companion who had wit enough to amuse him, and good sense enough not to turn his familiarity into abuse.

But, about this time, there was a still greater honour done to our poet's merit than he had ever yet received, though kings and princes had already conspired to raise his reputation. The house of Brandenburgh had been for some ages acquiring strength and power in Germany. At this time Frederick II. sat upon the throne of Prussia, a monarch born to be the father and yet the terror of his subjects. All his family, his children as well as his domestics, feared, and sometimes felt the weight of his displeasure. He was arbitrary in all his commands; and though his desires were frequently bent upon trifles, none in all his court were found who were hardy enough to remonstrate, or had courage to lend him advice when he most wanted it. There was however found, at last, one resolved to offer his remonstrances, though the consequence threatened unremitting displeasure. The Prince Royal, his son, took this liberty, and sometimes showed the king, with the utmost deference, the dangers attending an excess of avarice, and the whimsical absurdity of employing soldiers only for show. This conduct was immediately construed into disobedience; and this brought on such severity of treatment, that the prince was resolved to leave the kingdom and fly for protection to England. It is not the business of this memoir to mention the accidents by which his intentions were frustrated, nor the miseries he essayed in seeing his dearest friends, who were partners of his design, sacrificed on the scaffold; be it sufficient to say, that he was now put into close confinement, in which he felt many years of severe captivity. The school of misery is the school of wisdom. Instead

of nursing up his mind in indolence, or indulging sorrow, he refined his understanding by books, at first his only companions, and when indulged in greater liberties, the learned of whom he was fond had leave to visit him. Thus did this youth of genius spend his time among philosophers and men of virtue, and learn from them the hardest of all arts—the art of being a king. The Henriade of Voltaire reached our philosophic prince in his retreat. He read it, was charmed with the poem, and wished for the acquaintance of the poet. He had himself already written some metaphysical essays in answer to Horrebow. He had also diverted himself at intervals by translating some of the Latin poets, or composing somewhat of his own; but he wanted a friend whose judgment might be relied on—one to whom he could communicate his productions, and who had a capacity to amend them. He had already several learned men with him in his retreat, but they were rather philosophers than poets: he wanted a companion who could unite both the characters, who had solidity to instruct when he designed to be serious, and vivacity to unbend his mind when fatigued with study. Voltaire seemed to him adapted to both those purposes; he therefore resolved to give him an invitation to Prussia.

But the distinctions paid our poet by majesty, and the endearments he received from friendship, only served, by increasing envy, to increase the number of his enemies. Some years before this, an ecclesiastic, the Abbé des Fontaines, one who had some little reputation for poetry, was accused of a heinous crime, and expelled his convent upon that suspicion. Poor and infamous, he knew not where to apply for succour; from his own order he received only reproaches, and the public paid his merits but small regard. Voltaire saw him an object of compassion; he imagined it doubly his duty to relieve him, since he was in distress, and a poet. He therefore procured his indigent brother all the conveniences of life, made use of his interest to clear his reputation, and at last effectually re-established a character which he imagined had been unjustly injured. There are some obligations too great for gratitude. That is a debt the poor pay as an equivalent for favours; but when those become so great that no gratitude can equal, the mind becomes bankrupt, and pays with envy instead of acknowledgments. Such was the case of the Abbé des Fontaines; and a man whom small obligations might have eternally bound, became an enemy by being too much obliged. I shall not pretend to say, that Des Fontaines was the only person in fault upon this occasion. Voltaire might have required a deference which transcended the bounds of friendship. Des Fontaines could only regard him as an equal, and our poet wanted to be treated as a superior.

Their friendship, as was naturally to be expected, was soon converted into hatred. They mutually taxed each other with pride and ingratitude, and at last pleaded before the bar of the public; where each was more solicitous of injuring his opponent than of defending himself. Des Fontaines wrote a pamphlet, entitled the "Voltairomania," containing all the little levities of Voltaire's youth, some true, others taken up on groundless

report; he added also the faults of his father and his family to increase the sum, and exhausted all that malice could suggest upon the occasion. But Des Fontaines did not maintain the unequal combat alone. Rousseau, a man of true genius, whose Odes are perhaps as beautiful as those of Horace, entered into the confederacy, and Ramsay served to complete the triumvirate.

In the republic of letters, he who arrogates superiority is sure to be disappointed: in vain he has the voice of the people, that is lost in idle murmurs; but the press is against him, and that speaks in characters far more lasting. Voltaire found himself attacked in the part he held most dear—his moral character. He appears to have been sensibly wounded by his antagonists; for there is scarcely a subsequent publication of his which does not make mention of the falsehood or the ingratitude of his enemies. The fame he had acquired by the tragedy of Alzira, served to increase their fury, and they only waited an opportunity to renew the assault. That opportunity was soon given. In the year 1736, he published a little poem, intituled "La Défense du Mondain," or an apology for luxury. In this he endeavours to prove, that luxuries are rather serviceable than detrimental to an opulent people. This his enemies eagerly caught up. Des Fontaines had interest with one of his brethren, who had an influence on Cardinal Fleury. The piece was represented to this weak minister as a libel containing many shocking impieties, and the author as deserving the severest punishment. Voltaire had scarcely time to make his defence; he was banished France, and thus at last compelled to yield to the vindictive persecution of Des Fontaines, his inveterate enemy. The Prince of Prussia, upon hearing of our poet's situation, repeated his offers of friendship, and invited him into his kingdom. Voltaire, however, declined the invitation, and chose to reside at the château of Madame du Chatelet, at Cirey, where he employed his time in instructing her in the polite arts. It was here, and for her use, that he drew up that system of Universal History, which, whatever may be its fidelity, is certainly a fine specimen of the solidity of his judgment, and his intimate acquaintance with human nature.

The banishment of M. Voltaire at this time was but short. His friends were active in defending his innocence, and laid his case before the king in such convincing lights, that he was pleased to recall him from exile and restore him to favour. His good fortune, however, was not of long continuance, and only previous to a new disaster. Among the number of favourites at that time at court was Madame de Pompadour, a lady of as much beauty as ever graced a court, but of as indifferent morals as ever disgraced her sex. She had art enough to gain an entire ascendant over the king, and ambition to convert her power to self-interest. While she and her relations sold places and disposed of employments, the nation became almost bankrupt. Wretches raised without merit from obscurity, place all their ambition in wealth and magnificence. Such were her relations, sacrificing every public consideration to money, and even without a blush avowing their rapacity. I have before mentioned that Voltaire had

been constituted historiographer to the king. This post had been usually considered as the reward of flattery and not of truth, and was generally bestowed accordingly. Our poet, however, who despised his predecessors for being no better than first flatterers of state, was resolved to show his integrity, though at the expense of his happiness. He intimated with the utmost humility to his majesty, that he feared he could not give posterity those favourable ideas of Louis XV. which he had done of his predecessor; that a mind filled with love could leave no room for that paternal affection which a king owed his people, and he concluded by praising Madame de Pompadour's beauty, but at the same time insinuating her artifice. This was enough to banish him from court; a disgrace which gave him not the least concern, as he ever preferred the tranquillity of retirement to the glare of pageantry; or perhaps it might be his peculiar temper to dislike all acquaintance with those who presumed to be his superiors.

Among his friends in Paris, he led the life of a man and a philosopher, and professed himself the protector of indigent merit. Every youth whose genius led to poetry found in him an encourager; if poor a supporter, and if rich a friend. He despised the court, and all the honours it could bestow: he laughed at Racine, who was slave enough to die at the frown of a tyrant; vindicated the cause of liberty in a land of slaves; and, by his single example, gave a new mode of thinking to the wits of Paris. However, though he despised the company of courtiers, they did not think proper to overlook him: some sought his conversation with the utmost assiduity, and others pretended to regard him as a dangerous member of the state.

It has been already observed, that Madame de Pompadour was by no means in his esteem. This dislike he was imprudent enough to publish in a short satire, in which the king is represented as losing the complaints of the kingdom in her society, and preferring the allurements of a mistress to the voice of virtue and fame. Nothing spreads sooner than scandal or satire; this little performance was quickly read at court, and the king was soon apprised of its author. The monarch, weak, indolent, and voluptuous, could not brook any attempt to control his pleasures. He testified the severest displeasure against the poet, but did not think proper to banish him in direct terms, as he had been long the favourite of the public. It was resolved to send him a private hint, that it would be satisfactory if he would quit the kingdom. Cardinal Fleury accordingly acquainted Voltaire with the king's pleasure, and our poet, contrary to his expectations, refused to go, unless his banishment was made public. This was a refusal that quite disconcerted his enemies; however, they were determined to accomplish that by force, which he had refused to solicitation. An unexpected accident effected what all their intrigues could not do. In 1749, his friend and pupil, Madame du Chatelet, died. For her conversation, he had formerly withstood all the invitations of the King of Prussia; in her conversation he found a solace against all the calumnies of the envious, and the insults of the powerful. When she was gone, those ties which held him to his country were broken, and he considered himself, in every

sense of the word, a citizen of the world. He determined to accept the invitation, and went to acquaint the Cardinal Fleury with his intentions. The cardinal gave him permission to quit France; and Voltaire prepared, in the year 1750, to set out for Prussia, to grace the court of its philosophic monarch.

Frederick II., who had only been prince of Prussia when the correspondence between him and Voltaire commenced, had been for some time raised to the throne. There was much expected from him by his subjects while a prince; but, when he came to be invested with regal power, he outdid all their expectations. He had been forced to marry, against his inclinations, a princess of merit and beauty; however, while his father lived, he refused either to cohabit with her, or even to see her. It was generally supposed, that he who had behaved in such a manner while under paternal constraint, would aggravate the lady's misfortunes when he came to the throne. But it was quite otherwise; the day he was crowned she also shared his honours, and though he had not seen her for some years, his treatment of her was now changed into the most assiduous complaisance. Those who had been his favourites in imprisonment expected to enjoy their monarch's bounty without rivals; however, in this they were disappointed. He knew that the desires of a courtier are an abyss that can never be filled up: and therefore, instead of lucrative rewards, he recompensed their adherence to his person by honours. In shert, he proved himself in every respect the father of his people: he reformed the laws, encouraged commerce, and invited into his dominions the arts and sciences. These he endeavoured to promote both from interest and inclination: his mornings were dedicated to study, part of the day to the review of his troops, and his evenings to society. In those hours of vacant hilarity he always threw aside the king. The persons who made at this time the most shining figure at his court, either for wit or learning, were the Marquis d'Argens, Maupertuis, the Baron Polnitz, and Wolfius.

The Marquis d'Argens was graceful in person, regularly featured, and had an extreme vivacity in his eye. I mention these trifling particulars only because gallantry constituted the leading part of his character, and for this he was happily formed by nature. He always endeavoured to unite in himself the man of pleasure and the philosopher, and only by this means called in the assistance of sentiment to refine his enjoyments; in other words, all his philosophy consisted in epicurism. He was formed for society, spoke infinitely better than he wrote, and wrote infinitely better than he lived. A man of pleasure often leads the most miserable life that can be conceived. Such was his case; he considered every abatement in his enjoyments as insupportable; passed his day between rapture and disappointment, between the extremes of agony and bliss; and often felt a pang as poignant for want of appetite, as the wretch who wants a meal. In these intervals of spleen he usually kept his bed, and only rose to some varied mode of enjoyment.

The King was delighted with this Frenchman's wit, and pleased with his

conversation; but was too wise to give him any other place at court than that of superintendant of the pleasures. He was empowered to invite singers and dancers from abroad, to be master of the ceremonies on all Court entertainments, and on those occasions to give laws to the King himself; who never chose to be distinguished from the rest of his subjects, when in pursuit of pleasure.

Maupertuis was a man of a very different disposition. He had led in youth a life of academic severity, and practised and praised temperance. He was possessed of some genius, but more industry; had read and digested a great deal, and was one of that cast of characters, which are content that there should be subordination in the literary world. He was perfectly acquainted with mathematics, and had read some poetry: from the one his writings have borrowed grace, from the other solidity. However, they all want that characteristic of true genius, originality; and while the reader can observe in them nothing to be censured, they have little that can be the subject of praise. What Maupertuis wanted in wit, he made up by prudence. This is a happy succedaneum to genius, and few who are possessed of the one in a very great degree, are found to enjoy the other. No levities ever carried him beyond the bounds of decency; no speech of his ever betrayed the least dislike of the King's conduct, or his measures; hence he was regarded at first as a harmless good-natured man, and this by degrees grew into esteem; so that he had the good sense to make himself at last the principal favourite.

Baron Polnitz was formed in the school of adversity. He had been in his youth the sport of fortune; he travelled Europe without money, and all the friends he made were owing to his address. The reader will readily conceive that he was now and then obliged to act the *chevalier d'industrie*. It must be owned, his integrity in those juvenile adventures has more than once been called in question. But, as a companion, with the exception of Voltaire, perhaps none of his cotemporaries could exceed him. Though in his writings he appears a servile encomiast, in conversation he always mixed something of the misanthropist, which gave an air of shrewdness to his observations, and a strain of singularity to his manner. He had learned to read mankind, not by precept but experience; and as the needy generally see the worst side of those they converse with, he regarded human nature in the most disadvantageous points of view.

Wolfe had long been a professor in the university of Halle, in Saxony; but, indulging a metaphysical turn of thinking, he happened to differ from the modes of speculation at that time established in the schools, for which he was expelled the university. Distress alone was a sufficient recommendation to the King of Prussia's protection; he came over to the court of Berlin, and was graciously received. Whatever opinion his Prussian Majesty might have had of this professor in his youth, he soon altered his sentiments, and regarded him rather as a learned visionary than a man of wisdom. The truth is, his performances are little more than trifling refinements on the opinions of Leibnitz; who being very erro-

neous himself, cannot be expected to have bequeathed precision to his followers.

From the joint efforts of these men, and of some others, too tedious to mention, the King was resolved to establish a society for the promotion of science and the belles lettres. The studies of the academy were divided into four different departments, each, however, serving to illustrate or advance the other. The first for metaphysics; the second for mathematics and experimental philosophy; the third for the languages and belles lettres; and the fourth, for the study and propagation of religion. Maupertuis was chosen president, and the King himself became a member, and gave in his papers in turn.

Such was a picture of the Court of Berlin at the time Voltaire accepted his Majesty's invitation. When the King was apprised of his arrival in his dominions, he went to meet him, attended only by one domestic, some miles out of town, and gave him the most cordial reception. He found Voltaire even more than his hopes or his works had described him. An easy fluency of animated observation generally composed his conversation; he had for some time thrown aside the man of wit, for the more substantial character of the man of wisdom; he had refined by study all that paradox of which he was once so fond; he assumed neither the character of a misanthrope, like Polnitz, nor of an undistinguishing admirer of the human species, like D'Argens. The King perceived he was possessed of more historical learning than Maupertuis, and more sprightly sallies of imagination than himself, even in his gayest moments. But, while I thus describe Voltaire's superiority, his faults must not be concealed. He was perfectly conscious of his own excellence, and demanded a deference from his brother poets which they did not choose to indulge. This at first raised some jealousies, and the King perceived them; but such was his address, so nicely did he divide his favours and his marks of esteem among these rival wits, that each thought himself the favourite, and all contributed to render the Court of Berlin the most polite in Europe.

But, whatever favours the King bestowed on others, Voltaire enjoyed the strongest marks of his friendship and esteem. To him he communicated his writings, desired his advice with regard to his future designs, and made him a partner in the secrets of his government. He was offered the most honourable and lucrative employments; but these he refused, alleging that it was not riches but friendship that he sought from his connections with kings, and that he came not to impoverish the Court, but to improve it. When he had rested some days after the fatigues of his journey, he thought it his duty to write to his old friend, Cardinal Fleury, and at the same time sent him a performance ascribed to the King of Prussia, intitled "Anti-Machiavel." The letter and the book the Cardinal received with the most extreme satisfaction, and returned Voltaire his acknowledgments in a well-written epistle, in which he informed him of the pleasure he found in his present; adding, that if the author of this fine performance was not a king, at least he deserved to be one; and that if such a man had been born in the

THE LIFE

OF

RICHARD NASH, ESQ.,

LATE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES AT BATH.

EXTRACTED PRINCIPALLY

FROM

HIS ORIGINAL PAPERS

—— Non ego paucis
Offendar maculis.—Hor.

THE SECOND EDITION.

London:
Printed for J. Newbery, in St. Paul's Churchyard;
W. Frederick, at Bath; and
G. Faulkener, in Dublin.
1762.
[8vo.]

THIS, the best of Goldsmith's Biographies, was published the year after Nash's death. It was at once popular, and went through two editions in the same year in which it was published.

To the second edition (it never reached a third), Goldsmith made many important additions. Yet strange to say none of these have been attended to by the editors of his Works. The text of *this* reprint is that of the second edition, compared with the first. The text of previous editions has been that of a mutilated first impression.

For this admirable piece of biography (the *Life of Nash* could not have been in better hands), Goldsmith received "in full for the copy" fourteen guineas, as appears by his receipt to Newbery for that amount, now by Mr. Murray's kindness in my possession.

TO

THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR,

RECORDER, ALDERMEN,

AND

COMMON COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF BATH,

This Volume

IS HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THEIR MOST OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.[1]

We have the permission of George Scott, Esq. (who kindly undertook to settle the affairs of Mr. Nash, for the benefit of his family and creditors), to assure the public, that all the papers found in the custody of Mr. Nash, which anyways respected his life, and were thought interesting to the public, were communicated to the Editor of this Volume; so that the reader will at least have the satisfaction of perusing an account that is genuine, and not the work of imagination, as biographical writings too frequently are.

[1] To the second edition.

PREFACE.

The following Memoir is neither calculated to inflame the reader's passions with descriptions of gallantry, nor to gratify his malevolence with details of scandal. The amours of coxcombs and the pursuits of debauchees are as destitute of novelty to attract us as they are of variety to entertain; they still present us but the same picture, a picture we have seen a thousand times repeated. The life of Richard Nash is incapable of supplying any entertainment of this nature to a prurient curiosity. Though it was passed in the very midst of debauchery, he practised but few of those vices he was often obliged to assent to. Though he lived where gallantry was the capital pursuit, he was never known to favour it by his example, and what authority he had was set to oppose it. Instead, therefore, of a romantic history filled with warm pictures and fanciful adventures, the reader of the following account must rest satisfied with a genuine and candid recital compiled from the papers he left behind, and others equally authentic; a recital neither written with a spirit of satire nor panegyric, and with scarcely any other art than that of arranging the materials in their natural order.

But though little art has been used, it is hoped that some entertainment may be collected from the life of a person so much talked of, and yet so little known, as Mr. Nash. The history of a man who for more than fifty years presided over the pleasures of a polite kingdom, and whose life, though without any thing to surprise, was ever marked with singularity, deserves the attention of the present age; the pains he took in pursuing pleasure, and the solemnity he assumed in adjusting trifles, may one day claim the smile of posterity. At least such a history is well calculated to supply a vacant hour with innocent amusement, however it may fail to open the heart, or improve the understanding.

Yet his life, how trifling soever it may appear to the inattentive, was not without its real advantages to the public. He was the first who diffused a desire of society and an easiness of address among a whole people, who were formerly censured by foreigners for a reservedness of behaviour and an awkward timidity in their first approaches. He first taught a familiar intercourse among strangers at Bath and Tunbridge, which still subsists among them. That ease and open access first acquired there, our gentry

brought back to the metropolis, and thus the whole kingdom by degrees became more refined by lessons originally derived from him.

Had it been my design to have made this history more pleasing at the expense of truth, it had been easily performed; but I chose to describe the man as he was, not such as imagination could have helped in completing his picture: he will be found to have been a weak man, governing weaker subjects, and may be considered as resembling a monarch of Cappadocia, whom Cicero somewhere calls, "the little king of a little people."

But while I have been careful in describing the monarch, his dominions have claimed no small share of my attention. I have given an exact account of the rise, regulation, and nature of the amusements of the city of Bath; how far Nash contributed to establish and refine them, and what pleasure a stranger may expect there upon his arrival. Such anecdotes as are at once true and worth preserving are produced in their order, and some stories are added, which, though commonly known, more necessarily belong to this history than to the places from whence they have been extracted. But it is needless to point out the pains that have been taken, or the entertainment that may be expected from the perusal of this performance. It is but an indifferent way to gain the reader's esteem, to be my own panegyrist; nor is this preface so much designed to lead him to beauties, as to demand pardon for defects.

THE

LIFE OF RICHARD NASH, ESQ.

History owes its excellence more to the writer's manner than to the materials of which it is composed. The intrigues of courts, or the devastation of armies, are regarded by the remote spectator with as little attention as the squabbles of a village, or the fate of a malefactor, that fall under his own observation. The great and the little, as they have the same senses, and the same affections, generally present the same picture to the hand of the draughtsman: and whether the hero or the clown be the subject of the memoir, it is only man that appears with all his native minuteness about him; for nothing very great was ever yet formed from the little materials of humanity.

Thus no one can properly be said to write history, but he who understands the human heart, and its whole train of affections and follies. Those affections and follies are properly the materials he has to work upon. The relations of great events may surprise indeed; they may be calculated to instruct those very few who govern the million beneath: but the generality of mankind find the most real improvement from relations which are levelled to the general surface of life, which tell—not how men learned to conquer, but how they endeavoured to live—not how they gained the shout of the admiring crowd, but how they acquired the esteem of their friends and acquaintance.

Every man's own life would perhaps furnish the most pleasing materials for history, if he only had candour enough to be sincere, and skill enough to select such parts as once making him more prudent, might serve to render his readers more cautious. There are few who do not prefer a page of Montaigne or Colley Cibber, who candidly tell us what they thought of the world and the world thought of them, to the more stately memoirs and transactions of Europe, where we see kings pretending to immortality, that are now almost forgotten, and statesmen planning frivolous negociations, that scarcely outlive the signing.

It were to be wished that ministers and kings were left to write their own histories: they are truly useful to few but themselves; but for men who

are contented with more humble stations, I fancy such truths only are serviceable as may conduct them safely through life. That knowledge which we can turn to our real benefit should be most eagerly pursued. Treasures which we cannot use but little increase the happiness or even the pride of the possessor.

I profess to write the history of a man placed in the middle ranks of life; of one, whose vices and virtues were open to the eye of the most undiscerning spectator; who was placed in public view without power to repress censure or command adulation; who had too much merit not to become remarkable, yet too much folly to arrive at greatness. I attempt the character of one who was just such a man as probably you or I may be; but with this difference, that he never performed an action which the world did not know, or ever formed a wish which he did not take pains to divulge. In short, I have chosen to write the life of the noted Mr. Nash, as it will be the delineation of a mind without disguise, of a man ever assiduous without industry, and pleasing to his superiors without any superiority of genius or understanding.

Yet, if there be any who think the subject of too little importance to command attention, and who would rather gaze at the actions of the great, than be directed in guiding their own, I have one undeniable claim to their attention. Mr. Nash was himself a King. In this particular, perhaps no biographer has been so happy as I. They who are for a delineation of men and manners may find some satisfaction that way, and those who delight in adventures of kings and queens, may perhaps find their hopes satisfied in another.

It is a matter of very little importance who were the parents, or what was the education, of a man who owed so little of his advancement to either. He seldom boasted of family or learning, and his father's name and circumstances were so little known, that Dr. Cheyne used frequently to say that Nash had no father. The Duchess of Marlborough one day rallying him in public company upon the obscurity of his birth, compared him to Gil Blas, who was ashamed of his father: "No, Madam," replied Nash, "I seldom mention my father in company; not because I have any reason to be ashamed of him, but because he has some reason to be ashamed of me."

However, though such anecdotes be immaterial, to go on in the usual course of history, it may be proper to observe, that RICHARD NASH, Esq., the subject of this memoir, was born in the town of Swansea, in Glamorganshire, on the 18th of October, in the year 1674.[1] His father was a gentleman,

[1] This account of his birth and parentage is confirmed by the following Memorandum written by Mr. Nash himself, in a book belonging to Mr. Charles Morgan, at the coffee-house in Bath, whence it was transcribed by George Scott, Esq., to whom we are indebted for this, and many other anecdotes respecting the life of Mr. Nash:

"My father was a Welsh gentleman, my mother niece to Col. Poyer, who was murdered by Oliver for defending Pembroke. I was born Oct. 18, 1674, in Swansea, Glamorganshire."—GOLDSMITH.

whose principal income arose from a partnership in a glass-house; his mother was niece to Colonel Poyer, who was killed by Oliver Cromwell, for defending Pembroke castle against the rebels. He was educated under Mr. Maddocks at Carmarthen School, and from thence sent to Jesus College, Oxford, in order to prepare him for the study of the law. His father had strained his little income to give his son such an education; but from the boy's natural vivacity, he hoped a recompense from his future preferment. In college, however, he soon showed that though much might be expected from his genius, nothing could be hoped from his industry. A mind strongly turned to pleasure always is first seen at the university: there the youth first finds himself freed from the restraint of tutors, and being treated by his friends in some measure as a man, assumes the passions and desires of riper age, and discovers in the boy what are likely to be the affections of his maturity.

The first method Mr. Nash took to distinguish himself at college was not by application to study, but by his assiduity to intrigue. In the neighbourhood of every university there are girls who with some beauty, some coquetry, and little fortune, lie upon the watch for every raw youth, more inclined to make love than to study. Our hero was quickly caught, and went through all the mazes and adventures of a college intrigue, before he was seventeen: he offered marriage, the offer was accepted, but the whole affair coming to the knowledge of his tutors, his happiness, or perhaps his future misery, was prevented, and he was sent home from college, with necessary advice to him, and proper instructions to his father.[1]

When a man knows his power over the fair sex, he generally commences their admirer for the rest of life. That triumph which he obtains over one only makes him the slave of another, and thus he proceeds conquering and conquered, to the closing of the scene. The army seemed the most likely profession in which to display this inclination for gallantry; he therefore purchased a pair of colours, commenced a professed admirer of the sex, and dressed to the very edge of his finances. But the life of a soldier is more pleasing to the spectator at a distance than to the person who makes the experiment. Nash soon found that a red coat alone would never succeed, that the company of the fair sex is not to be procured without expense, and

[1] Since the publication of the first edition of this book, notice has been taken in some of the newspapers of Mr. Nash's leaving the University without discharging a small debt which he owed to the college where he was placed, and which stands on their books to this day. This is a circumstance which we were informed of before the publication of our former edition; but as our business was to write the life of Mr. Nash, and not to settle his accounts, it seemed to us too immaterial to deserve any particular notice: besides, had we paid any regard to this, we ought also to have taken some notice of another anecdote communicated to us, which was, that when he was sent from college he left behind him a pair of boots, two plays, a tobacco box, and a fiddle, which had engaged more of his attention than either the public or private lectures. But as this, as well as the other, could afford neither entertainment nor edification, they were purposely omitted.—GOLDSMITH.

that his scanty commission could never procure him the proper reimbursements. He found too, that the profession of arms required attendance and duty, and often encroached upon those hours he could have wished to dedicate to softer purposes. In short, he soon became disgusted with the life of a soldier, quitted the army, entered his name as a student in the Temple books, and here went to the very summit of second-rate luxury. Though very poor he was very fine; he spread the little gold he had in the most ostentatious manner, and though the gilding was but thin, he laid it on as far as it would go. They who know the town cannot be unacquainted with such a character as I describe; one, who though he may have dined in private upon a banquet served cold from a cook's shop, shall dress at six for the side box; one of those, whose wants are only known to their laundress and tradesmen, and their fine clothes to half the nobility; who spend more in chair hire than housekeeping, and prefer a bow from a lord to a dinner from a commoner.

In this manner Nash spent some years about town, till at last his genteel appearance, his constant civility, and still more, his assiduity, gained him the acquaintance of several persons qualified to lead the fashion both by birth and fortune. To gain the friendship of the young nobility little more is requisite than much submission and very fine clothes: dress has a mechanical influence upon the mind, and we naturally are awed into respect and esteem at the elegance of those whom even our reason would teach us to contemn. He seemed early sensible of human weakness in this respect; he brought a person genteelly dressed to every assembly: he always made one of those who are called very good company, and assurance gave him an air of elegance and ease.

When King William was upon the throne, Mr. Nash was a member of the Middle Temple. It had been long customary for the Inns of Court to entertain our monarchs upon their accession to the crown, or some such remarkable occasion, with a revel and pageant. In the earlier periods of our history, poets were the conductors of these entertainments: plays were exhibited, and complimentary verses were then written; but by degrees the pageant alone was continued, Sir John Davis being the last poet that wrote verses upon such an occasion, in the reign of James I.

This ceremony, which has been at length totally discontinued, was last exhibited in honour of King William, and Mr. Nash was chosen to conduct the whole with proper decorum. He was then but a very young man; but we see at how early an age he was thought proper to guide the amusements of his country, and be the *Arbiter Elegantiarum* of his time; we see how early he gave proofs of that spirit of regularity, for which he afterwards became famous, and showed an attention to those little circumstances, of which, though the observance be trifling, the neglect has often interrupted men of the greatest abilities in the progress of their fortunes.

In conducting this entertainment, Nash had an opportunity of exhibiting all his abilities, and King William was so well satisfied with his performance, that he made him an offer of knighthood. This, however, he thought

proper to refuse; which in a person of his disposition seems strange. "Please your Majesty," replied he, when the offer was made him, "if you intend to make me a knight, I wish it may be one of your Poor Knights of Windsor, and then I shall have a fortune at least able to support my title." Yet we do not find that the King took the hint of increasing his fortune; perhaps he could not; he had at that time numbers to oblige, and he never cared to give money without important services.

But though Nash acquired no riches by his late office, yet he gained many friends, or what is more easily obtained, many acquaintances, who often answer the end as well. In the populous city where he resided, to be known was almost synonymous with being in the road to fortune. How many little things do we see, without merit, or without friends, push themselves forward into public notice, and by self-advertising, attract the attention of the day! The wise despise them, but the public are not all wise. Thus they succeed; rise upon the wing of folly or of fashion, and by their success give a new sanction to effrontery.

But beside his assurance, Mr. Nash had in reality some merit and some virtues. He was, if not a brilliant, at least an easy companion. He never forgot good manners, even in the highest warmth of familiarity, and, as I hinted before, never went in a dirty shirt to disgrace the table of his patron or his friend. These qualifications might make the furniture of his head; but for his heart, that seemed an assemblage of the virtues which display an honest benevolent mind, with the vices which spring from too much good-nature. He had pity for every creature's distress, but wanted prudence in the application of his benefits. He had generosity for the wretched in the highest degree, at a time when his creditors complaimed of his justice. He often spoke falsehoods, but never had any of his harmless tales tinctured with malice.

An instance of his humanity is told us in The Spectator, though his name is not mentioned. When he was to give in his accounts to the Masters of the Temple, among other articles, he charged "For making one man happy, 10*l.*" Being questioned about the meaning of so strange an item, he frankly declared, that happening to overhear a poor man declare to his wife and a large family of children, that 10*l.* would make him happy, he could not avoid trying the experiment. He added, that if they did not choose to acquiesce in his charge, he was ready to refund the money. The Masters, struck with such an uncommon instance of good-nature, publicly thanked him for his benevolence, and desired that the sum might be doubled, as a proof of their satisfaction.[1]

[1] "I remember to have heard a bencher of the Temple tell a story of a tradition in their house, where they had formerly a custom of choosing kings for such a season, and allowing him his expenses at the charge of the society. One of our friends, said my friend, carried his royal inclination a little too far, and there was a committee ordered to look into the management of his treasury. Among other things it appeared, that his majesty, walking incog. in the Cloister, had overheard a poor man say to

Another instance of his unaccountable generosity, and I shall proceed. In some transactions with one of his friends, Nash was brought in debtor twenty pounds. His friend frequently asked for the money, and was as often denied. He found at last that assiduity was likely to have no effect, and therefore contrived an honourable method of getting back his money without dissolving the friendship that subsisted between them. One day, returning from Nash's chamber with the usual assurance of being paid to-morrow, he went to one of their mutual acquaintance, and related the frequent disappointments he had received, and the little hopes he had of being ever paid. "My design," continues he, "is that you should go, and try to borrow twenty pounds from Nash, and bring me the money. I am apt to think he will lend to you, though he will not pay me. Perhaps we may extort from his generosity what I have failed to receive from his justice." His friend obeyed, and going to Nash, assured him, that unless relieved by his friendship, he should certainly be undone; he wanted to borrow twenty pounds, and had tried all his acquaintance without success. Nash, who had but some minutes before refused to pay a just debt, was in raptures at thus giving an instance of his friendship, and instantly lent what was required. Immediately upon the receipt, the pretended borrower goes to the real creditor, and gives him the money, who met Mr. Nash the day after. Our hero upon seeing him, immediately began his usual excuses, that the billiard-room had stripped him; that he was never so damnably out of cash, but that in a few days——. "My dear sir, be under no uneasiness," replied the other, "I would not interrupt your tranquillity for the world; you lent twenty pounds yesterday to our friend of the back stairs, and he lent it to me; give him your receipt, and you shall have mine. "Perdition seize thee!" cried Nash, "thou hast been too many for me. You demanded a debt, he asked a favour: to pay thee would not increase our friendship; but to lend him was procuring a new friend, by conferring a new obligation."

Whether men, at the time I am now talking of, had more wit than at present, I will not take upon me to determine; but certain it is, they took more pains to show what they had. In that age, a fellow of high humour would drink no wine but what was strained through his mistress's smock.[1] He would eat a pair of her shoes tossed up in a fricasee; he would swallow tallow candles instead of toasted cheese, and even run naked about town, as it was then said, to divert the ladies. In short,

another, 'such a small sum would make me the happiest man in the world.' The king, out of his royal compassion, privately inquired into his character; and finding him a proper object of charity, sent him the money. When the committee read the report, the house passed his accounts with a *plaudite* without farther examination, upon the recital of this article in them: 'For making a man happy, £10.'"—STEELE, *The Spectator*, No. 248.

[1] *See*, in illustration of this, a story told by Wycherley to Pack, as quoted in *Cunningham's Handbook of London*; art., "Bear at the Bridge Foot."

that was the age of such kind of wit as is the most distant of all others from wisdom.

Mr. Nash, as he sometimes played tricks with others, upon certain occasions received very severe retaliations. Being at York, and having lost all his money, some of his companions agreed to equip him with fifty guineas, upon this proviso, that he would stand at the great door of the Minster in a blanket, as the people were coming out of church. To this proposal he readily agreed; but the Dean passing by unfortunately knew him. "What!" cried the divine, "Nash in masquerade?" "Only a Yorkshire penance, Mr. Dean, for keeping bad company," said Nash, pointing to his companions.

Some time after this, he won a wager of still greater consequence, by riding naked through a village upon a cow. This was then thought a harmless frolic; at present it would be looked upon with detestation.

He was once invited by some gentlemen of the navy on board a man-of-war, that had sailing orders for the Mediterranean. This was soon after the affair of the revels, and being ignorant of any design against him, he took his bottle with freedom. But he soon found, to use the expression then in fashion, that he was absolutely "bitten." The ship sailed away before he was aware of his situation, and he was obliged to make the voyage in the company where he had spent the night.

Many lives are often passed without a single adventure, and I do not know of any in the life of our hero that can be called such, except what we are now relating. During this voyage, he was in an engagement, in which his particular friend was killed by his side, and he himself wounded in the leg. For the anecdote of his being wounded, we are solely to trust to his own veracity; but most of his acquaintance were not much inclined to believe him, when he boasted on those occasions. Telling one day of the wound he had received for his country, in one of the public rooms at Bath (Wiltshire's, if I do not forget), a lady of distinction that sat by, said it was all false. "I protest, madam," replied he, "it is true; and if I cannot be believed, your ladyship may, if you please, receive farther information and feel the ball in my leg."

Nash was now fairly for life entered into a new course of gaiety and dissipation, and steady in nothing but in pursuit of variety. He was thirty years old, without fortune, or useful talents to acquire one. He had hitherto only led a life of expedients; he thanked chance alone for his support, and having been long precariously supported, he became, at length, totally a stranger to prudence or precaution. Not to disguise any part of his character, he was now, by profession, a gamester, and went on from day to day, feeling the vicissitudes of rapture and anguish, in proportion to the fluctuations of fortune.

At this time London was the only theatre in England for pleasure or intrigue. A spirit of gaming had been introduced in the licentious age of Charles II., and had by this time thriven surprisingly. Yet all its devastations were confined to London alone. To this great mart of every folly,

sharpers from every country daily arrived for the winter; but were obliged to leave the kingdom at the approach of summer, in order to open a new campaign at Aix, Spa, or the Hague. Bath, Tunbridge, Scarborough, and other places of the same kind here, were then frequented only by such as really went for relief: the pleasures they afforded were merely rural: the company splenetic, rustic, and vulgar. In this situation of things, people of fashion had no agreeable summer retreat from the town, and usually spent that season amidst a solitude of country 'squires, parsons' wives, and visiting tenants, or farmers; they wanted some place where they might have each other's company, and win each other's money, as they had done during the winter in town.

To a person who does not thus calmly trace things to their source, nothing will appear more strange, than how the healthy could ever consent to follow the sick to those places of spleen, and live with those whose disorders are ever apt to excite a gloom in the spectator. The truth is, the gaming-table was properly the salutary font to which such numbers flocked. Gaming will ever be the pleasure of the rich, while men continue to be men; while they fancy more happiness is being possessed of what they want, than they experience pleasure in the fruition of what they have. The wealthy only stake those riches which give no real content, for an expectation of riches in which they hope for satisfaction. By this calculation, they cannot lose happiness, as they begin with none; and they hope to gain it, by being possessed of something they have not had already.

Probably upon this principle, and by the arrival of Queen Anne there, for her health, about the year 1703,[1] the city of Bath became in some measure frequented by people of distinction. The company was numerous enough to form a country-dance upon the bowling green: they were amused with a fiddle and hautboy, and diverted with the romantic walks round the city. They usually sauntered in fine weather in the grove, between two rows of sycamore trees. Several learned physicians, Dr. Jorden and others, had even then praised the salubrity of the wells, and the amusements were put under the direction of a master of the ceremonies.

Captain Webster was the predecessor of Mr. Nash. This I take to be the same gentleman whom Mr. Lucas describes in his history of the lives of the Gamesters, by which it appears that Bath, even before the arrival of

[1] "Queen Anne visited Bath in 1702, and was received with every mark of honour and distinction. One hundred young men of the city, uniformly clad and armed, and two hundred of its female inhabitants, dressed after the manner of Amazons, met her majesty and her train on the borders of Somersetshire, and accompanied them to the western gate of the city. A prodigious inconvenience, however, was occasioned by this distinguished favour, to those who visited Bath for the sake of its waters; for such a tribe of idlers crowded to it in the retinue of the Queen, and in consequence of the novelty of her visit, that the articles of life experienced a rise of one hundred per cent., and a guinea a night was paid for many a bed."—WARNER, *History of Bath*, p. 209.

Nash, was found a proper retreat for men of that profession. This gentleman, in the year 1704, carried the balls to the Town-hall, each man paying half-a-guinea each ball.

Still, however, the amusements of this place were neither elegant, nor conducted with delicacy. General society among people of rank or fortune was by no means established. The nobility still preserved a tincture of Gothic haughtiness, and refused to keep company with the gentry at any of the public entertainments of the place. Smoking in the rooms was permitted; gentlemen and ladies appeared in a disrespectful manner at public entertainments in aprons and boots. With an eagerness common to those whose pleasures come but seldom, they generally continued them too long; and thus they were rendered disgusting by too free an enjoyment. If the company liked each other, they danced till morning; if any person lost at cards, he insisted on continuing the game till luck should turn. The lodgings for visitants were paltry, though expensive; the dining-rooms and other chambers were floored with boards, coloured brown with soot and small-beer, to hide the dirt; the walls were covered with unpainted wainscot; the furniture corresponded with the meanness of the architecture; a few oak chairs, a small looking-glass, with a fender and tongs, composed the magnificence of these temporary habitations. The city was in itself mean and contemptible; no elegant buildings, no open streets, nor uniform squares! The pump-house was without any director; the chairmen permitted no gentlemen or ladies to walk home by night without insulting them; and to add to all this, one of the greatest physicians of his age conceived a design of ruining the city, by writing against the efficacy of the waters. It was from a resentment of some affronts he had received there, that he took this resolution; and accordingly published a pamphlet, by which he said, "he would cast a toad into the spring."

In this situation of things it was, that Nash first came into that city, and hearing the threat of this physician, he humorously assured the people, that if they would give him leave, he would charm away the poison of the doctor's toad, as they usually charmed the venom of the tarantula, by music. He therefore was immediately empowered to set up the force of a band of music, against the poison of the doctor's reptile. The company very sensibly increased; Nash triumphed, and the sovereignty of the city was decreed to him by every rank of people.

We are now to behold this gentleman as arrived at a new dignity, for which nature seemed to have formed him: we are to see him directing pleasures, which none had better learned to share; placed over rebellious and refractory subjects, that were to be ruled only by the force of his address, and governing such as had been long accustomed to govern others. We see a kingdom beginning with him, and sending off Tunbridge as one of its colonies.

But to talk more simply, when we talk at best of trifles. None could possibly conceive a person more fit to fill this employment than Nash. He had some wit, as I have said once or twice before; but it was of that sort

which is rather happy than permanent. Once a week he might say a good thing: this the little ones about him took care to divulge; or if they happened to forget the joke, he usually remembered to repeat it himself. In a long intercourse with the world he had acquired an impenetrable assurance; and the freedom with which he was received by the great, furnished him with vivacity which could be commanded at any time, and which some mistook for wit. His former intercourse among people of fashion in town had let him into most of the characters of the nobility; and he was acquainted with many of their private intrigues. He understood rank and precedence, with the utmost exactness; was fond of show and finery himself, and generally set a pattern of it to others. These were his favourite talents, and he was the favourite of such as had no other.

But to balance these which some may consider as foibles, he was charitable himself, and generally shamed his betters into a similitude of sentiment, if they were not naturally so before. He was fond of advising those young men, who, by youth and too much money, are taught to look upon extravagance as a virtue. He was an enemy to rudeness in others, though in the latter part of his life he did not much seem to encourage a dislike of it by his own example. None talked with more humanity of the foibles of others, when absent, than he, nor kept those secrets with which he was entrusted more inviolably. But above all (if moralists will allow it among the number of his virtues), though he gamed high, he always played very fairly. These were his qualifications. Some of the nobility regarded him as an inoffensive, useful companion, the size of whose understanding was, in general, level with their own; but their little imitators admired him as a person of fine sense, and great good breeding. Thus people became fond of ranking him in the number of their acquaintance, told over his jests, and Beau Nash at length became the fashionable companion.

His first care when made Master of the Ceremonies, or King of Bath, as it is called, was to promote a music subscription, of one guinea each, for a band, which was to consist of six performers, who were to receive a guinea a week each for their trouble. He allowed also two guineas a week for lighting and sweeping the rooms; for which he accounted to the subscribers by receipt.

The pump-house was immediately put under the care of an officer, by the name of the pumper; for which he paid the corporation an annual rent. A row of new houses was begun on the south side of the gravel-walks, before which a handsome pavement was then made for the company to walk on. Not less than seventeen or eighteen hundred pounds was raised this year and in the beginning of 1706, by subscription, and laid out in repairing the roads near the city. The streets began to be better paved, cleaned, and lighted; the licenses of the chairmen were repressed, and by an act of parliament procured on this occasion, the invalids, who came to drink or bathe, were exempted from all manner of toll, as often as they should go out of the city for recreation.

The houses and streets now began to improve, and ornaments were lavished upon them even to profusion. But in the midst of this splendour the company still were obliged to assemble in a booth to drink tea and chocolate, or to game. Mr. Nash undertook to remedy this inconvenience, and by his direction, one Thomas Harrison erected a handsome assembly-house for these purposes. A better band of music was also procured, and the former subscription of one guinea was raised to two. Harrison had three guineas a week for the room and candles, and the music two guineas a man. The money Mr. Nash received and accounted for with the utmost exactness and punctuality. To this house were also added gardens for people of rank and fashion to walk in; and the beauty of the suburbs continued to increase, notwithstanding the opposition that was made by the corporation; who at that time looked upon every useful improvement, particularly without the walls, as dangerous to the inhabitants within.

His dominion was now extensive and secure, and he determined to support it with the strictest attention. But in order to proceed in every thing like a King, he was resolved to give his subjects a law, and the following Rules were accordingly put up in the pump-room:—

RULES TO BE OBSERVED AT BATH.

1. "That a visit of ceremony at first coming and another at going away, are all that are expected or desired, by ladies of quality and fashion,—except impertinents.

2. "That ladies coming to the ball appoint a time for their footmen coming to wait on them home, to prevent disturbance and inconveniences to themselves and others.

3. "That gentlemen of fashion never appearing in a morning before the ladies in gowns and caps, shew breeding and respect.

4. "That no person take it ill that any one goes to another's play or breakfast, and not theirs;—except captious by nature.

5. "That no gentleman give his ticket for the balls to any but gentlewomen.—N.B. Unless he has none of his acquaintance.

6. "That gentlemen crowding before the ladies at the ball, shew ill-manners; and that none do so for the future,—except such as respect nobody but themselves.

7. "That no gentleman or lady takes it ill that another dances before them;—except such as have no pretence to dance at all.

8. "That the elder ladies and children be content with a second bench at the ball, as being past or not come to perfection.

9. "That the younger ladies take notice how many eyes observe them.—N.B. This does not extend to the Have-at-alls.

10. "That all whisperers of lies and scandal, be taken for their authors.

11. "That all repeaters of such lies and scandal be shunned by all company,—except such as have been guilty of the same crime.—N.B. Several

men of no character, old women and young ones of questioned reputation are great authors of lies in these places, being of the sect of levellers."

These Laws were written by Mr. Nash himself, and by the manner in which they are drawn up, he undoubtedly designed them for wit. The reader, however, it is feared, will think them dull.[1] But Nash was not born a writer; for whatever humour he might have in conversation, he used to call a pen his torpedo: whenever he grasped it, it benumbed all his faculties.[2]

But were we to give laws to a nursery, we should make them childish laws; his statutes, though stupid, were addressed to fine gentlemen and ladies, and were probably received with sympathetic approbation. It is certain they were in general religiously observed by his subjects, and executed by him with impartiality; neither rank nor fortune shielded the refractory from his resentment.

The balls, by his directions, were to begin at six and to end at eleven. Nor would he suffer them to continue a moment longer, lest invalids might commit irregularities, to counteract the benefit of the waters. Every thing was to be performed in proper order. Each ball was to open with a minuet, danced by two persons of the highest distinction present. When the minuet concluded, the lady was to return to her seat, and Nash was to bring the gentleman a new partner. This ceremony was to be observed by every succeeding couple; every gentleman being obliged to dance with two ladies till the minuets were over, which generally continued two hours. At eight the country-dances were to begin; ladies of quality, according to their rank,

[1] RULES TO BE OBSERVED IN THE LADIES' ASSEMBLY IN DERBY.

1. "No attorney's clerk shall be admitted.

2. "No shopkeeper or any of his or her family shall be admitted except Mr. Franceys.

3. "No lady shall be allowed to dance in a long white apron.

4. "All young ladies in mantuas shall pay two shillings and sixpence.

5. "No miss in a coat shall dance without leave of the lady of the assembly.

6. "Whoever shall transgress any of these rules shall be turned out of the assembly-room.

"Several of the above-mentioned rules having of late been broke through, they are now printed by our order and signed by us the present ladies and governors of the assembly.

"ANNE BARNES, BRIDGET BAILY,
"DOROTHY EVERY, R. FITZHERBERT,
"ELIZABETH EYRE, HESTER MUNDY."

Printed Rules preserved in the Museum at Derby, date cir. 1760.

[2] "It has been circulated, I know not on what authenticity, that Dr. Johnson considered Dr. Birch as a dull writer, and said of him: 'Tom Birch is as brisk as a bee in conversation; but no sooner does he take a pen in his hand than it becomes a torpedo to him, and benumbs all his faculties.'"—BOSWELL, by Croker, p. 48; ed. 1848.

standing up first. About nine o'clock a short interval was allowed for rest, and for the gentlemen to help their partners to tea. That over, the company were to pursue their amusements till the clock struck eleven. Then the master of the ceremonies entering the ball-room, ordered the music to desist by lifting up his finger. The dances discontinued, and some time allowed for becoming cool, the ladies were handed to their chairs.

Even the royal family themselves had not influence enough to make him deviate from any of these rules. The Princess Amelia once applying to him for one dance more, after he had given the signal to withdraw, he assured her royal highness, that the established rules of Bath resembled the laws of Lycurgus, which would admit of no alteration, without an utter subversion of all his authority.

He was not less strict with regard to the dresses in which ladies and gentlemen were to appear. He had the strongest aversion to a white apron, and absolutely excluded all who ventured to appear at the assembly dressed in that manner. I have known him on a ball night strip even the Duchess of Q———,[1] and throw her apron at one of the hinder benches among the ladies' women: observing, that none but Abigails appeared in white aprons. This from another would be an insult; in him it was considered as a just reprimand, and the good-natured Duchess acquiesced in his censure.

But he found more difficulty in attacking the gentlemen's irregularities; and for some time strove, but in vain, to prohibit the use of swords. Disputes arising from love of play were sometimes attended with fatal effects. To use his own expression, he was resolved to hinder people from doing "what they had no mind to;" but for some time without effect. However, there happened about that time a duel between two gamesters, whose names were Taylor and Clarke, which helped to promote his peaceable intentions. They fought by torch-light in the grove; Taylor was run through the body, but lived seven years after, at which time his wound breaking out afresh, it caused his death. Clarke from that time pretended to be a Quaker, but the orthodox brethren never cordially received him among their number; and he died at London, about eighteen years after, in poverty and contrition. From that time it was thought necessary to forbid the wearing of swords at Bath, as they often tore the ladies' clothes, and frighted them, by sometimes appearing upon trifling occasions.

[1] "If Queensbury to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen."—Pope.

Catherine Hyde, daughter of Henry, fourth Earl of Clarendon, and wife of Charles Douglas, Duke of Queensbury, celebrated in her youth by Prior, and in her old age by Horace Walpole, and by both in verse. She is often mentioned in the Letters of Swift and Pope, and in other publications of the day. For promoting subscriptions to the second part of the Beggars' Opera, when it had been prohibited from being acted, she was forbid the court. The monument to Gay in Westminster Abbey was erected at the expense of the Duke and Duchess. She walked at the coronation of George III., and, as Walpole assures us, still looked well in her milk-white locks. She died 1777.

Whenever, therefore, Nash heard of a challenge given or accepted, he instantly had both parties arrested. The gentlemen's boots also made a very desperate stand against him; the country 'squires were by no means submissive to his usurpations, and probably his authority alone would never have carried him through, had he not reinforced it with ridicule. He wrote a song upon the occasion, which, for the honour of his poetical talents, the world shall see.

FRONTINELLA'S INVITATION TO THE ASSEMBLY.

Come, one and all, to Hoyden Hall,
For there's the assembly this night;
None but prude fools,
Mind manners and rules;
We Hoydens do decency slight.
Come, trollops and slatterns,
Cocked hats and white aprons,
This best our modesty suits;
For why should not we
In dress be as free,
As Hogs-Norton 'squires in boots.

The keenness, severity, and particularly the good rhymes of this little *morceau*, which was at that time highly relished by many of the nobility at Bath, gained him a temporary triumph. But to push his victories, he got up a puppet-show, in which Punch came in booted and spurred, in the character of a country 'squire. He was introduced as courting his mistress, and having obtained her consent to comply with his wishes, upon going to bed, he is desired to pull off his boots. "My boots!" replies Punch, "why, madam, you may as well bid me pull off my legs. I never go without boots; I never ride, I never dance, without them, and this piece of politeness is quite the thing at Bath. We always dance at our town in boots, and the ladies often move minuets in riding-hoods." Thus he goes on, till his mistress, grown impatient, kicks him off the stage.

From that time few ventured to be seen at the assemblies in Bath in a riding-dress; and whenever any gentleman, through ignorance or haste, appeared in the rooms in boots, Nash would make up to him, and bowing in an arch manner, would tell him, that he had "forgot his horse." Thus he was at last completely victorious.

"Dolisque coacti
Quos neque Tydides nec Larissæus Achilles
Non anni domûere decem."

He began therefore to reign without a rival, and like other kings had his mistresses, flatterers, enemies, and calumniators. The amusements of the place, however, wore a very different aspect from what they did formerly. Regularity repressed pride, and that lessened, people of fortune became fit for society. Let the morose and grave censure an attention to forms and

ceremonies, and rail at those whose only business it is to regulate them; but, though ceremony is very different from politeness, no country was ever yet polite that was not first ceremonious. The natural gradation of breeding begins in savage disgust, proceeds to indifference, improves into attention, by degrees refines into ceremonious observance; and the trouble of being ceremonious at length produces politeness, elegance, and ease. There is, therefore, some merit in mending society, even in one of the inferior steps of this gradation; and no man was more happy in this respect than Nash. In every nation there are enough who have no other business or care but that of buying pleasure; and he taught them who bid at such an auction, the art of procuring what they sought, without diminishing the pleasure of others.

The city of Bath, by such assiduity, soon became the theatre of summer amusements for all people of fashion; and the manner of spending the day there must amuse any but such as disease or spleen had made uneasy to themselves. The following is a faint picture of the pleasures that scene affords. Upon a stranger's arrival at Bath he is welcomed by a peal of the Abbey bells, and in the next place, by the voice and music of the city waits. For these civilities, the ringers have generally a present made them of half-a-guinea, and the waits of half-a-crown, or more, in proportion to the person's fortune, generosity, or ostentation. These customs, though disagreeable, are however liked, or they would not continue. The greatest incommodity attending them is the disturbance the bells must give the sick. But the pleasure of knowing the name of every family that comes to town recompenses the inconvenience. Invalids are fond of news, and upon the first sound of the bells, every body sends out to inquire for whom they ring.[1]

[1] "No city, dear mother, this city excels
In charming sweet sounds both of fiddles and bells.
I thought, like a fool, that they only would ring
For a wedding, or judge, or the birth of a king;
But I found 'twas for me, that the good-natur'd people
Rung so hard, that I thought they would pull down the steeple;
So I took out my purse, as I hate to be shabby,
And paid all the men when they came from the Abbey.
Yet some think it strange they should make such a riot,
In a place where sick folk would be glad to be quiet:
If a broker, or statesman, a gamester, or peer,
A nat'ralis'd Jew, or a bishop comes here;
Or an eminent trader in cheese should retire
Just to think of the bus'ness the state may require,
With horns and with trumpets, with fiddles and drums,
They'll strive to divert him as soon as he comes:
'Tis amazing they find such a number of ways
Of employing his thoughts all the time that he stays!"

ANSTEY, *New Bath Guide*, 1766. (Letter V.)

After the family is thus welcomed to Bath, it is the custom for the master of it to go to the public places, and subscribe two guineas at the assembly-houses towards the balls and music in the pump-house, for which he is entitled to three tickets every ball night. His next subscription is a crown, half-a-guinea, or a guinea, according to his rank and quality, for the liberty of walking in the private walks belonging to Simpson's assembly-house; a crown or half-a-guinea is also given to the booksellers, for which the gentleman is to have what books he pleases to read at his lodgings, and at the coffee-house another subscription is taken for pen, ink, and paper, for such letters as the subscriber shall write at it during his stay. The ladies, too, may subscribe to the booksellers, and to an house by the pump-room, for the advantage of reading the news, and for enjoying each other's conversation.

Things being thus adjusted, the amusements of the day are generally begun by bathing, which is no unpleasing method of passing away an hour or so.

The baths are five in number. /On the south-west side of the abbey church is the King's Bath, which is an oblong square; the walls are full of niches, and at every corner are steps to descend into it: this bath is said to contain 427 tons and 50 gallons of water; and on its rising out of the ground over the springs, it is sometimes too hot to be endured by those who bathe therein. Adjoining to the King's Bath, there is another called the Queen's Bath; this is of a more temperate warmth, as borrowing its water from the other.

In the south-west part of the city are three other baths, viz.: the Hot Bath, which is not much inferior in heat to the King's Bath, and contains 53 tons, 2 hogsheads, and 11 gallons of water; the Cross Bath, which contains 52 tons, 3 hogsheads, and 11 gallons; and the Leper's Bath, which is not so much frequented as the rest.

The King's Bath (according to the best observations) will fill in about nine hours and a half; the Hot Bath in about eleven hours and a half; and the Cross Bath in about the same time.

The hours for bathing are commonly between six and nine in the morning, and the baths are every morning supplied with fresh water; for when the people have done bathing, the sluices in each bath are pulled up, and the water is carried off by drains into the river Avon.

In the morning the lady is brought in a close chair, dressed in her bathing clothes,[1] to the bath; and, being in the water, the woman who

[1] "This morning, dear mother, as soon as 'twas light
I was wak'd by a noise that astonish'd me quite;
For in Tabitha's chamber I heard such a clatter,
I could not conceive what the deuce was the matter;
And would you believe? I went up and found her,
In a blanket with two lusty fellows around her,
Who both seem'd a going to carry her off in
A little black box just the size of a coffin! . . .
'And pray,' says I, 'Tabitha, what is your drift,
To be cover'd in flannel instead of a shift?'"—*Ibid.* (Letter VI.)

attends presents her with a little floating dish like a basin; into which the lady puts a handkerchief, a snuff-box, and a nosegay. She then traverses the bath; if a novice, with a guide, if otherwise, by herself;[1] and having amused herself thus while she thinks proper, calls for her chair, and returns to her lodgings.

The amusement of bathing is immediately succeeded by a general assembly of people at the pump-room; some for pleasure, and some to drink the hot waters. Three glasses at three different times, is the usual portion for every drinker; and the intervals between every glass[2] are enlivened by the harmony of a small band of music, as well as by the conversation of the gay, the witty, or the forward.

From the pump-room the ladies, from time to time, withdraw to a female coffee-house, and from thence return to their lodgings to breakfast. The gentlemen withdraw to their coffee-houses, to read the papers, or converse on the news of the day, with a freedom and ease not to be found in the metropolis.

People of fashion make public breakfasts at the assembly-houses, to which they invite their acquaintances, and they sometimes order private concerts; or, when so disposed, attend lectures on the arts and sciences, which are frequently taught there in a pretty superficial manner, so as not to teaze the understanding, while they afford the imagination some amusement. The private concerts are performed in the ball-rooms; the tickets a crown each.

Concert breakfasts at the assembly-house sometimes make also a part of the morning's amusement here, the expenses of which are defrayed by a subscription among the men. Persons of rank and fortune who can perform are admitted into the orchestra, and find a pleasure in joining with the performers.

Thus we have the tedious morning fairly over. When noon approaches, and church (if any please to go there) is done, some of the company appear

[1] "And of all the fine sights I have seen, my dear mother,
I never expect to behold such another;
How the ladies did giggle and set up their clacks,
All the while an old woman was rubbing their backs! . . .
It was a glorious sight to behold the fair sex
All wading with gentlemen up to their necks,
And view them so prettily tumble and sprawl
In a great smoking kettle as big as our hall."—ANSTEY. (Letter VI.)

[2] "Ods, bobs! how delighted I was unawares,
With the fiddles I heard in the room above stairs:
For music is wholesome, the doctors all think,
For ladies that bathe, and for ladies that drink;
And that's the opinion of Robin our driver,
Who whistles his nags while they stand at the river;
They say it is right that for every glass
A tune you should take that the water may pass."—*Ibid.* (Letter VI.)

upon the parade, and other public walks, where they continue to chat and amuse each other, till they have formed parties for the play, cards, or dancing for the evening. Another part of the company divert themselves with reading in the booksellers' shops, or are generally seen taking the air and exercise, some on horseback, some in coaches. Some walk in the meadows round the town, winding along the side of the river Avon and the neighbouring canal; while others are seen scaling some of those romantic precipices that overhang the city.

When the hour of dinner draws nigh, and the company are returned from their different recreations, the provisions are generally served with the utmost elegance and plenty. Their mutton, butter, fish, and fowl, are all allowed to be excellent, and their cookery still exceeds their meat.

After dinner is over, and evening prayers ended, the company meet a second time at the pump-house. From this they retire to the walks, and from thence go to drink tea at the assembly-houses, and the rest of the evenings are concluded either with balls, plays, or visits. A theatre was erected in the year 1705, by subscription, by people of the highest rank, who permitted their arms to be engraven on the inside of the house, as a public testimony of their liberality towards it. Every Tuesday and Friday evening is concluded with a public ball, the contributions to which are so numerous, that the price of each ticket is trifling. Thus Bath yields a continued rotation of diversions, and people of all ways of thinking, even from the libertine to the methodist, have it in their power to complete the day with employments suited to their inclinations.

In this manner every amusement soon improved under Mr. Nash's administration. The magistrates of the city found that he was necessary and useful, and took every opportunity of paying the same respect to his fictitious royalty, that is generally extorted by real power. The same satisfaction a young lady finds upon being singled out at her first appearance, or an applauded poet on the success of his first tragedy, influenced him. All admired him as an extraordinary character; and some who knew no better, as a very fine gentleman. He was perfectly happy in their little applause, and affected at length something particular in his dress, behaviour, and conversation.

His equipage was sumptuous, and he usually travelled to Tunbridge in a post chariot and six greys, with out-riders, footmen, French-horns, and every other appendage of expensive parade. He always wore a white hat; and, to apologize for this singularity, said, he did it purely to secure it from being stolen: his dress was tawdry, though not perfectly genteel; he might be considered as a beau of several generations, and in his appearance he, in some measure, mixed the fashions of the last age with those of the present. He perfectly understood elegant expense, and generally passed his time in the very best company, if persons of the first distinction deserve that title.

But I hear the reader now demand, what finances were to support all this finery, or where the treasures that gave him such frequent opportunities of

displaying his benevolence, or his vanity? To answer this, we must now enter upon another part of his character,—his talents as a gamester; for by gaming alone, at that period of which I speak, he kept up so very genteel an appearance. When he first figured at Bath, there were few laws against this destructive amusement. The gaming-table was the constant resource of despair and indigence, and frequent ruin of opulent fortunes. Wherever people of fashion came, needy adventurers were generally found in waiting. With such Bath swarmed; and among this class Mr. Nash was certainly to be numbered in the beginning, only with this difference, that he wanted the corrupt heart, too commonly attending a life of expedients; for he was generous, humane, and honourable, even though by profession a gamester.

A thousand instances might be given of his integrity, even in this infamous profession, where his generosity often impelled him to act in contradiction to his interest. Wherever he found a novice in the hands of a sharper, he generally forewarned him of the danger; whenever he found any inclined to play, yet ignorant of the game, he would offer his services, and play for them. I remember an instance to this effect, though too nearly concerned in the affair to publish the gentleman's name of whom it is related. In the year 1725, there came to Bath a giddy youth, who had just resigned his fellowship at Oxford. He brought his whole fortune with him there; it was but a trifle; however, he was resolved to venture it all. Good fortune seemed kinder than could be expected. Without the smallest skill in play, he won a sum sufficient to make any unambitious man happy. His desire of gain increasing with his gains, in the October following he was at all, and added four thousand pounds to his former capital. Mr. Nash, one night, after losing a considerable sum to this undeserving son of fortune, invited him to supper. "Sir," cried this honest, though veteran gamester, "perhaps you may imagine I have invited you, in order to have my revenge at home; but I scorn so inhospitable an action. I desired the favour of your company to give you some advice, which you will pardon me, Sir, you seem to stand in need of. You are now high in spirits, and drawn away by a torrent of success; but there will come a time, when you will repent having left the calm of a college life for the turbulent profession of a gamester. Ill runs will come, as sure as day and night succeed each other. Be therefore advised, remain content with your present gains; for be persuaded, that had you the Bank of England, with your present ignorance of gaming, it would vanish like a fairy dream. You are a stranger to me; but to convince you of the part I take in your welfare, I'll give you fifty guineas, to forfeit twenty every time you lose two hundred at one sitting." The young gentleman refused his offer, and was at last undone!

The late Duke of B.[1] being chagrined at losing a considerable sum, pressed Mr. Nash to tie him up for the future from playing deep. Accordingly,

[1] Charles Powlett, third Duke of Bolton (died 1754). His second wife was Miss Lavinia Fenton, the actress, the original Polly, and famous as such, in the Beggars' Opera.

the Beau gave his Grace a hundred guineas, to forfeit ten thousand whenever he lost a sum to the same amount at play, in one sitting. The duke loved play to distraction, and soon after, at hazard, lost eight thousand guineas, and was going to throw for three thousand more; when Nash, catching hold of the dicebox, entreated his Grace to reflect upon the penalty if he lost; the duke for that time desisted; but so strong was the *furor* of play upon him, that soon after, losing a considerable sum at Newmarket, he was contented to pay the penalty.[1]

When the late Earl of T——d was a youth, he was passionately fond of play, and never better pleased than with having Mr. Nash for his antagonist. Nash saw with concern his lordship's foible, and undertook to cure him, though by a very disagreeable remedy. Conscious of his own superior skill, he determined to engage him in single play for a very considerable sum. His lordship, in proportion as he lost his game, lost his temper too; and as he approached the gulph, seemed still more eager for ruin. He lost his estate: some writings were put into the winner's possession; his very equipage was deposited as a last stake, and he lost that also. But, when our generous gamester had found his lordship sufficiently punished for his temerity, he returned all; only stipulating, that he should be paid five thousand pounds whenever he should think proper to make the demand. However, he never made any such demand during his lordship's life; but some time after his decease, Mr. Nash's affairs being in the wane, he demanded the money of his lordship's heirs, who honourably paid it without any hesitation.

But whatever skill Nash might have acquired by long practice in play, he was never formed by nature for a successful gamester. He was constitutionally passionate and generous. To acquire a perfection in that art, a man must be naturally phlegmatic, reserved, and cool; every passion must learn to obey control; but he frequently was unable to restrain the violence of his, and was often betrayed by this means into unbecoming rudeness, or childish impertinence; was sometimes a minion of fortune, and as often depressed by adversity. While others made considerable fortunes at the gaming-table, he was ever in the power of chance; nor did even the intimacy with which he was received by the great, place him in a state of independence.

The considerable inconveniences that were found to result from a permission of gaming, at length attracted the attention of the legislature, and in the twelfth year of George II. the most prevalent games at that time were declared fraudulent and unlawful.[2] Every age has had its peculiar modes of gaming. The games of Gleek, Primero, In-and-In, and several others now exploded, employed our sharping ancestors; to these succeeded

[1] "Feb. 9, 1732. A certain Duke paid 5000*l.* to Beau Nash, and agreed to allow him 400*l.* per annum during life, in lieu of 10,000*l.* he was to pay, in case the said nobleman should lose at hazard above 2000*l.* at one sitting; which he did in October last at Newmarket."—*Gentleman's Mag.* vol. ii. p. 627.

[2] Act 12, Geo. II. (1739).

the Ace of Hearts, Pharaoh, Basset, and Hazard, all games of chance like the former. But though in these the chances seemed equal to the novice, in general those who kept the bank were considerable winners. The act, therefore, passed upon this occasion, declared all such games and lotteries illicit, and directed that all who should set up such games should forfeit two hundred pounds, to be levied by distress on the offender's goods; one third to go to the informer, the residue to the poor. The Act further declared, that every person who played in any place, except in the royal palace where his majesty resided, should forfeit fifty pounds, and should be condemned to pay treble costs in case of an appeal.

This law was scarcely made, before it was eluded by the invention of divers fraudulent and deceitful games; and a particular game, called Passage, was daily practised, and contributed to the ruin of thousands. To prevent this, the ensuing year it was enacted, that this and every other game invented, or to be invented with one die, or more, or any other instrument of the same nature, with numbers thereon, should be subject to a similar penalty; and at the same time, the persons playing with such instruments should be punished as above.

This amendment of the law soon gave birth to new evasions; the game of Rolly-Polly, Marlborough's Battles, but particularly the E O, were set up; and, strange to observe! several of those very noblemen who had given their voices to suppress gaming were the most ready to encourage it. This game was at first set up at Tunbridge. It was invented by one C—k, and carried on between him and one Mr. A—e, proprietor of the assembly-room at that place; and was reckoned extremely profitable to the bank, as it gained two and a half per cent. on all that was lost or won.

As all gaming was suppressed but this, Nash was now utterly destitute of any resource that he could expect from his superior skill and long experience in the art. The money to be gained in private gaming is at best but trifling, and the opportunity precarious. The minds of the generality of mankind shrink with their circumstances; and Nash, upon the immediate prospect of poverty, was now mean enough (I will call it no worse) to enter into a confederacy with those low creatures to evade the law, and to share the plunder. The occasion was as follows. The profits of the table were, as I observed, divided between C—k the inventor, and A—e the room-keeper. The first year's profits were extraordinary, and A—e, the room-keeper, now began to wish himself sole proprietor. The combinations of the worthless are ever of short duration. The next year, therefore, A—e turned C—k out of his room, and set up the game for himself. The gentlemen and ladies who frequented the wells, unmindful of the immense profit gained by these reptiles, still continued to game as before; and the keeper was triumphing in the success of his politics, when he was informed, that C—k and his friends had hired the crier to cry the game down. The consequences of this would have been fatal to A—e's interest; for by this means frauds might have been discovered, which would deter even the most ardent lovers of play. Immediately, therefore, while the crier was

yet upon the walks, he applied to Mr. Nash to stop these proceedings, and at the same time offered him a fourth share of the bank, which Nash was mean enough to accept. This is the greatest blot in his life; and this, it is hoped, will find pardon.

The day after, the inventor offered one-half of the bank; but this Mr. Nash thought proper to refuse, being pre-engaged to A—e. Upon which, being disappointed, he applied to one, Mr. J—e, and under his protection another table was set up, and the company seemed to be divided equally between them. I cannot reflect without surprise at the folly of the gentlemen and ladies, in suffering themselves to be thus parcelled out between a pack of sharpers, and to be defrauded of their money, without even the show of opposition. The company thus divided, Mr. Nash once more availed himself of their parties, and prevailed upon them to unite their banks, and to divide the gains into three shares, of which he reserved one to himself.

Nash had hitherto enjoyed a fluctuating fortune; and had he taken the advantage of the present opportunity, he might have been for the future not only above want, but even in circumstances of opulence. Had he cautiously employed himself in computing the benefits of the table, and exacting his stipulated share, he might have soon grown rich; but he entirely left the management of it to the people of the rooms; he took them (as he says in one of his memorials upon this occasion) to be honest, and never inquired what was won or lost; and it is probable they were seldom assiduous in informing him. I find a secret pleasure in thus displaying the insecurity of friendships among the base. They pretended to pay him regularly at first; but he soon discovered, as he says, that at Tunbridge he had suffered to the amount of two thousand guineas.

In the mean time, as the E O table thus succeeded at Tunbridge, Mr. Nash was resolved to introduce it at Bath, and previously asked the opinion of several lawyers, who declared it no way illegal. In consequence of this, he wrote to Mrs. A—e, who kept one of the great rooms at Bath, acquainting her with the profits attending such a scheme, and proposing to have a fourth share with her and Mr. W—, the proprietor of the other room, for his authority and protection. To this Mr. W— and she returned him for answer, that they would grant him a fifth share; which he consented to accept. Accordingly, he made a journey to London, and bespoke two tables, one for each room, at the rate of fifteen pounds each table.

The tables were no sooner set up at Bath, than they were frequented by a greater concourse of gamesters than those at Tunbridge. Men of that infamous profession, from every part of the kingdom, and even other parts of Europe, flocked here to feed on the ruins of each other's fortune. This afforded another opportunity for Nash to become rich; but, as at Tunbridge, he thought the people here also would take care of him, and therefore he employed none to look after his interest. The first year they paid him what he thought just; the next, the woman of the room dying, her son paid him, and shewed his books. Some time after the people of the rooms offered him one hundred pounds a year each for his share, which he refused; every

succeeding year they continued to pay him less and less, until at length he found, as he pretends, that he had thus lost not less than twenty thousand pounds.

Thus they proceeded, deceiving the public and each other, until the legislature thought proper to suppress these seminaries of vice. It was enacted, that after the 24th of June, 1745, none should be permitted to keep a house, room, or place, for playing, upon pain of such forfeitures as were declared in former acts instituted for that purpose.

The legislature likewise amended a law, made in the reign of Queen Anne, for recovering money lost at play, on the oath of the winner. By this act, no person was rendered incapable of being a witness; and every person present at a gaming-table might be summoned by the magistrate who took cognisance of the affair. No privilege of parliament was allowed to those convicted of having gaming-tables in their houses. Those who lost ten pounds at one time were liable to be indicted within six months after the offence was committed; and being convicted, were to be fined five times the value of the sum won or lost, for the use of the poor. Any offender, before conviction, discovering another, so as to be convicted, was to be discharged from the penalties incurred by his own offences.

By this wise and just act, all Nash's future hopes of succeeding by the tables were blown up. He had now only the justice and generosity of his confederates to trust to; but that he soon found to be a vain expectation; for, if we can depend on his own memorials, what at one time they confessed, they would at another deny; and though upon some occasions they seemed at variance with each other, yet when they were to oppose him, whom they considered as a common enemy, they generally united with confidence and success. He now therefore had nothing but a law-suit to confide in for redress; and this is ever the last expedient to retrieve a desperate fortune. He accordingly threw his suit into Chancery, and by this means the public became acquainted with what he had long endeavoured to conceal. They now found that he was himself concerned in the gaming-tables, of which he only seemed the conductor; and that he had shared part of the spoil, though he complained of having been defrauded of a just share.

The success of his suit was what might have been naturally expected: he had but at best a bad cause, and as the oaths of the defendants were alone sufficient to cast him in Chancery, it was not surprising that he was nonsuited. But the consequence of this affair was much more fatal than he had imagined: it lessened him in the esteem of the public; it drew several enemies against him, and in some measure diminished the authority of any defence he could make. From that time (about the year 1745) I find this good-natured but misguided man involved in continual disputes, every day calumniated with some new slander, and continually endeavouring to obviate its effects.

Upon these occasions his usual method was, by printed bills handed about among his acquaintance, to inform the public of his most private transactions with some of those creatures with whom he had formerly associated;

but these apologies served rather to blacken his antagonists than to vindicate him. They were in general extremely ill written, confused, obscure, and sometimes unintelligible. By these however it appeared, that W— was originally obliged to him for the resort of company to his room; that Lady H., who had all the company before W—'s room was built, offered Nash a hundred pounds for his protection; which he refused, having previously promised to support Mrs. W—. It appears by these apologies, that the persons concerned in the rooms made large fortunes, while Nash still continued in pristine indigence; and that his nephew, for whom he had at first secured one of the rooms, was left in as great distress as he.

His enemies were not upon this occasion contented with aspersing him, as a confederate with sharpers; they even asserted, that he embezzled the subscriptions of gentlemen and ladies, which were given for useful or charitable purposes. But to such aspersions he answered by declaring, to use his own expression, before God and man, that he never diverted one shilling of the said subscriptions to his own use; nor was he ever thought to have done it till new enemies started up against him.

Perhaps the reader may be curious to see one of these memorials, written by himself; and I will indulge his curiosity, merely to show a specimen of the style and manner of a man whose whole life was passed in a round of gaiety and conversation, whose jests were a thousand times repeated, and whose company was courted by every son and daughter of fashion. The following is particularly levelled against those who, in the latter part of his life, took every opportunity to traduce his character:—

"A MONITOR.

"'For the Lord hateth lying and deceitful lips.'—*Psalm.*

"The curse denounced in my motto, is sufficient to intimidate any person who is not quite abandoned in their evil ways, and who have any fear of God before their eyes; everlasting burnings are a terrible reward for their misdoings; and nothing but the most hardened sinners will oppose the judgment of heaven, being without end. This reflection must be shocking to such, as are conscious to themselves of having erred from the sacred dictates of the Psalmist; and who following the blind impulse of passion, daily forging lies and deceit, to annoy their neighbour. But there are joys in heaven which they can never arrive at, whose whole study is to destroy the peace and harmony and good order of society in this place."

This carries little the air of a bagatelle; it rather seems a sermon in miniature, so different are some men in the closet and in conversation. The following I have taken at random from a heap of other memorials, all tending to set his combination with the afore-mentioned parties in a proper light.

"E O was first set up in A—e's room, the profits divided between one C—k (the inventor of the game) and A—e.

"The next year A—e, finding the game so advantageous, turned C—k out of his room, and set the game up himself, but C—k and his friends hired the crier to cry the game down; upon which A—e came running to

me to stop it, after he had cried it once, which I immediately did, and turned the crier off the walks.

"Then A—e asked me to go a fourth with him in the bank, which I consented to. C—k next day took me into his room which he had hired, and proffered me to go half with him, which I refused, being engaged before to A—e.

"J—e then set up the same game, and complained that he had not half play at his room; upon which I made them agree to join their banks, and divide equally the gain and loss, and I to go the like share in the bank.

"I, taking them to be honest, never enquired what was won or lost, and thought they paid me honestly, till it was discovered that they had defrauded me of 2000 guineas.

"I then arrested A—e, who told me I must go into Chancery, and that I should begin with the people of Bath, who had cheated me of ten times as much; and told my attorney that J—e had cheated me of 500, and wrote me word that I probably had it not under his hand, which never was used in play.

"Upon my arresting A—e, I received a letter not to prosecute J—e, for he would be a very good witness; I writ a discharge to J—e for 125*l.* in full, though he never paid me a farthing, upon his telling me if his debts were paid he was not worth a shilling.

"Every article of this I can prove from A—e's own mouth, as a reason that he allowed the bank-keepers but 10 per cent. because I went 20, and his suborning . . . to alter his informations.

"RICHARD NASH."

This gentleman's simplicity, in trusting persons whom he had no previous reasons to place confidence in, seems to be one of those lights into his character, which while they impeach his understanding, do honour to his benevolence. The low and timid are ever suspicious; but a heart impressed with honourable sentiments, expects from others sympathetic sincerity.

But now that we have viewed his conduct as a gamester, and seen him on that side of his character which is by far the most unfavourable, seen him declining from his former favour and esteem, the just consequence of his quitting, though but ever so little, the paths of honour; let me turn to those brighter parts, which gained him the affection of his friends, the esteem of the corporation which he assisted, and may possibly attract the attention of posterity. By his successes we shall find, that figuring in life proceeds less from the possession of great talents, than from the proper application of moderate ones. Some great minds are only fitted to put forth their powers in the storm, and the occasion is often wanting during a whole life for a great exertion; but trifling opportunities of shining are almost every hour offered to the little sedulous mind, and a person thus employed, is not only more pleasing but more useful in a state of tranquil society.

Though gaming first introduced him into polite company, this alone could hardly have carried him forward, without the assistance of a genteel

address, much vivacity, some humour, and some wit. But, once admitted into the circle of the beau monde, he then laid claim to all the privileges by which it is distinguished. Among others, in the early part of his life, he entered himself professedly into the service of the fair sex; he set up for a man of gallantry and intrigue; and, if we can credit the boasts of his old age, he often succeeded. In fact, the business of love somewhat resembles the business of physic; no matter for qualifications, he that makes vigorous pretensions to either is surest of success. Nature had by no means formed Mr. Nash for a *beau garçon*; his person was clumsy, too large and awkward, and his features harsh, strong, and peculiarly irregular; yet even with those disadvantages, he made love, became a universal admirer of the sex, and was universally admired. He was possessed, at least, of some requisites of a lover. He had assiduity, flattery, fine clothes, and as much wit as the ladies he addressed. Wit, flattery, and fine clothes, he used to say, were enough to debauch a nunnery. But my fair readers of the present day are exempt from this scandal; and it is no matter now, what he said of their grandmothers.

As Nestor was a man of three ages, so Nash sometimes humorously called himself a beau of three generations. He had seen flaxen bobs succeeded by majors, which in their turn gave way to negligents, which were at last totally routed by bags and ramilies. The manner in which gentlemen managed their amours, in these different ages of fashion, were not more different than their perriwigs. The lover in the reign of King Charles was solemn, majestic, and formal. He visited his mistress in state; languished for the favour, kneeled when he toasted his goddess, walked with solemnity, performed the most trifling things with decorum, and even took snuff with a flourish. The beau of the latter part of Queen Anne's reign was disgusted with so much formality; he was pert, smart, and lively; his billets-doux were written in a quite different style from that of his antiquated predecessor; he was ever laughing at his own ridiculous situation; till at last, he persuaded the lady to become as ridiculous as himself. The beau of the third age, in which Mr. Nash died, was still more extraordinary than either; his whole secret in intrigue consisted in perfect indifference. The only way to make love now, I have heard Mr. Nash say, was to take no manner of notice of the lady; which method was found the surest way to secure her affections.

However these things be, this gentleman's amours were in reality very much confined in the second and third age of intrigue; his character was too public for a lady to consign her reputation to his keeping. But in the beginning of life, it is said, he knew the secret history of the times, and contributed himself to swell the page of scandal. Were I upon the present occasion to hold the pen of a novelist, I could recount some amours, in which he was successful. I could fill a volume with little anecdotes, which contain neither pleasure nor instruction; with histories of professing lovers, and poor believing girls deceived by such professions. But such adventures are easily written, and as easily achieved. The plan even of fictitious novel

is quite exhausted; but truth, which I have followed here, and ever design to follow, presents in the affair of love scarce any variety. The manner in which one reputation is lost, exactly resembles that by which another is taken away. The gentleman begins at timid distance, grows more bold, becomes rude, till the lady is married or undone: such is the substance of every modern novel; nor will I gratify the pruriency of folly at the expense of every other pleasure my narration may afford.

Mr. Nash did not long continue a universal gallant; but in the earlier years of his reign, entirely gave up his endeavours to deceive the sex, in order to become the honest protector of their innocence, the guardian of their reputation, and a friend to their virtue. This was a character he bore for many years, and supported it with integrity, assiduity, and success. It was his constant practice to do everything in his power to prevent the fatal consequences of rash and inconsiderate love; and there are many persons now alive, who owe their present happiness to his having interrupted the progress of an amour that threatened to become unhappy, or even criminal, by privately making their guardians or parents acquainted with what he could discover.[1] And his manner of disconcerting these schemes was such as generally secured him from the rage and resentment of the disappointed. One night when I was in Wiltshire's room, Nash came up to a lady and her daughter, who were people of no inconsiderable fortune, and bluntly told the mother *she had better be at home:* this was at that time thought an audacious piece of impertinence, and the lady turned away piqued and disconcerted. Nash, however, pursued her and repeated the words again, when the old lady, wisely conceiving there might be some hidden meaning couched under this seeming insolence, retired, and coming to her lodgings found a coach and six at the door, which a sharper had provided to carry off her eldest daughter.

I shall beg leave to give some other instances of Mr. Nash's good-nature on these occasions, as I have had the accounts from himself. At the conclusion of the treaty of peace at Utrecht, Colonel M. was one of the thoughtless, agreeable, gay creatures, that drew the attention of the company at Bath. He danced and talked with great vivacity; and when he gamed among the ladies, he showed that his attention was employed

[1] "The gods, their peculiar favour to show,
Sent Hermes to Bath in the shape of a BEAU: . . .;
Long reign'd the great NASH, this omnipotent lord,
Respected by youth, and by parents adored;
For him not enough at a ball to preside,
The unwary and beautiful nymph would he guide;
Oft tell her a tale, how the credulous maid
By man, by perfidious man, is betray'd;
Taught Charity's hand to relieve the distrest,
While tears have his tender compassion exprest."

ANSTEY. (Letter XI.)

rather upon their hearts than their fortunes. His own fortune however was a trifle, when compared to the elegance of his expense; and his imprudence at last was so great, that it obliged him to sell an annuity arising from his commission, to keep up his splendour a little longer.

However thoughtless he might be, he had the happiness of gaining the affections of Miss L., whose father designed her a very large fortune. This lady was courted by a nobleman of distinction; but she refused his addresses, resolved upon gratifying rather her inclinations than her avarice. The intrigue went on successfully between her and the colonel, and they both would certainly have been married and been undone, had not Mr. Nash apprised her father of their intentions. The old gentleman recalled his daughter from Bath, and offered Nash a very considerable present for the care he had taken, which he refused.

In the mean time Colonel M. had an intimation how his intrigue came to be discovered, and by taxing Nash, found that his suspicions were not without foundation. A challenge was the immediate consequence, which the king of Bath, conscious of having only done his duty, thought proper to decline. As none are permitted to wear swords at Bath, the colonel found no opportunity of gratifying his resentment, and waited with impatience to find Mr. Nash in town, to require proper satisfaction.

During this interval, however, he found his creditors become too importunate for him to remain longer at Bath; and his finances and credit being quite exhausted, he took the desperate resolution of going over to the Dutch army in Flanders, where he enlisted himself a volunteer. Here he underwent all the fatigues of a private sentinel, with the additional misery of receiving no pay, and his friends in England gave out that he was shot at the battle of ———.

In the mean time, the nobleman pressed his passion with ardour; but during the progress of his amour, the young lady's father died, and left her heiress to a fortune of fifteen hundred a year. She thought herself now disengaged from her former passion. An absence of two years had in some measure abated her love for the colonel; and the assiduity, the merit, and real regard of the gentleman who still continued to solicit her, were almost too powerful for her constancy. Mr. Nash, in the mean time, took every opportunity of inquiring after Colonel M., and found that he had for some time been returned to England, but had changed his name, in order to avoid the fury of his creditors, and was entered into a company of strolling players, at that time exhibiting at Peterborough.

He now therefore thought he owed the colonel, in justice, an opportunity of promoting his fortune, as he had once deprived him of an occasion of satisfying his love. Our Beau therefore invited the lady to be of a party to Peterborough, and offered his own equipage, which was then one of the most elegant in England, to conduct her there. The proposal being accepted, the lady, the nobleman, and Mr. Nash arrived in town just as the players were going to begin.

Colonel M., who used every means of remaining incognito, and who was

too proud to make his distresses known to any of his former acquaintance, was now degraded into the character of Tom in the "Conscious Lovers." Miss L. was placed in the foremost row of the spectators, her lord on one side, and the impatient Nash on the other, when the unhappy youth appeared in that despicable situation upon the stage. The moment he came on, his former mistress struck his view; but his amazement was increased when he saw her fainting away in the arms of those who sat behind her. He was incapable of proceeding, and scarcely knowing what he did, he flew and caught her in his arms.

"Colonel," cried Nash, when they were in some measure recovered, "you once thought me your enemy, because I endeavoured to prevent you both from ruining each other; you were then wrong, and you have long had my forgiveness. If you love well enough now for matrimony, you fairly have my consent, and d— him, say I, that attempts to part you." Their nuptials were solemnised soon after, and affluence added a zest to all their future enjoyments. Mr. Nash had the thanks of each, and he afterwards spent several agreeable days in that society which he had contributed to render happy.

I shall beg the reader's patience, while I give another instance, in which he ineffectually offered his assistance and advice. This story is not from himself, but told us partly by Mr. Wood, the architect of Bath,[1] as it fell particularly within his own knowledge, and partly from another memoir to which he refers.

Miss Sylvia S—— was descended from one of the best families in the kingdom, and was left a large fortune upon her sister's decease. She had early in life been introduced into the best company, and contracted a passion for elegance and expense. It is usual to make the heroine of a story very witty and very beautiful, and such circumstances are so surely expected, that they are scarce attended to. But whatever the finest poet could conceive of wit, or the most celebrated painter imagine of beauty, were excelled in the perfections of this young lady. Her superiority in both was allowed by all who either heard or had seen her. She was naturally gay, generous to a fault, good-natured to the highest degree, affable in conversation, and some of her letters and other writings, as well in verse as prose, would have shone amongst those of the most celebrated wits of this, or any other age, had they been published.

But these great qualifications were marked by another, which lessened the value of them all. She was imprudent. But let it not be imagined that her reputation or honour suffered by her imprudence: I only mean, she had no knowledge of the use of money; she relieved distress by putting herself into the circumstances of the object whose wants she supplied.

She was arrived at the age of nineteen, when the crowd of her lovers and the continual repetition of new flattery had taught her to think she could

[1] Wood's *History of Bath*, vol. ii. p. 446. The lady's real name was Miss Fanny Braddock. *See* "Gentleman's Mag." vol. i. p. 397.

never be forsaken, and never poor. Young ladies are apt to expect a certainty of success from a number of lovers; and yet I have seldom seen a girl courted by a hundred lovers that found a husband in any. Before the choice is fixed, she has either lost her reputation or her good sense; and the loss of either is sufficient to consign her to perpetual virginity.

Among the number of this young lady's lovers was the celebrated S——, who, at that time, went by the name of "the good-natured man."[1] This gentleman, with talents that might have done honour to humanity, suffered himself to fall at length into the lowest state of debasement. He followed the dictates of every newest passion; his love, his pity, his generosity, and even his friendships were all in excess; he was unable to make head against any of his sensations or desires, but they were in general worthy wishes and desires, for he was constitutionally virtuous. This gentleman, who at last died in gaol, was at that time this lady's envied favourite.

It is probable that he, thoughtless creature, had no other prospect from this amour but that of passing the present moments agreeably. He only courted dissipation, but the lady's thoughts were fixed on happiness. At length, however, his debts amounting to a considerable sum, he was arrested and thrown into prison. He endeavoured at first to conceal his situation from his beautiful mistress; but she soon came to a knowledge of his distress, and took the fatal resolution of freeing him from confinement by discharging all the demands of his creditors.

Mr. Nash was at that time in London, and represented to the thoughtless young lady, that such a measure would effectually ruin both; that so warm a concern for the interests of Mr. S—— would in the first place quite impair her fortune in the eyes of our sex, and what was worse, lessen her reputation in those of her own. He added, that thus bringing Mr. S—— from prison would be only a temporary relief; that a mind so generous as his would become bankrupt under the load of gratitude; and instead of improving in friendship or affection, he would only study to avoid a creditor he could never repay; that though small favours produce good-will, great ones destroy friendship. These admonitions, however, were disregarded, and she found, too late, the prudence and truth of her adviser. In short, her fortune was by this means exhausted; and, with all her attractions, she found her acquaintance began to disesteem her in proportion as she became poor.

In this situation she accepted Mr. Nash's invitation of returning to Bath. He promised to introduce her to the best company there, and he was assured that her merit would do the rest. Upon her very first appearance, ladies of the highest distinction courted her friendship and esteem; but a settled melancholy had taken possession of her mind, and no amusements that they could propose were sufficient to divert it. Yet still, as if from habit, she followed the crowd in its levities, and frequented those places where all

[1] We have here the first hint of a character used afterwards by Goldsmith in his admirable comedy of "The Good-natured Man." *See* vol. i. p. 138.

persons endeavoured to forget themselves in the bustle of ceremony and shew.

Her beauty, her simplicity, and her unguarded situation soon drew the attention of a designing wretch, who at that time kept one of the rooms at Bath, and who thought that this lady's merit, properly managed, might turn to good account. This woman's name was dame Lindsey, a creature who, though vicious, was in appearance sanctified, and, though designing, had some wit and humour. She began by the humblest assiduity to ingratiate herself with Miss S——; shewed that she could be amusing as a companion, and, by frequent offers of money, proved that she could be useful as a friend. Thus by degrees she gained an entire ascendancy over this poor, thoughtless, deserted girl; and in less than one year, namely about 1727, Miss S., without ever transgressing the laws of virtue, had entirely lost her reputation. Whenever a person was wanting to make up a party for play at dame Lindsey's, Sylvia, as she was then familiarly called, was sent for, and was obliged to suffer all those slights which the rich but too often let fall upon their inferiors in point of fortune.

In most, even the greatest minds, the heart at last becomes level with the meanness of its condition; but in this charming girl, it struggled hard with adversity, and yielded to every encroachment of contempt with sullen reluctance. But though in the course of three years she was in the very eye of public inspection, yet Mr. Wood, the architect, avers, that he could never, by the strictest observations, perceive her to be tainted with any other vice than that of suffering herself to be decoyed to the gaming-table, and at her own hazard playing for the amusement and advantage of others. Her friend, Mr. Nash, therefore, thought proper to induce her to break off all connections with dame Lindsey, and to rent part of Mr. Wood's house, in Queen Square, where she behaved with the utmost complaisance, regularity, and virtue.

In this situation, her detestation of life still continued. She found that time would infallibly deprive her of part of her attractions, and that continual solicitude would impair the rest. With these reflections she would frequently entertain herself and an old faithful maid in the vales of Bath, whenever the weather would permit them to walk out. She would even sometimes start questions in company, with seeming unconcern, in order to know what act of suicide was easiest, and which was attended with the smallest pain. When tired with exercise, she generally retired to meditation, and she became habituated to early hours of sleep and rest; but when the weather prevented her usual exercise, and her sleep was thus more difficult, she made it a rule to rise from her bed, and walk about her chamber, till she began to find an inclination for repose.

This custom made it necessary for her to order a candle to be kept burning all night in her room; and the maid usually, when she withdrew, locked the chamber door, and pushing the key under it beyond reach, her mistress, by that constant method, lay undisturbed till seven o'clock in the

morning, when she arose, unlocked the door, and rang the bell as a signal for the maid to return.

This state of seeming piety, regularity, and prudence continued for some time, till the gay, celebrated, toasted Miss Silvia was sunk into a house-keeper to the gentleman at whose house she lived. She was unable to keep company, for want of the elegancies of dress, which are the usual passports among the polite; and was too haughty to seem to want them. The fashionable, the amusing, and the polite in society now seldom visited her; and from being once the object of every eye, she was now deserted by all, and preyed upon by the bitter reflections of her own imprudence.

Mr. Wood and part of his family were gone to London, and Miss Silvia was left with the rest as a governess at Bath. She sometimes saw Mr. Nash, and acknowledged the friendship of his admonitions, though she refused to accept any other marks of his generosity than that of advice. Upon the close of the day on which Mr. Wood was expected to return from London, she expressed some uneasiness at the disappointment of not seeing him, took particular care to settle the affairs of his family, and then as usual sat down to meditation. She now cast a retrospect over her past misconduct, and her approaching misery; she saw that even affluence gave her no real happiness, and from indigence she thought nothing could be hoped but lingering calamity. She at length conceived the fatal resolution of leaving a life in which she could see no corner for comfort, and terminating a scene of imprudence in suicide.

Thus resolved, she sat down at her dining-room window, and with cool intrepidity wrote the following lines on one of the panes of the window:

> "O Death! thou pleasing end of human woe!
> Thou cure for life! thou greatest good below!
> Still may'st thou fly the coward and the slave,
> And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave."

She then went into company with the most cheerful serenity, talked of indifferent subjects till supper, which she ordered to be got ready in a little library belonging to the family. There she spent the remaining hours preceding bed-time, in dandling two of Mr. Wood's children on her knees. In retiring from thence to her chamber, she went into the nursery to take her leave of another child, as it lay sleeping in the cradle. Struck with the innocence of the little babe's looks, and the consciousness of her meditated guilt, she could not avoid bursting into tears and hugging it in her arms; she then bid her old servant a good night, for the first time she had ever done so, and went to bed as usual.

It is probable she soon quitted her bed, and was seized with an alternation of passions, before she yielded to the impulse of despair. She dressed herself in clean linen and white garments of every kind, like a bride-maid. Her gown was pinned over her breast, just as a nurse pins the swaddling-clothes of an infant. A pink silk girdle was the instrument with which she resolved to terminate her misery, and this was lengthened by another

made of gold thread. The end of the former was tied with a noose, and the latter with three knots, at a small distance from one another.

Thus prepared, she sat down again and read; for she left the book open at that place, in the story of Olympia, in the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto, where, by the perfidy and ingratitude of her bosom friend, she was ruined and left to the mercy of an unpitying world. This fatal event gave her fresh spirits to go through her tragical purpose; so, standing upon a stool, and flinging the girdle, which was tied round her neck, over a closet door that opened into her chamber, she remained suspended. Her weight, however, broke the girdle, and the poor despairer fell on the floor with such violence that her fall awakened a workman that lay in the house about half an hour after two o'clock. Recovering herself, she began to walk about the room, as her usual custom was when she wanted sleep; and the workman imagining it to be only some ordinary accident, again went to sleep. She once more, therefore, had recourse to a stronger girdle made of silver thread, and this kept her suspended till she died. Her old maid continued in the morning to wait as usual for the ringing of the bell, and protracted her patience, hour after hour, till two o'clock in the afternoon; when the workmen at length entering the room through the window, found their unfortunate mistress still hanging and quite cold. The coroner's jury being impanelled, brought in their verdict lunacy, and her corpse was next night decently buried in her father's grave,[1] at the charge of a female companion, with whom she had for many years an inseparable intimacy.

Thus ended a female wit, a toast, and a gamester; loved, admired, and forsaken: formed for the delight of society, fallen by imprudence into an object of pity. Hundreds in high life lamented her fate, and wished, when too late, to redress her injuries. They who once had helped to impair her fortune, now regretted that they had assisted in so mean a pursuit. The little effects she had left behind were bought up with the greatest avidity, by those who desired to preserve some token of a companion, that once had given them such delight. The remembrance of every virtue she was possessed of was now improved by pity. Her former follies were few, but the last swelled them to a large amount; and she remains the strongest instance to posterity, that want of prudence alone almost cancels every other virtue.

In all this unfortunate lady's affairs Mr. Nash took a peculiar concern; he directed her when they played, advised her when she deviated from the rules of caution, and performed the last offices of friendship after her decease, by raising the auction of her little effects.

But he was not only the assistant and the friend of the fair sex; he was also their defender. He secured their persons from insult, and their reputations from scandal. Nothing offended him more than a young fellow's

[1] "She was buried in a decent manner in the Abbey Church, (9th of September, 1731,) in the grave of her honest, brave old father (General Braddock)."—*Gentleman's Mag.* vol. i. p. 397.

pretending to receive favours from ladies he probably never saw. Nothing pleased him so much as seeing such a piece of deliberate mischief punished. Nash and one of his friends, being newly arrived at Tunbridge from Bath, were one day on the walks, and seeing a young fellow of fortune with whom they had some slight acquaintance, joined him. After the usual chat and news of the day was over, Mr. Nash asked him, how long he had been at the Wells, and what company was there? The other replied, he had been at Tunbridge a month: but as for company, he could find as good at a Tyburn ball. Not a soul was to be seen, except a parcel of gamesters and strumpets, who would grant the last favour for a single stake at the Pharaoh bank. "Look you there," continued he, "that goddess of midnight, so fine at t'other end of the walks, by Jove she was mine this morning for half-a-guinea; and she there, who brings up the rear with powdered hair and dirty ruffles, she's pretty enough, but cheap, perfectly cheap: why, my boys, to my own knowledge, you may have her for a crown and a dish of chocolate into the bargain—last Wednesday night we were happy." "Hold there, Sir," cried the gentleman; "as for your having the first lady, it is possible it may be true, and I intend to ask her about it, for she is my sister; but as to your being happy with the other last Wednesday, I am sure you are a lying rascal. She is my wife, and we came here but last night." The buck vainly asked pardon; the gentleman was going to give him proper chastisement, when Mr. Nash interposed in his behalf, and obtained his pardon upon condition that he quitted Tunbridge immediately.

But Mr. Nash not only took care, during his administration, to protect the ladies from the insults of our sex, but to guard them from the slanders of each other. He, in the first place, prevented any animosities that might arise from place and precedence, by being previously acquainted with the rank and quality of almost every family in the British dominions. He endeavoured to render scandal odious, by marking it as the result of envy and folly united. Not even Solon could have enacted a wiser law in such a society as Bath. The gay, the heedless, and the idle, who mostly compose the group of water-drinkers, seldom are at the pains of talking upon universal topics which require comprehensive thought or abstract reasoning. The adventures of the little circle of their own acquaintance or of some names of quality and fashion make up their whole conversation. But it is too likely, that when we mention those, we wish to depress them, in order to render ourselves more conspicuous: scandal must therefore have fixed her throne at Bath preferable to any other part of the kingdom. However, though these endeavours could not totally suppress this custom among the fair, yet they gained him the friendship of several ladies of distinction who had smarted pretty severely under the lash of censure.

Among this number was the old Duchess of Marlborough, who conceived a particular friendship for him, and which continued during her life. She frequently consulted him in several concerns of a private nature. Her letting leases, building bridges, or forming canals, were often carried on under his guidance; but she advised with him particularly in purchasing liveries for

the footmen; a business to which she thought his genius best adapted. As anything relative to her may please the curiosity of such as delight in the anecdotes and letters of the great, however dull and insipid, I shall beg leave to present them with one or two of her epistles, collected at a venture from several others to the same purpose.

"To Mr. Nash, at the Bath.

"Blenheim, Sept. 18, 1724.

"Mr. Jennens will give you an account how little time I have in my power, and that will make my excuse for not thanking you sooner for the favour of your letter, and for the trouble you have given yourself in bespeaking the cloth, which I am sure will be good, since you have undertaken to order it. Pray ask Mrs. Jennens concerning the cascade, which will satisfy all doubts in that matter; she saw it play, which it will do in great beauty, for at least six hours together, and it runs enough to cover all the stones constantly, and is a hundred feet broad, which I am told is a much greater breadth than any cascade is in England; and this will be yet better than it is, when it is quite finished; this water is a great addition to this place, and the lake being thirty acres, out of which the cascade comes, and falls into the canal that goes through the bridge, it makes that look as if it was necessary, which before seemed so otherwise. I am your most humble servant, "S. Marlborough."

"To Mr. Nash, at the Bath.

"Marlborough-house, May 17, 1735.

"Sir,—I have received the favour of yours of the 10th of May, with that from Mr. Harvey; and by last post I received a letter from Mr. Overton, a sort of a bailiff and a surveyor, whom I have employed a great while upon my estates in Wiltshire. He is a very active and very useful man of his sort. He writes to me, that Mr. Harvey has been with him, and brought him a paper, which I sent you. He says, that finding he was a man that was desirous to serve me, he had assisted him all he could, by informations which he has given; and that he should continue to assist him. I have writ to him that he did mighty well. There is likewise a considerable tenant of my lord Bruce's, his name is Cannons, who has promised me his assistance towards recommending tenants for these farms. And if Mr. Harvey happens to know such a man, he may put him in mind of it. I am sure you will do me all the good you can. And I hope you are sure that I shall always be sensible of the obligations I have to you, and ever be your most thankful and obliged humble servant,

"S. Marlborough.

"Mr. Harvey may conclude to take any prices that were given you in the paper. But as I know that we have been scandalously cheated, if he finds that anything can be let better than it has been let, I do not doubt but he will do it."

The Duchess of Marlborough seems to have been not a much better writer than Mr. Nash; but she was worth many hundred thousand pounds, and that might console her. It may give splenetic philosophy, however, some scope for meditation, when it considers what a parcel of stupid trifles the world is ready to admire.

Whatever might have been Mr. Nash's other excellences, there was one in which few exceeded him; I mean his extensive humanity. None felt pity more strongly, and none made greater efforts to relieve distress. If I were to name any reigning and fashionable virtue in the present age, I think it should be charity. The numberless benefactions privately given, the various public solicitations for charity, and the success they meet with, serve to prove, that though we may fall short of our ancestors in other respects, yet in this instance we greatly excel them. I know not whether it may not be spreading the influence of Mr. Nash too widely to say, that he was one of the principal causes of introducing this noble emulation among the rich; but certain it is, no private man ever relieved the distresses of so many as he did.

Before gaming was suppressed, and in the meridian of his life and fortune, his benefactions were generally found to equal his other expenses. The money he got without pain he gave away without reluctance; and whenever unable to relieve a wretch who sued for assistance, he has been often seen to shed tears. A gentleman of broken fortune, one day standing behind his chair, as he was playing a game of picquet for two hundred pounds, and observing with what indifference he won the money, could not avoid whispering these words to another who stood by, "Heavens! how happy would all that money make me!" Nash, overhearing him, clapped the money into his hand; and cried, "Go and be happy."

About six and thirty years ago, a clergyman brought his family to Bath for the benefit of the waters. His wife laboured under a lingering disorder, which it was thought nothing but the Hot-wells could remove. The expenses of living there soon lessened the poor man's finances; his clothes were sold, piece by piece, to provide a temporary relief for his little family, and his appearance was at last so shabby, that, from the number of holes in his coat and stockings, Nash gave him the name of Doctor Cullender. Our beau, it seems, was rude enough to make a jest of poverty, though he had sensibility enough to relieve it. The poor clergyman combated his distresses with fortitude; and, instead of attempting to solicit relief, endeavoured to conceal them. Upon a living of thirty pounds a-year he endeavoured to maintain his wife and six children; but all his resources at last failed him, and nothing but famine was seen in the wretched family. The poor man's circumstances were at last communicated to Nash; who, with his usual cheerfulness, undertook to relieve him. On a Sunday evening, at a public tea-drinking at Harrison's, he went about to collect a subscription, and began it himself by giving five guineas. By this means two hundred guineas were collected in less than two hours, and the poor family raised from the lowest despondence into affluence and felicity. A bounty so unexpected, had a

better influence even upon the woman's constitution than all that either the physicians or the waters of Bath could produce, and she recovered. But his good offices did not rest here. He prevailed upon a nobleman of his acquaintance to present the doctor with a living of 160*l.* a-year, which made that happiness he had before produced, in some measure permanent.

In the severe winter of the year 1739 his charity was great, useful, and extensive. He frequently, at that season of calamity, entered the houses of the poor, whom he thought too proud to beg, and generously relieved them. The colliers were at this time peculiarly distressed; and in order to excite compassion, a number of them yoked themselves to a waggon loaded with coals, and drew it into Bath, and presented it to Mr. Nash. Their scheme had the proper effect. Mr. Nash procured them a subscription, and gave ten guineas towards it himself. The weavers also shared his bounty at that season. They came begging in a body into Bath, and he provided a plentiful dinner for their entertainment, and gave each a week's subsistence at going away.

There are few public charities to which he was not a subscriber, and many he principally contributed to support. Among others, Mr. Annesley, that strange example of the mutability of fortune, and the inefficacy of our laws, shared his interest and bounty. I have now before me a well-written letter, addressed to Mr. Nash, in order to obtain his interest for that unhappy gentleman: it comes from Mr. Henderson, a quaker, who was Mr. Annesley's father's agent. This gentleman warmly espoused the young adventurer's interest, and, I am told, fell with him.

"London, October 23, 1756.

"My Good Friend:—When I had the honour of conversing with thee at Tunbridge, in September last, concerning that most singular striking case of Mr. Annesley, whom I have known since he was about six years old, I being then employed by the late Lord Baron of Altham, his father, as his agent. From what I know of the affairs of that family, I am well assured, that Mr. Annesley is the legitimate son of the late Lord Baron of Altham, and in consequence thereof, is entitled to the honours and estates of Anglesey. Were I not well assured of his right to those honours and estates, I would not give countenance to his claim. I well remember, that thou then madest me a promise to assist him in soliciting a subscription, that was then begun at Tunbridge; but as that place was not within the limits of thy province, thou couldst not promise to do much there. But thou saidst, that in case he would go to Bath in the season, thou wouldst then and there show how much thou wouldst be his friend.

"And now, my good friend, as the season is come on, and Mr. Annesley now at Bath, I beg leave to remind thee of that promise; and that thou wilt keep in full view the honour, the everlasting honour, that will naturally redound to thee from thy benevolence, and crown all the good actions of thy life. I say, now in the vale of life, to relieve a distressed young nobleman,

to extricate so immense an estate from the hands of oppression; to do this, will fix such a ray of glory on thy memory, as will speak forth thy praise to future ages. This, with great respect, is the needful, from thy assured Friend,

"WILLIAM HENDERSON."

"Be pleased to give my respects to Mr. Annesley and his spouse."

Mr. Nash punctually kept his word with this gentleman. He began the subscription himself with the utmost liberality, and procured such a list of encouragers, as at once did honour to Mr. Annesley's cause, and their own generosity. What a pity it was that this money, which was given for the relief of indigence only, went to feed a set of reptiles, who batten upon our weakness, miseries, and vice!

It may not be known to the generality of my readers, that the last act of the comedy, called "Æsop," which was added to the French plot of Boursault, by Mr. Vanbrugh, was taken from a story told of Mr. Nash upon a similar occasion.[1] He had in the early part of life made proposals of marriage to Miss V——, of D——: his affluence at that time, and the favour which he was in with the nobility, readily induced the young lady's father to favour his addresses. However, upon opening the affair to herself, she candidly told him her affections were placed upon another, and that she could not possibly comply. Though this answer satisfied Mr. Nash, it was by no means sufficient to appease the father; and he peremptorily insisted upon her obedience. Things were carried to the last extremity, when Mr. Nash undertook to settle the affair; and desiring his favoured rival to be sent for, with his own hand presented his mistress to him, together with a fortune equal to what her father intended to give her. Such an uncommon instance of generosity had an instant effect upon the severe parent: he considered such disinterestedness as a just reproach to his own mercenary disposition, and took his daughter once more into favour. I wish, for the dignity of history, that the sequel could be concealed; but the young lady ran away with her footman, before half a year was expired, and her husband died of grief.

In general, the benefactions of a generous man are but ill bestowed. His heart seldom gives him leave to examine the real distress of the object which sues for pity; his good-nature takes the alarm too soon, and he bestows his fortune on only apparent wretchedness. The man naturally frugal, on the other hand, seldom relieves; but when he does, his reason, and not his sensations, generally find out the object. Every instance of his bounty is therefore permanent, and bears witness to his benevolence.

Of all the immense sums which Nash lavished upon real or apparent wretchedness, the effects, after a few years seemed to disappear. His money

[1] Vanbrugh's "Æsop" was produced at Drury-lane Theatre in 1697, when Nash was in his twenty-fourth year.

was generally given to support immediate want, or to relieve improvident indolence, and therefore it vanished in an hour. Perhaps towards the close of life, were he to look round on the thousand he had relieved, he would find but few made happy, or fixed by his bounty in a state of thriving industry: it was enough for him, that he gave to those that wanted; he never reflected that charity to some might impoverish himself without relieving them: he seldom considered the merit or the industry of the petitioner; or he rather fancied, that misery was an excuse for indolence and guilt. It was a usual saying of his, when he went to beg for any person in distress, that they who could stoop to the meanness of solicitation must certainly want the favour for which they petitioned.

In this manner, therefore, he gave away immense sums of his own, and still greater which he procured from others. His way was, when any person was proposed to him as an object of charity, to go round with his hat first among the nobility, according to their rank, and so on, till he left scarce a single person unsolicited. They who go thus about to beg for others, generally find a pleasure in the task. They consider, in some measure, every benefaction they procure, as given by themselves, and have at once the pleasure of being liberal, without the self-reproach of being profuse.

But of all the instances of Nash's bounty, none does him more real honour than the pains he took in establishing an hospital at Bath, in which benefaction, however, Dr. Oliver had a great share. This was one of those well-guided charities, dictated by reason, and supported by prudence. By this institution the diseased poor might recover health, when incapable of receiving it in any other part of the kingdom. As the disorders of the poor who could expect to find relief at Bath, were mostly chronical, the expense of maintaining them there was found more than their parishes thought proper to afford. They therefore chose to support them in a continual state of infirmity, by a small allowance at home, rather than be at the charge of an expensive cure. An hospital therefore at Bath, it was thought, would be an asylum to those disabled creatures, and would, at the same time, give the physician a more thorough insight into the efficacy of the waters, from the regularity with which such patients would be obliged to take them. These inducements, therefore, influenced Dr. Oliver and Nash to promote a subscription towards such a benefaction. The design was set on foot so early as the year 1711, but was not completed till the year 1742. This delay, which seems surprising, was in fact owing to the want of a proper fund for carrying the work into execution. What I said above, of charity being the characteristic virtue of the present age, will be more fully evinced by comparing the old and new subscriptions for this hospital. These will show the difference between ancient and modern benevolence. When I run my eye over the list of those who subscribed in the year 1723, I find the subscription in general seldom rise above a guinea each person; so that, at that time, with all their efforts, they were unable to raise four hundred pounds; but in about twenty years after, each particular subscription was

greatly increased—ten, twenty, thirty pounds, being the most ordinary sums then subscribed, and they soon raised above two thousand pounds for the purpose.

Thus, chiefly by the means of Dr. Oliver and Mr. Nash, but not without the assistance of the good Mr. Allen,[1] who gave them the stone for building and other benefactions, this hospital was erected; and it is at present fitted up for the reception of one hundred and ten patients, the cases mostly paralytic or leprous.

The following conditions are observed previous to admittance:—

"I. The case of the patient must be described by some physician or person of skill in the neighbourhood of the place where the patient has resided for some time; and this description, together with a certificate of the poverty of the patient, attested by some persons of credit, must be sent in a letter, post paid, directed to the registrar of the General Hospital of Bath.

"II. After the patient's case has been thus described, and sent, he must remain in his usual place or residence till he has notice of a vacancy, signified by a letter from the registrar.

"III. Upon the receipt of such a letter the patient must set forward for Bath, bringing with him this letter, the parish certificate duly executed, and allowed by two justices, and three pounds caution money, if from any part of England or Wales; but if the patient comes from Scotland or Ireland, then the caution-money to be deposited before admission, is the sum of five pounds.

"IV. Soldiers may, instead of parish certificates, bring a certificate from their commanding officers, signifying to what corps they belong, and that they shall be received into the same corps, when discharged from the Hospital in whatever condition they are. But it is necessary that their cases be described and sent previously, and that they bring with them three pounds caution money.

"Note.—The intention of the caution-money is to defray the expenses of returning the patients after they are discharged from the Hospital, or of their burial in case they die there. The remainder of the caution-money, after these expenses are defrayed, will be returned to the person who made the deposit."

I am unwilling to leave this subject of his benevolence, because it is a virtue in his character which must stand almost single against an hundred follies; and it deserves the more to be insisted on, because it was large enough to outweigh them all. A man may be a hypocrite safely in every other instance but in charity: there are few who will buy the character of

[1] Ralph Allen (died 1764).

"Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

He is said to have been the Squire Allworthy of Fielding's "Tom Jones."

benevolence at the rate for which it must be acquired. In short, the sums he gave away were immense; and in old age, when at last grown too poor to give relief, "*he gave*," as the poet has it,[1] "*all he had—a tear*:" when incapable of relieving the agonies of the wretched, he attempted to relieve his own by a flood of sorrow.

The sums he gave and collected for the Hospital were great, and his manner of doing it was no less admirable. I am told that he was once collecting money in Wiltshire's room for that purpose, when a lady entered, who is more remarkable for her wit than her charity, and not being able to pass by him unobserved, she gave him a pat with her fan, and said, "You must put down a trifle for me, Nash, for I have no money in my pocket." "Yes, madam," says he, "that I will with pleasure if your grace will tell me when to stop;" then taking an handful of guineas out of his pocket, he began to tell them into his white hat—"One, two, three, four, five—" "Hold, hold!" says the duchess, "consider what you are about." "Consider your rank and fortune, madam," says Nash, and continued telling—"six, seven, eight, nine, ten." Here the duchess called again, and seemed angry. "Pray compose yourself, madam," cried Nash, "and don't interrupt the work of charity—eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen." Here the duchess stormed, and caught hold of his hand. "Peace, madam," says Nash, "you shall have your name written in letters of gold, madam, and upon the front of the building, madam. Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty." "I won't pay a farthing more," says the duchess. "Charity hides a multitude of sins," replies Nash. "Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five." "Nash," says she, "I protest you frighten me out of my wits. L—d, I shall die!" "Madam, you will never die with doing good; and if you do, it will be the better for you," answered Nash, and was about to proceed; but perceiving her grace had lost all patience, a parley ensued, when he, after much altercation, agreed to stop his hand, and compound with her grace for thirty guineas. The duchess, however, seemed displeased the whole evening, and when he came to the table where she was playing, bid him, "Stand farther, an ugly devil, for she hated the sight of him." But her grace afterwards having a run of good luck, called Nash to her. "Come," says she, "I will be friends with you, though you are a fool; and to let you see I am not angry, there is ten guineas more for your charity. But this I insist on that neither my name nor the sum shall be mentioned."

From the hospital erected for the benefit of the poor, it is an easy transition to the monuments erected by him in honour of the great. Upon the recovery of the Prince of Orange, by drinking the Bath waters, Nash caused a small obelisk, thirty feet high, to be erected in a grove near the Abbey church, since called Orange Grove. This Prince's arms adorn the west side of the body of the pedestal. The inscription is on the opposite side, in the following words:—

[1] Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard.

"In memoriam sanitatis Principi Auriaco Aquarum thermalium potu. Favente Deo, ovante Britannia, feliciter restitutæ, M.DCC.XXXIV." In English thus:—"In memory of the happy restoration of the health of the Prince of Orange, through the favour of God, and to the great joy of Britain, by drinking the Bath waters. 1734."

I find it a general custom at all baths and spas, to erect monuments of this kind to the memory of every prince who has received benefit from the waters. Aix, Spa, and Pisa abound with inscriptions of this nature, apparently doing honour to the prince, but in reality celebrating the efficacy of their springs. It is wrong, therefore, to call such monuments instances of gratitude, though they may wear that appearance.

In the year 1738, the Prince of Wales came to Bath, who presented Nash with a large gold enamelled snuff-box; and upon his departure, Nash, as king of Bath, erected an Obelisk in honour of this prince, as he had before done for the Prince of Orange. This handsome memorial in honour of that good-natured prince is erected in Queen Square. It is enclosed with a stone balustrade, and in the middle of every side there are large iron gates. In the centre is the obelisk, seventy feet high, and terminating in a point. The expenses of this were eighty pounds; and Mr. Nash was determined that the inscription should answer the magnificence of the pile. With this view he wrote to Mr. Pope, requesting an inscription. I should have been glad to have given Nash's letter upon this occasion; the reader, however, must be satisfied with Pope's reply, which is as follows:—

"SIR:—I have received yours, and thank your partiality in my favour. You say words cannot express the gratitude you feel for the favour of his R.H., and yet you would have me express what you feel, and in a few words. I own myself unequal to the task; for even granting it possible to express an inexpressible idea, I am the worst person you could have pitched upon for this purpose, who have received so few favours from the great myself, that I am utterly unacquainted with what kind of thanks they like best. Whether the P— most loves poetry or prose, I protest I do not know; but this I dare venture to affirm, that you can give him as much satisfaction in either as I can. I am, Sir, your affectionate servant,

"A. POPE."[1]

What Mr. Nash's answer to this billet was I cannot take upon me to ascertain; but it was probably a perseverance in his former request. The following is the copy of Mr. Pope's reply to his second letter:—

"SIR:—I had sooner answered yours, but in the hope of procuring a properer hand than mine; and then in consulting with some whose office about the P— might make them the best judges what sort of inscription to set up. Nothing can be plainer than the inclosed; it is nearly the common

[1] This characteristic letter is not included in any edition of Pope.

sense of the thing, and I do not know how to flourish upon it: but this you would do as well, or better yourself, and I dare say may mend the expression. I am truly, dear Sir, your affectionate servant,

"A. POPE.

"I think I need not tell you my name should not be mentioned."

Such a letter as this was what might naturally be expected from Mr. Pope. Notwithstanding the seeming modesty towards the conclusion, the vanity of an applauded writer bursts through every line of it. The difficulty of concealing his hand[1] from the clerks at the post-office, and the solicitude to have his name concealed, were marks of the consciousness of his own importance.[2] It is probable his hand was not so very well known, nor his letters so eagerly opened, by the clerks of the office, as he seems always to think; but in all his letters, as well as in those of Swift, there runs a strain of pride, as if the world talked of nothing but themselves. "Alas," says he, in one of them, "the day after I am dead, the sun will shine as bright as the day before, and the world will be as merry as usual!" Very strange, that neither an eclipse nor an earthquake should follow the loss of a poet!

The inscription referred to in this letter was the same which was afterwards engraved on the obelisk, and is as follows:—

"In memory of honours bestowed,
and in gratitude for benefits conferred in
this city,
by his Royal Highness
Frederick, Prince of Wales,
and his Royal Consort,
in the year 1738,
this Obelisk is erected by
Richard Nash, Esq."

I dare venture to say, there was scarce a common councilman in the corporation of Bath but could have done this as well. Nothing can be more frigid, though the subject was worthy of the utmost exertions of genius.

About this period every season brought some new accession of honour to Nash; and the corporation now universally found that he was absolutely necessary for promoting the welfare of the city; so that this year seems to have been the meridian of his glory. About this time he arrived at such a pitch of authority, that I really believe Alexander was not greater at

[1] I think this is a mistake. It was common, when Pope wrote, to advertise books—Ovid's Epistles, &c.,—as translated by the most eminent hands, and to this Pope alludes when he speaks, in his note to Nash, of "a properer hand."

[2] "It is evident that his own importance swells often in his mind. He is afraid of writing lest the clerks of the post-office should know his secrets. . . . . All this while it was likely that the clerks did not know his hand."—JOHNSON, *Life of Pope.*

Persepolis. The countenance he received from the Prince of Orange, the favour he was in with the Prince of Wales, and the caresses of the nobility, all conspired to lift him to the utmost pitch of vanity. The exultation of a little mind, upon being admitted to the familiarity of the great, is inexpressible. The Prince of Orange had made him a present of a very fine snuff-box. Upon this some of the nobility thought it would be proper to give snuff-boxes too; they were quickly imitated by the middling gentry, and it soon became the fashion to give Nash snuff-boxes, who had in a little time a number sufficient to have furnished a good toy-shop.

To add to his honours, there was placed a full-length picture of him in Wiltshire's Ball-Room, between the busts of Newton and Pope. It was upon this occasion that the Earl of Chesterfield wrote the following severe but witty epigram:—

"Immortal Newton never spoke
More truth, than here you'll find,
Nor Pope himself e'er penn'd a joke
More cruel on mankind.

"The picture plac'd the busts between
Gives satire its full strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length." [1]

---

[1] I find this epigram for the first time in print in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of February 1741 (p. 102), and find what appears to be the original of it in a volume of Poems by Jane Brereton, published in 1744. Jane Brereton's poem is as follows:—

"The old Egyptians hid their wit
In hieroglyphic dress,
To give men pains to search for it,
And please themselves with guess.

"Moderns, to tread the self-same path,
And exercise our parts,
Place figures in a room at Bath—
Forgive them, God of Arts!

"Newton, if I can judge aright,
All Wisdom does express;
His knowledge gives mankind new light,
Adds to their happiness.

"Pope is the emblem of true Wit,
The sunshine of the mind;
Read o'er his works for proof of it,
You'll endless pleasure find.

"Nash represents man in the mass,
Made up of wrong and right;
Sometimes a knave, sometimes an ass,
Now blunt and now polite.

There is also a full-length picture of Mr. Nash in Simpson's Ball-Room, and his statue at full-length in the Pump-Room, with a plan of the Bath Hospital in his hand. He was now treated in every respect like a great man; he had his levee, his flatterers, his buffoons, his good-natured creatures, and even his dedicators. A trifling, ill-supported vanity was his foible; and while he received the homage of the vulgar and enjoyed the familiarity of the great, he felt no pain for the unpromising view of poverty that lay before him: he enjoyed the world as it went, and drew upon content for the deficiencies of fortune. If a cringing wretch called him "his Honour," he was pleased; internally conscious that he had the justest pretensions to the title. If a beggar called him "my Lord," he was happy, and generally sent the flatterer off happy, too. I have known him, in London, wait a whole day at a window in the Smyrna Coffee-House,[1] in order to receive a bow from the Prince, or the Duchess of Marlborough, as they passed by where he was standing, and he would then look round upon the company for admiration and respect.[2]

But perhaps the reader desires to know who could be low enough to flatter a man who himself lived in some measure by dependance. Hundreds are ready upon those occasions. The very needy are almost ever flatterers. A man in wretched circumstances forgets his own value, and feels no pain in giving up superiority to every claimant. The very vain are ever flatterers; as they find it necessary to make use of all their arts to keep company with such as are superior to themselves. But particularly the prodigal are prone to adulation, in order to open new supplies for their extravagance. The poor, the vain, and the extravagant are chiefly addicted to this vice: and such hung upon his good-nature. When these three characters are found united in one person, the composition generally becomes a great man's favourite. It was not difficult to collect such a group in a city that was the centre of pleasure. Nash had them of all sizes, from the half-pay captain in laced clothes, to the humble boot-catcher at the Bear.

I have before me a bundle of letters, all addressed from a pack of flattering reptiles, to "his Honour," and even some printed dedications in the same servile strain. In these, "his Honour" is complimented as the great encourager of the polite arts, as a gentleman of the most accomplished taste, of the most extensive learning, and, in short, of everything in the world. But, perhaps, it will be thought wrong in me to unveil the blushing muse, to

---

"The picture plac'd the busts between,
Adds to the thought much strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly's at full length."

In the first edition of the "Life of Nash" Goldsmith had quoted only the last stanza; in the second edition the Epigram appears as in the text.

[1] *See* Note in vol. ii. pp. 41, 163.

[2] Goldsmith is here describing what he could not possibly have witnessed. The Duchess died in 1744, and the Prince in 1751.

brand learning with the meanness of its professors, or to expose scholars in a state of contempt. For the honour of letters, the dedications to Nash are not written by scholars or poets, but by people of a different stamp.

Among this number was the highwayman, who was taken after attempting to rob and murder Dr. Hancock. He was called Poulter, *alias* Baxter, and published a book, exposing the tricks of gamblers, thieves, and pickpockets. This he intended to have dedicated to Mr. Nash; but the generous patron, though no man loved praise more, was too modest to have it printed. However, he took care to preserve the manuscript among the rest of his papers. The book was entitled, "The Discoveries of John Poulter, *alias* Baxter, who was apprehended for robbing Dr. Hancock of Salisbury, on Claverton Down, near Bath; and who has been admitted king's evidence, and discovered a most numerous gang of villains. Being a full account of all the robberies he committed, and the surprising tricks and frauds he has practised for the space of five years last past, in different parts of England, particularly in the west. Written wholly Himself."[2] The dedication intended to be prefixed is as follows, and will give a specimen of the style of a highwayman and a gambler:—

"To the Honourable Richard Nash, Esq.

"May it please your Honour—With humblest submission I make bold to present the following sheets to your Honour's consideration and well known humanity. As I am industriously careful, in respect to his Majesty and good subjects, to put an end to the unfortunate misconducts of all I know, by bringing them to the gallows. To be sure some may censure, as if from self-preservation, I made this ample discovery; but I communicate this to your Honour and gentry, whether the life of one person being taken away, would answer the end, as to let escape such a number of villains, who has been the ruining of many a poor family, for whom my soul is now much concerned. If my inclinations were ever so roguish inclined, what is it to so great a number of villains, when they consult together. As your Honour's wisdom, humanity, and interest are the friend of the virtuous, I make bold to lay at your Honour's feet the following lines, which will put every honest man upon his defence against the snares of the mischievous; and am, with greatest gratitude, honoured Sir, your Honour's most truly devoted and obedient servant,

"John Poulter, *alias* Baxter.

"Taunton Gaol, June 2nd."

Flattery from such a wretch as this one would think but little pleasing; however, certain it is that Nash was pleased with it. He loved to be called "your Honour," and "Honourable," and the highwayman more than once experienced his generosity.

But since I have mentioned this fellow's book I cannot repress an impulse to give an extract from it; however foreign from my subject. I take the

[2] Published in 1761, in 8vo.

following picture to be a perfectly humorous description of artful knavery affecting ignorance on one hand, and rustic simplicity pretending to great wisdom and sagacity on the other. It is an account of the manner in which countrymen are deceived by gamblers, at a game called Pricking in the Belt, or the old Nob. This is a leathern strop folded up double, and then laid upon a table; if the person who plays with a bodkin pricks into the loop of the belt he wins; if otherwise he loses. However by slipping one end of the strop, the sharper can win with pleasure.

There are generally four persons concerned in this fraud, one to personate a sailor called a leggbull, another called the capper, who always keeps with the sailor; and two pickers-up, or money-droppers, to bring in flats or bubbles. The first thing they do at a fair, is to look for a room clear of company which the sailor and capper immediately take, while the money-droppers go out to look for a flat. If they see a countryman whose looks they like, one drops a shilling or half a crown just before him, and picking it up again, looks the man in the face, and says, I have found a piece of money, friend; did you see me pick it up? The man says, Yes; then says the sharper, If you had found it I would have had half, so I will do as I would be done unto; come, honest friend, we will not part with dry lips. Then taking him into the room where the other two are, he cries, By your leave, gentlemen, I hope we don't disturb the company. No, cries the sailor, no brothers; will you drink a glass of brandy, I don't like your weak liquors; and then begins a discourse, by asking the capper how far it is to London; who replies, I don't know; perhaps the gentleman there can tell you, directing his discourse to the flat; perhaps the flat will answer, a hundred miles; the sailor cries, I can ride that in a day, ay, in four or five hours; for, says he, my horse will run twenty knots an hour for twenty-four hours together: capper or the sailor's supposed companion, says, I believe, farmer, you have not got such a horse as the sailor has; the farmer cries, No, and laughs; and then the sailor says, I must go and get half a pint of brandy, for I am griped, and so leaves them. The capper, affecting a look of wisdom in his absence, observes, that it is an old saying, and a true one, that sailors get their money like horses, and spend it like asses; as for that there sailor, I never saw him till now, buying a horse of my man; he tells me he has been at sea, and has got about four hundred pounds prize money, but I believe he will squander it all away, for he was gaming just now with a sharping fellow and lost forty shillings at a strange game of pricking in a string. Did either of you ever see it, gentlemen? continued the capper; if you two are willing I will ask him to show it, for we may as well win some of his money as any body else: the flat and the dropper cry, Do. Then in comes the sailor, staggering as if drunk, and cries, What cheer, brothers? I have just seen a pretty girl in the fair, and went in to drink with her; we made a bargain, and I gave her a six and thirty shilling piece, but an old b—h, her mother, came and called her away, but I hope she will come back to me presently; then the capper laughs and says, Have you got your money of her again? the sailor says, No; but she will come to me,

I'm sure; then they all laugh. This is done to deceive the flat; then, says the capper, What have you done with the stick and the string, sailor? he answers, What, that which I bought of the boys? I have got it here, but will not sell it; and then he pulls out the old nob, saying, What do you think I gave for it? I gave but sixpence and as much brandy as the two boys could drink; it is made out of a monkey's hide, as the boys told me, and they told me there is a game to be played at it, which nobody can do twice together; I will go down aboard ship and play with my captain, and I do not fear but I shall win his ship and cargo; then they all laugh, and the sailor makes up the old nob, and the capper lays a shilling, and pricks himself and wins; the sailor cries, You are a dab, I will not lay with you, but if you will call a stranger I will lay again. Why, if you think me a dab, I will get this strange gentleman, or this, pointing to the flat. Done, cries the sailor, but you shall not tell him; then he makes up the nob, and capper lays a shilling; flat pricks, being permitted to go sixpence; to which he agreeing, wins; and capper says to the flat, Can you change me half-a-crown? This is done to find the depth of his pocket; if they see a good deal of gold, flat must win three or four times; if no gold, but twice. Sometimes, if the flat has no money, the sailor cries, I have more money than any man in the fair, and pulls out his purse of gold, and saith, Not one of you can beg, borrow, or steal half this sum in an hour for a guinea. Capper cries, I have laid out all mine; farmer, can you? I'll go your halves, if you think you can do it. The sailor saith, You must not bring anybody with you; then the dropper goes with the flat, and saith, You must not tell your friend it is for a wager, if you do he will not lend it you. Flat goes and borrows it, and brings it to the sailor, shows it him, and wins the wager; then the sailor pinches the nob again, and the capper whispers to the flat, to prick out purposely this time, saying it will make the sailor more eager to lay on; we may as well win his money as not, for he will spend it upon whores. Flat, with all the wisdom in the world, loses on purpose, upon which the sailor swears, pulls out all his money, throws it about the room, and cries, I know no man can win for ever, and then lays a guinea, but will not let him prick, but throws down five guineas, and the capper urging the flat, and going his halves, the sailor saith, My cabin boy will lay as much as that; I'll lay no less than twenty guineas; the capper cries, Lay farmer, and take up forty, which being certain of winning, he instantly complies with and loses the whole. When he has lost, in order to advise him, the dropper takes him by the arm, and hauls him out of doors, and the reckoning being in the meantime paid within, the capper and sailor follow after and run another way. When they are out of sight, the dropper saith to the flat, Go you back and play with the sailor for a shilling, whilst I go and borrow money; but when the flat goes to the house, he finds them gone, and then he knows that he is bit, but not till he has dearly paid for it.

By this fellow's discoveries, Mr. Nash was enabled to serve many of the nobility and gentry of his acquaintance: he received a list of all those

houses of ill-fame which harboured or assisted rogues, and took care to furnish travellers with proper precautions to avoid them. It was odd enough to see a gamester thus employed in detecting the frauds of gamblers.

Among the Dedications there is one from a Professor of Cookery, which is even more adulatory than the preceding. It is prefixed to a work entituled, "The Complete Preserver; or a new method of preserving fruits, flowers, and other vegetables, either with or without sugar, vinegar, or spirits, &c."

"To the very Honourable Richard Nash, Esq.

"Honoured Sir:—As much as the oak exceeds the bramble, so much do you exceed the rest of mankind in benevolence, charity, and every other virtue that adorns, ennobles, and refines the human species. I have therefore made bold to prefix your name, though without permission, to the following work, which stands in need of such a patron, to excuse its errors, with a candour only known to such a heart as your own. The obligations I have received at your hands, it is impossible for me ever to repay, except by my endeavours, as in the present case, to make known the many excellent virtues which you possess. But what can my wit do to recommend such a genius as yours: a single word, a smile from yourself, outweighs all that I, or perhaps the best of our poets could express in writing, in the compass of a year. It would ill become my sex to declare what power you have over us; but your generosity is, even in this instance, greater than your desire to oblige. The following sheets were drawn up at my hours of leisure, and may be serviceable to such of my sex as are more willing to employ their time in laudable occupations and domestic economy, than in dress and dissipation. What reception they may receive from your Honour, I am incapable of telling; however, from your known candour and humanity, I expect the most favourable. I am, honoured Sir, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

"H. W."

A musician in his dedication still exceeds the other two in adulation. However, though the matter may be some impeachment on his sincerity, the manner in which it is written reflects no disgrace upon his understanding.

"To Richard Nash, Esq.

"Sir:—The kind partiality of my friends prevailed with me to present to the world these my first attempts in musical composition; and the generous protection you have been pleased to afford me, makes it my indispensable duty to lay them at your feet. Indeed, to whom could I presume to offer them, but to the great encourager of all polite arts; for your generosity knows no bounds; nor are you more famed for that dignity of mind, which ennobles and gives a grace to every part of your conduct, than for that humanity and beneficence which makes you the friend and

benefactor of all mankind. To you, the poor and the rich, the diseased and the healthy, the aged and the young, owe every comfort, every conveniency, and every innocent amusement, that the best heart, the most skilful management, and the most accomplished taste can furnish. Even this age, so deeply practised in all the subtleties of refined pleasure, gives you this testimony: even this age, so ardently engaged in all the ways of the most unbounded charity, gives you this praise. Pardon me then, if, amidst the crowd of votaries, I make my humble offering, if I seize this first opportunity of publicly expressing the grateful sentiments of my own heart and profound respect, with which I am, Sir, your most obliged, most devoted, and most obedient servant, "J. G."

I fancy I have almost fatigued the reader, and I am almost fatigued myself, with the efforts of these elegant panegyrists; however, I cannot finish this run of quotation, without giving a specimen of poetry, addressed to him upon a certain occasion; and all I shall say in its defence is, that those who are pleased with the prose dedications will not dislike the present attempt in poetry.

"To Richard Nash, Esq., on his Sickness at Tunbridge.

"Say, must the friend of human kind,
Of most refin'd—of most diffusive mind;
Must Nash himself beneath these ailments grieve?
He felt for all—he felt—but to relieve,
To heal the sick—the wounded to restore,
And bid desponding nature mourn no more.
Thy quickning warmth, O let thy patron feel,
Improve thy springs with double power to heal:
Quick, hither, all-inspiring Health, repair,
And save the gay—and wretched from despair;
Thou only Esra's drooping sons canst cheer,
And stop the soft-ey'd virgin's trickling tear;
In murmurs who their Monarch's pains deplore;
While sickness faints, and pleasure is no more;
O let not Death, with hasty strides advance,
Thou, mildest Charity, avert the lance;
His threatening power, celestial maid! defeat;
Nor take him with thee, to thy well known seat;
Leave him on earth some longer date behind,
To bless, to polish, and relieve mankind:
Come then kind Health! O quickly come away,
Bid Nash revive—and all the world be gay."

Such addresses as these were daily offered to our titular King. When in the meridian of power, scarce a morning passed that did not increase the number of his humble admirers, and enlarge the sphere of his vanity.

The man who is constantly served up with adulation, must be a first-rate philosopher if he can listen without contracting new affectations. The opinion we form of ourselves is generally measured by what we hear from others; and when they conspire to deceive, we too readily concur in the delusion. Among the number of much applauded men in the circle of our own friends, we can recollect but few that have heads quite strong enough to bear a loud acclamation of public praise in their favour; among the whole list we shall scarce find one that has not thus been made, on some side of his character, a coxcomb.

When the best head turns and grows giddy with praise, is it to be wondered that poor Nash should be driven by it almost into a phrenzy of affectation? Towards the close of life he became affected. He chiefly laboured to be thought a sayer of good things; and by frequent attempts was now and then successful, for he ever lay upon the lurch.

There never perhaps was a more silly passion than this desire of having a man's jests recorded. For this purpose, it is necessary to keep ignorant or ill-bred company, who are only fond of repeating such stories; in the next place, a person must tell his own jokes, in order to make them more universal; but what is worst of all, scarcely a joke of this kind succeeds, but at the expense of a man's good-nature; and he who exchanges the character of being thought agreeable for that of being thought witty, makes but a very bad bargain.

The success Nash sometimes met with led him on, when late in life, to mistake his true character. He was really agreeable, but he chose to be thought a wit: he therefore indulged his inclination, and never mattered how rude he was, provided he was thought comical. He thus got the applause he sought for; but too often found enemies, where he least expected to find them. Of all the jests recorded of him, I scarcely find one that is not marked with petulance: he said whatever came uppermost, and in the number of his remarks it might naturally be expected that some were worth repeating; he threw often, and sometimes had a lucky cast.[1]

[1] "For once bid business avaunt, and ask us how we do at Bath, and at your friend Graves's. We can offer you friendly conversation, friendly springs, friendly rides and walks, friendly pastimes to dissipate gloomy thoughts, friendly booksellers, who for five shillings for the season will furnish you with all the new books, friendly chairmen who will carry you through storms and tempests for sixpence, and seldom else, for Duchesses trudge the streets here unattended; we have also friendly Othellos, Falstaffs, Richard the Thirds, and Harlequins, who entertain one daily for half the price of your Garricks, Barrys, and Richs. And (what you will scarcely believe) we can also offer you friendly solitude, for one may be an anchoret here without being disturbed by the question, Why? Would you see the fortunate and benevolent Mr. Allen, his fine house and his stone quarries. Would you see our law-giver, Mr. Nash, whose white hat commands more respect and non-resistance than the crowns of some kings, though now worn on a head that is in the eightieth year of its age. To promote society, good manners, and a coalition of parties and ranks, to suppress scandal and late hours, are his views, and he succeeds rather better than

In a life of almost ninety years, spent in the very point of public view, it is not strange that five or six sprightly things of his have been collected, particularly as he took every opportunity of repeating them himself. His usual way, when he thought he said any thing clever, was to strengthen it with an oath, and to make up its want of sentiment by asseveration and grimace. For many years he thus entertained the company at the Coffee-House with old stories, in which he always made himself the principal character. Strangers liked this well enough; but they who were used to his conversation found it insupportable. One story brought on another, and each came in the same order that it had the day preceding. But this custom may be rather ascribed to the peculiarity of age, than a peculiarity of character. It seldom happens, that old men allure, at least by novelty: age that shrivels the body contracts the understanding; instead of exploring new regions, they rest satisfied in the old, and walk round the circle of their former discoveries. His manner of telling a story, however, was not displeasing; but few of those he told are worth transcribing. Indeed, it is the manner which places the whole difference between the wit of the vulgar and of those who assume the name of the polite: one has in general as much good sense as the other; a story transcribed from the one will be as entertaining as that copied from the other; but in conversation, the manner will give charms even to stupidity. The following is the story which he most frequently told, and pretty much in these words. Suppose the company to be talking of a German war, or Elizabeth Canning, he would begin thus:—"I'll tell you something to that purpose, that I fancy will make you laugh. A covetous old parson, as rich as the devil, scraped a fresh acquaintance with me several years ago at Bath. I knew him when he and I were students at Oxford, where we both studied damnationly hard; but that's neither here nor there. Well; very well. I entertained him at my house in John's Court. (No, my house in John's Court was not built then); but I entertained him with all that the city could afford; the rooms, the music, and everything in the world. Upon his leaving Bath, he pressed me very hard to return the visit, and desired me to let him have the pleasure of seeing me at his house in Devonshire. About six months after, I happened to be in that neighbourhood, and was resolved to see my old friend, from whom I expected a very warm reception. Well: I knocks at his door, when an old queer creature of a maid came to the door, and denied him. I suspected, however, that he was at home; and going into the parlour, what should I see, but the parson's legs up the chimney, where

his brother-monarchs generally do. Hasten then your steps, for he may be soon carried off the stage of life, as the greatest must fall to the worms' repast: yet he is new-hanging his collection of Beauties, so as to have space to hang up as many more future belles. His Apelles is Howard (in crayons); his Praxiteles is Howard's brother, who, though a statuary, deigns also to exercise his art in sculpture on humble paper-ceilings, which are very handsome."—LADY LUXBOROUGH, Orange Grove (Bath), February 29, 1752.

he had thrust himself to avoid entertaining me. This was very well. My dear, says I to the maid, it is very cold, extreme cold indeed, and I am afraid I have got a touch of my ague; light me the fire, if you please. La! sir, says the maid, who was a modest creature to be sure, the chimney smokes monstrously; you could not bear the room for three minutes together. By the greatest good luck there was a bundle of straw in the hearth, and I called for a candle. The candle came. Well! good woman, says I, since you won't light me a fire, I'll light one for myself; and in a moment the straw was all in a blaze. This quickly unkennelled the old fox; there he stood in an old rusty night-gown, blessing himself, and looking like—a—hem—egad."

He used to tell surprising stories of his activity when young.—"Here I stand, gentlemen, that could once leap forty-two feet upon level ground, at three standing jumps, backward or forward. One, two, three, dart like an arrow out of a bow. But I am old now. I remember I once leaped for three hundred guineas with Count Klopstock, the great leaper, leaping-master to the Prince of Passau; you must all have heard of him. First he began with a running jump, and a most damnable bounce it was, that's certain: everybody concluded that he had the match hollow; when only taking off my hat, stripping off neither coat, shoes, nor stockings, mind me, I fetches a run, and went beyond him one foot, three inches and three-quarters, measured, upon my soul, by Captain Pately's own standard!"

But in this torrent of insipidity, there sometimes were found very severe satire, strokes of true wit, and lines of humour, *cum fluerent lutulentus, &c.* He rallied very successfully; for he never felt another's joke, and drove home his own without pity. With his superiors he was familiar and blunt; the inferiority of his station secured him from their resentment; but the same bluntness which they laughed at, was by his equals regarded as insolence—something like a familiar boot-catcher at an inn; a gentleman would bear that joke from him, for which a brother boot-catcher would knock him down.

Among other stories of Nash's telling, I remember one, which I the more cheerfully repeat, as it tends to correct a piece of impertinence that reigns in almost every country assembly. The principal inhabitants of a certain market-town at a distance from the capital, in order to encourage that harmony which ought to subsist in society, and to promote a mutual intercourse between the sexes, so desirable to both and so necessary for all, had established a monthly assembly in the town-hall, which was conducted with such decency, decorum, and politeness, that it drew the attention of the gentlemen and ladies in the neighbourhood, and a nobleman and his family continually honoured them with their presence. This naturally drew others, and in time the room was crowded with what the world calls good company; and the assembly prospered, till some of the newly admitted ladies took it into their heads that the tradesmen's daughters were unworthy of their notice, and therefore refused to join hands with them in the dance. This

was complained of by the town ladies, and that complaint was resented by the country gentlemen; who, more pert than wise, publicly advertised that they would not dance with tradesmen's daughters. This the most eminent tradesmen considered as an insult on themselves, and being men of worth, and able to live independently, they in return advertised that they would give no credit out of their town, and desired all others to discharge their accounts. A general uneasiness ensued; some writs were actually issued out, and much distress would have happened, had not my lord, who sided with no party, kindly interfered and composed the difference. The assembly however was ruined, and the families, I am told, are not friends yet, though this affair happened thirty years ago.

Nothing debases human nature so much as pride. This Nash knew, and endeavoured to stifle every emotion of it at Bath. When he observed any ladies so extremely delicate and proud of a pedigree, as to only touch the back of an inferior's hand in the dance, he always called to order, and desired them to leave the room or behave with common decency; and when any ladies and gentlemen drew off, after they had gone down a dance, without standing up till the dance was finished, he made up to them, and after asking whether they had done dancing, told them they should dance no more unless they stood up for the rest; and on these occasions he always was as good as his word.

Nash, though no great wit, had the art of sometimes saying rude things with decency, and rendering them pleasing by an uncommon turn. But most of the good things attributed to him, which have found their way into the jest-books, are no better than puns. The smartest things I have seen are against him. One day in the Grove he joined some ladies, and asking one of them who was crooked, whence she came? she replied, "Straight from London." "Confound me, madam," said he, "then you must have been damnably warped by the way."

She soon, however, had ample revenge. Sitting the following evening in one of the rooms, he once more joined her company, and with a sneer and bow asked her if she knew her catechism, and could tell the name of Tobit's dog? "His name, sir, was Nash," replied the lady, "and an impudent dog he was." This story is told in a celebrated romance;[1] I only repeat it here to have an opportunity of observing, that it actually happened.

Queen Anne once asked him, why he would not accept of knighthood? To which he replied, lest Sir William Read, the mountebank, who had been just knighted, should call him brother.

A house in Bath was said to be haunted by the devil, and a great noise was made about it, when Nash going to the minister of St. Michael's, intreated him to drive the devil out of Bath for ever, if it were only to oblige the ladies.

Nash used sometimes to visit the great Doctor Clarke. The doctor was one day conversing with Locke and two or three more of his learned and

[1] Roderick Random.

intimate companions, with that freedom, gaiety, and cheerfulness, which is ever the result of innocence. In the midst of their mirth and laughter, the doctor, looking from the window, saw Nash's chariot stop at the door. "Boys, boys," cried the philosopher to his friends, "let us now be wise, for here is a fool coming." [1]

Nash was one day complaining in the following manner to the Earl of Chesterfield, of his bad luck at play. "Would you think it, my lord, that damned bitch fortune, no later than last night, tricked me out of five hundred. Is it not surprising," continued he, "that my luck should never turn—that I should thus eternally be mauled?"—"I don't wonder at your losing money, Nash," said his lordship, "but all the world is surprised where you get it to lose."

Dr. Cheyne once, when Nash was ill, drew up a prescription for him, which was sent in accordingly. The next day the doctor coming to see his patient, found him up and well; upon which he asked if he had followed his prescription? "Followed your prescription," cried Nash, "No. Egad, if I had, I should have broke my neck, for I flung it out of the two pair of stairs window."

It would have been well had he confined himself to such sallies; but as he grew old he grew insolent, and seemed, in some measure, insensible of the pain his attempts to be a wit gave others. Upon asking a lady to dance a minuet, if she refused he would often demand if she had got bandy legs. He would attempt to ridicule natural defects; he forgot the deference due to birth and quality, and mistook the manner of settling rank and precedence upon many occasions. He now seemed no longer fashionable among the present race of gentry; he grew peevish and fretful, and they who only saw the remnant of a man, severely returned that laughter upon him which he had once lavished upon others.

Poor Nash was no longer the gay, thoughtless, idly industrious creature he once was; he now forgot how to supply new modes of entertainment, and became too rigid to wind with ease through the vicissitudes of fashion. The evening of his life began to grow cloudy. His fortune was gone, and nothing but poverty lay in prospect. To embitter his hopes, he found himself abandoned by the great, whom he had long endeavoured to serve; and was obliged to fly to those of humbler stations for protection, whom he once affected to despise. He now began to want that charity which he had never refused to any; and to find that a life of dissipation and gaiety is ever terminated by misery and regret.

Even his place of master of the ceremonies (if I can trust the papers he has left behind him) was sought after. I would willingly be tender of any living reputation, but these papers accuse Mr. Quin of endeavouring to supplant him. He has even left us a letter, which he supposed was written by that gentleman, soliciting a lord for his interest upon the occasion. As

[1] Boswell relates the same anecdote in his dedication to Sir Joshua Reynolds of his *Life of Johnson*.

I choose to give Mr. Quin an opportunity of disproving this, I will insert the letter, and, to show the improbability of its being his, with all its faults both of style and spelling. I am the less apt to believe it written by Mr. Quin, as a gentleman who has mended Shakspeare's plays so often, would surely be capable of something more correct than the following. It was sent, as it should seem, from Mr. Quin to a nobleman, but left open for the perusal of an intermediate friend. It was this friend who sent a copy of it to Mr. Nash, who caused it to be instantly printed, and left among his other papers. The letter from the intermediate friend to Nash is as follows:—

"London, Oct. 8, 1760.

"DEAR NASH,—Two posts ago I received a letter from Quin, the old player, covering one to my lord, which he left open for my perusal, which, after reading, he desired I might seal up and deliver. The request he makes is so extraordinary, that it has induced me to send you the copy of his letter to my lord, which is as follows:—

"'Bath, Oct. 3, 1760.

"'MY DER LORD,[1]—Old Beaux Knash has mead himselfe so dissagreeable to all the companey that comes here to Bath that the corperatian of this city have it now under thier consideration to remove him from beeing master of the cereymoines, should he be continuead the inhabitants of this city will be rueind, as the best companey declines to come to Bath on his acc^t. Give me leave to show to your Lords'hip how he beheaved at the firs't ball he had here thiss season which was Tus'day last. A younge Lady was as'ked to dance a minueat she begg the gent^m would be pleased to exquise here as' she

[1] Can any one who reads what precedes and what follows this letter, suppose that we thought it was written by Mr. Quin, or that it would give any uneasiness either to him or his friends? The letter was really found among Mr. Nash's papers, as the editor can at any time prove, and it was inserted here to show what artifices were used by those who had more levity than good nature to impose upon a poor old man, and to embitter his last moments. This note has been rendered necessary by a piece of criticism without candour, and an epigram without wit, which appeared on this occasion in the public papers."—GOLDSMITH, Note to second edition (not in first).

EPIGRAM.

To the Editor of "Nash's Life."

Think'st thou that Quin, whose parts and wit
  Might any station grace,
Could e'er such ribald stuff have writ,
  Or wish'd for Nash's place.

With scorn we read thy senseless trash,
  And see thy toothless grin,
For Quin no more could sink to Nash,
  Than thou canst rise to Quin.

The St. James Magazine [edited by Robert Lloyd] for 1762, vol. i. p. 130.

did not chuse to dance; upon thiss' old Nash called out so as to be head by all the companey in the room, G— dam yo Madam, what buisness have yo here if yo do not dance, upon which the Lady was so afrighted, she rose and danced, the ress'et of the companey was so much offended at the rudness of Nash that not one Lady more would dance a minueat that night. In country dances no person of note danced except two boys, Lords S— and T— the res't of the companey that danced waire only the families of all the haberdas'hers' machinukes and inkeepers in the three kingdoms brushed up and colected togither. I have known upon such an occaison as' thiss' seventeen Dutchess' and Contiss' to be at the opening of the ball at Bath now not one. This man by his' pride and extravagancis has outlived his' reasein it would be happy for thiss city that he was ded; and is now only fitt to reed Shirlock upon death by which he may seave his soul and gaine more than all the proffitts he can make, by his white hat suppose it was to be died red:[1] The fav^r I have now to reques't by what I now have wrote yo, is that your Lordship will speke to Mr. Pitt for to recommend me to the corporeatian of this city to succede this old sinner as master of the cerremonies, and yo will much oblige, My Lord,

"'Your Lord^p and Hu^e Ob^t Servt.'

"N.B. There were some other private matters and offers in Quin's letter to my lord, which do not relate to you."

Here Nash, if I may be permitted the use of a polite and fashionable phrase, was humm'd; but he experienced such rubs as these, and a thousand other mortifications, every day. He found poverty now denied him the indulgence not only of his favourite follies, but of his favourite virtues. The poor solicited him in vain; for he was himself a more pitiable object than they. The child of the public seldom has a friend, and he who once exercised his wit at the expense of others, must naturally have enemies. Exasperated at last to the highest degree, an unaccountable whim struck him. Poor Nash was resolved to become an author; he who, in the vigour of manhood, was incapable of the task, now at the impotent age of eighty-six, was determined to write his own history! From the many specimens already given of his style, the reader will not much regret that the historian was interrupted in his design. Yet, as Montaigne observes, as the adventures of an infant, if an infant could inform us of them, would be pleasing, so the life of a beau, if a beau could write, would certainly serve to regale curiosity.

Whether he really intended to put this design in execution, or did it only to alarm the nobility, I will not take upon me to determine; but certain it is, that his friends went about collecting subscriptions for the work, and he received several encouragements from such as were willing to be politely charitable. It was thought by many, that this history would reveal the

[1] Nash invariably wore a white hat.—*See* his Epitaph, p. 112.

intrigues of a whole age; that he had numberless secrets to disclose; but they never considered, that persons of public character like him, were the most unlikely in the world to be made partakers of those secrets which people desired the public should not know. In fact, he had few secrets to discover, and those he had are buried with him in the grave.

He was now past the power of giving or receiving pleasure, for he was poor, old, and peevish; yet still he was incapable of turning from his former manner of life to pursue happiness. The old man endeavoured to practise the follies of the boy: he spurred on his jaded passions after every trifle of the day; tottering with age, he would be ever an unwelcome guest in the assemblies of the youthful and gay, and he seemed willing to find lost appetite among those scenes where he was once young.

An old man thus striving after pleasure is indeed an object of pity; but a man at once old and poor, running on in this pursuit, might excite astonishment. To see a being both by fortune and constitution rendered incapable of enjoyment, still haunting those pleasures he was no longer to share in; to see one of almost ninety settling the fashion of a lady's cap, or assigning her place in a country dance; to see him, unmindful of his own reverend figure, or the respect he should have for himself, toasting demireps, or attempting to entertain the lewd and idle;—a sight like this might well serve as a satire on humanity; might show that man is the only preposterous creature alive who pursues the shadow of pleasure without temptation.

But he was not permitted to run on thus without severe and repeated reproof. The clergy sent him frequent calls to reformation; but the asperity of their advice in general abated its intended effects; they threatened him with fire and brimstone, for what he had long been taught to consider as foibles, and not vices; so, like a desperate debtor, he did not care to settle an account, that, upon the first inspection, he found himself utterly unable to pay.

Thus begins one of his monitors:—"This admonition comes from your friend, and one that has your interest deeply at heart. It comes on a design altogether important, and of no less consequence than your everlasting happiness, so that it may justly challenge your careful regard. It is not to upbraid or reproach, much less to triumph or insult over your misconduct or misery; no, 'tis pure benevolence, it is disinterested good-will, prompts me to write. I hope, therefore, I shall not raise your resentment. Yet be the consequence what it will, I cannot bear to see you walk in the paths that lead to death without warning you of the danger,—without sounding in your ear the awful admonition, 'Return and live! Why do you such things? I hear of your evil dealings by all this people.' I have long observed and pitied you, and must tell you plainly, sir, that your present behaviour is not the way to reconcile yourself to God. You are so far from making atonement to offended justice, that each moment you are aggravating the future account, and heaping up an increase of His anger. As long as you roll on in a continued circle of sensual delights and vain entertainments, you are dead to all the purposes of piety and virtue. You are as odious to

God as a corrupt carcase that lies putrifying in the churchyard. You are as far from doing your duty, or endeavouring after salvation, or restoring yourself to the Divine favour, as a heap of dry bones nailed up in a coffin is from vigour and activity. Think, sir, I conjure you, think upon this, if you have any inclination to escape the fire that will never be quenched. Would you be rescued from the fury and fierce anger of God? Would you be delivered from weeping and wailing, and incessant gnashing of teeth? Sure you would! But be certain, that this will never be done by amusements which at best are trifling and impertinent, and for that, if for no other reason, foolish and sinful. 'Tis by seriousness, 'tis by retirement and mourning, you must accomplish this great and desirable deliverance. You must not appear at the head of every silly diversion, you must enter into your closet and shut the door, commune with your own heart and search out its defects. The pride of life and all its superfluity of follies must be put away. You must make haste and delay not to keep every injunction of heaven. You must always remember that mighty sinners must be mightily penitent or else mightily tormented. Your example and your projects have been extremely *prejudicial*—I wish I could not say *fatal* and *destructive*—to many. For this there is no amends but an alteration of your conduct as singular and remarkable as your person and name. If you do not by this method remedy in some degree the evils that you have sent abroad, and prevent the mischievous consequences that may ensue, wretched will you be, wretched above all men to eternity. The blood of souls will be laid to your charge. God's jealousy like a consuming flame will smoke against you; as you yourself will see in that day, when the mountains shall quake, and the hills melt, and the earth be burnt up at His presence.

"Once more I exhort you as a friend; I beseech you as a brother; I charge you as a messenger from God in His own most solemn words, 'Cast away from you your transgressions, make you a new heart, and a new spirit; so iniquity shall not be your ruin.'

"Perhaps you may be disposed to contemn this and its serious purport, or to recommend it to your companions as a subject for raillery. Yet let me tell you beforehand, that for this as well as for other things, God will bring you to judgment. He sees me now I write. He will observe you while you read. He notes down my words; He will also note down your consequent procedure. Not then upon me—not upon me, but upon your own soul will the neglecting or despising my sayings turn. 'If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself; if thou scornest, thou alone shalt bear it.'"

Such repeated admonitions served to sting, without reforming him; they made him morose, but not pious. The dose was too strong for the patient to bear. He should have been met with smiles, and allured into reformation; if indeed he was criminal. But, in the name of piety, what was there criminal in his conduct? He had long been taught to consider his trifling profession as a very serious and important business. He went through his office with great gravity, solemnity, and care; why then denounce peculiar torments against a poor harmless creature, who did a thousand good things,

and whose greatest vice was vanity! He deserved ridicule, indeed, and he found it; but scarce a single action of his life, except one, deserves the asperity of reproach.

Thus we see a variety of causes concurred to embitter his departing life. The weakness and infirmities of exhausted nature; the admonitions of the grave, who aggravated his follies into vices; the ingratitude of his dependents, who formerly flattered his fortunes; but particularly the contempt of the great, many of whom quite forgot him in his wants; all these hung upon his spirit and soured his temper, and the poor man of pleasure might have terminated his life very tragically, had not the corporation of Bath charitably resolved to grant him ten guineas the first Monday of every month. This bounty served to keep him from actual necessity, though far too trifling to enable him to support the character of a gentleman. Habit, and not nature, makes almost all our wants; and he who had been accustomed in the early parts of life to affluence and prodigality, when reduced to a hundred and twenty-six pounds a-year must pine in actual indigence.

In this variety of uneasiness his health began to fail. He had received from nature a robust and happy constitution, one indeed that was scarcely to be impaired by intemperance. He even pretended, among his friends, that he never followed a single prescription in the whole course of his life. However, in this he was one day detected on the parade; for boasting there of his contempt and utter disuse of medicine, unluckily the water of two blisters, which Dr. Oliver had prescribed, and which he then had upon each leg, oozed through his stockings, and betrayed him. His aversion to physic, however, was frequently a topic of raillery between him and Dr. Cheyne, who was a man of some wit and breeding. When Cheyne recommended his vegetable diet, Nash would swear that his design was to send half the world grazing like Nebuchadnezzar. "Ay," Cheyne would reply, "Nebuchadnezzar was never such an infidel as thou art. It was but last week, gentlemen, that I attended this fellow in a fit of sickness; there I found him rolling up his eyes to heaven and crying for mercy: he would then swallow my drugs like breast milk; yet you now hear him, how the old dog blasphemes the faculty." What Cheyne said in jest was true; he feared the approaches of death more than the generality of mankind, and was usually very devout while it threatened him. Though he was somewhat the libertine in words, none believed or trembled more than he did; for a mind neither schooled by philosophy nor encouraged by conscious innocence, is ever timid at the appearance of danger.

For some time before his decease nature gave warning of his approaching dissolution. The worn machine had run itself down to an utter impossibility of repair; he saw that he must die, and shuddered at the thought. His virtues were not of the great, but the amiable kind; so that fortitude was not among the number. Anxious, timid, his thoughts still hanging on a receding world, he desired to enjoy a little longer that life, the miseries of which he had experienced so long. The poor unsuccessful gamester husbanded

the wasting moments with an increased desire to continue the game, and to the last eagerly wished for one yet more happy throw. He died at his house in St. John's Court, Bath, on the 12th of February, 1761, aged eighty-seven years, three months, and some days.[1]

His death was sincerely regretted by the city, to which he had been so long and so great a benefactor. The day after he died, the mayor called the corporation together, when they granted fifty pounds towards burying their sovereign with proper respect. After the corpse had lain four days, it was conveyed to the Abbey church in that city, with a solemnity somewhat peculiar to his character. About five the procession moved from his house; the charity-girls, two and two, preceded; next the boys of the charity-school, singing a solemn occasional hymn.[2] Next marched the city music, and his own band, sounding at proper intervals a dirge. Three clergymen immediately preceded the coffin, which was adorned with sable plumes, and the pall supported by the six senior aldermen. The masters of the assembly-rooms followed as chief mourners; the beadles of that hospital which he had contributed so largely to endow, went next; and last of all the poor patients themselves, the lame, the emaciated, and the feeble, followed their old benefactor to his grave, shedding unfeigned tears, and lamenting themselves in him.

[1] This account of his age, which contradicts that given us by Doctor Oliver, was copied from Mr. Nash's own hand-writing, by George Scott, Esq., from a book in the possession of Mr. Charles Morgan, at his coffee-house at Bath.—GOLDSMITH. Note, first edition (not in second).

[2] THE HYMN SUNG AT HIS FUNERAL.

Most unhappy are we here,
Full of sin, and full of fear;
Ever weary, ne'er at rest,
When, O Lord, shall we be blest?

Earth's a clog, a pageant life,
Fill'd with folly, guilt, and strife;
Till we all unite in thee,
With ourselves we disagree.

What's our comfort here below,
Empty bubble, transient show,
Wrapt in the body's vile disguise,
None truly is until he dies.

Here we dwell but not at home,
To other worlds ordain'd to roam;
Yet still we seek for joys that waste,
Fleeting as the vernal blast.

Lord, remove these shadows hence,
Give us faith instead of sense;
Teach us here in life to die,
That we may live eternally.—GOLDSMITH.

The crowd was so great, that not only the streets were filled, but, as one of the journals in a rant expresses it, "even the tops of the houses were covered with spectators. Each thought the occasion affected themselves most; as when a real king dies, they asked each other, 'Where shall we find such another?' Sorrow sate upon every face, and even children lisped that their Sovereign was no more. The awfulness of the solemnity made the deepest impression on the minds of the distressed inhabitants. The peasant discontinued his toil, the ox rested from the plough; all nature seemed to sympathize with their loss, and the muffled bells rung a peal of bob-majors."

Our deepest solemnities have something truly ridiculous in them. There is somewhat ludicrous in the folly of historians, who thus declaim upon the death of kings and princes, as if there was anything dismal, or anything unusual, in it. "For my part," says Poggi, the Florentine, "I can no more grieve for another's death than I could for my own. I have ever regarded death as a very trifling affair, nor can black staves, long cloaks, or mourning coaches, in the least influence my spirits. Let us live here as long and as merrily as we can, and when we must die, why let us die merrily too, but die so as to be happy."

The few things Nash was possessed of were left to his relations. A small library of well-chosen books, some trinkets and pictures, were his only inheritance. Among the latter (besides the box given him by the Prince of Wales) were a gold box, which was presented to him by the late Countess of Burlington, with Lady Euston's picture in the lid, an *étui*, mounted in gold, with a diamond to open it, and ornamented with another diamond at the top, given him by the Princess Dowager of Wales. He had also a silver terene, which was given him by the Princess Amelia; and some other things of no great value. The rings, watches, and pictures, which he formerly received from others, would have come to a considerable amount; but these necessity had obliged him to dispose of. Some family pictures, however, remained, which were sold by advertisement, for five guineas each, after Mr. Nash's decease.[1]

It was natural to expect that the death of a person so long in the eye of the public must have produced a desire in several to delineate his character, or deplore his loss. He was scarcely dead, when the public papers were filled with elegies, groans, and characters; and before he was buried there were epitaphs ready made to inscribe on his stone. I remember one of those character writers, and a very grave one, too, after observing, alas! that

[1] "All persons who have any demands on the estate of Richard Nash, late of the city of Bath, Esq., deceased, or that have any of his effects deposited by him by way of security for moneys borrowed or otherwise, in their hands, are desired to send an account thereof to Mr. William Yescombe, attorney in Bath. And all persons indebted to the said estate are required to pay the same to the said Mr. Yescombe, who is impowered by the Administrator of the said Mr. Nash to receive the debts due to his estate."—*The London Gazette*, March 17-21, 1761.

Richard Nash, Esq. was no more, went on to assure us, that he was "sagacious, *debonair*, and *commode*;" and concluded with gravely declaring, that "impotent posterity would in vain fumble to produce his fellow." Another, equally sorrowful, gave us to know, "that he was indeed a man;" an assertion which I fancy none will be so hardy as to contradict. But the merriest of all the lamentations made upon this occasion was that where he is called "a constellation of the heavenly sphere."

One thing, however, is common almost with all of them; and that is, that Venus, Cupid, and the Graces are commanded to weep;[1] and that Bath shall never find such another.

But though he was satirized with the praises of those, there were some of real abilities who undertook to do justice to his character, to praise him for his virtues, and acknowledge his faults. I need scarcely mention that Dr. Oliver[2] and Dr. King[3] are of this number. They had honoured him with their friendship while living, and undertook to honour his memory when dead. As the reader may choose to compare their efforts, upon the same subject, I have subjoined them, and perhaps many will find in either enough, upon so unimportant a subject as Mr. Nash's life, to satisfy curiosity. The first published was that by Dr. Oliver, written with much good sense, and still more good-nature. But the reader will consider that he has assumed in his motto the character of a panegyrist, and spares his friend's faults, though he was too candid entirely to pass them over in silence:—

A FAINT SKETCH OF THE LIFE, CHARACTER, AND MANNERS, OF THE LATE MR. NASH.[4]

Imperium in Imperio. ——
De mortuis nil nisi bonum.

Bath, February 13, 1761.

This morning died
RICHARD NASH, Esq.
Aged eighty-eight.

He was by birth a gentleman, an ancient Briton;
By education, a student of Jesus College in Oxford;
By profession * * *
His natural genius was too volatile for any.

[1] "Alas! he is gone, and the city can tell
How in years and in glory lamented he fell:
Him mourn'd all the Dryads on Claverton's mount;
Him Avon deplor'd, him the nymph of the Fount."—ANSTEY.

[2] Dr. William Oliver, the friend and occasionally the correspondent of Pope, died at Bath in 1764.

[3] Dr. William King, author of *The Toast*, a political satire, died 30th Dec. 1763.

[4] Bath, printed for John Keene, in King's Mead-street, and sold by W. Kingston, on Trim Bridge.

He tried the army and the law;
But soon found his mind superior to both—
He was born to govern,
Nor was his dominion, like that of other legislators,
Over the servility of the vulgar,
But over the pride of the noble and the opulent.
His public character was great,
As it was self-built and self-maintained:
His private amiable,
As it was grateful, beneficent, and generous.
By the force of genius
He erected the city of Bath into a province of pleasure,
And became, by universal consent,
Its legislator and ruler.
He plann'd, improv'd, and regulated all the amusements of the place;
His fundamental law was, that of good breeding;
Hold sacred decency and decorum,
His constant maxim:
Nobody, howsoever exalted
By beauty, blood, titles, or riches,
Could be guilty of a breach of it, unpunished—
The penalty, his disapprobation and public shame.
To maintain the sovereignty he had established,
He published Rules of behaviour,
Which from their propriety, acquired the force of laws;
And which the highest never infringed, without immediately undergoing
the public censure.
He kept the Men in order; most wisely,
By prohibiting the wearing swords in his dominions;
By which means
He prevented sudden passion from causing
The bitterness of unavailing repentance.
In all quarrels he was chosen Umpire—
And so just were his decisions,
That peace generally triumphed,
Crowned with the mutual thanks of both parties.
He kept the Ladies in good humour; most effectually,
By a nice observance of the rules of place and precedence;
By ordaining scandal to be the infallible mark
Of a foolish head and a malicious heart,
Always rendering more suspicious
The reputation of her who propagated it,
Than that of the person abused.
Of the young, the gay, the heedless fair,
Just launching into the dangerous sea of pleasure,
He was ever, unsolicited (sometimes unregarded)

The kind protector:
Humanely correcting even their mistakes in dress,
As well as improprieties in conduct:
Nay, often warning them,
Though at the hazard of his life,
Against the artful snares of designing men,
Or an improper acquaintance with women of doubtful characters.
Thus did he establish his government on pillars
Of honour and politeness,
Which could never be shaken:
And maintained it for full half a century,
With reputation, honour, and undisputed authority,
Beloved, respected, and revered.
Of his private character, be it the first praise,
That while, by his conduct, the highest ranks became his subjects,
He himself became
The servant of the poor and the distressed:
Whose cause he ever pleaded amongst the rich,
And enforced with all the eloquence of a good example:
They were ashamed not to relieve those wants
To which they saw him administer with
So noble an heart, and so liberal an hand.
Nor was his munificence confined to particulars,
He being, to all the public charities of this city,
A liberal benefactor;
Not only by his own most generous subscriptions,
But, by always assuming, in their behalf, the character of
A sturdy beggar;
Which he performed with such an authoritative address
To all ranks, without distinction,
That few of the worst hearts had courage to refuse,
What their own inclinations would not have prompted them to bestow.

Of a noble public spirit
And
A warm grateful heart
The obelisk in the grove,
And
The beautiful needle in the square,
Are magnificent testimonies.

The One
Erected to preserve the memory of a
Most interesting event to his country,
The restitution of health, by the healing waters of this place,
To the illustrious Prince of Orange,
Who came hither in a most languishing condition:

The Other,
A noble offering of thanks
To the late Prince of WALES, and his royal Consort,
For favours bestowed,
And honours by them conferred, on this city.

His long and peaceful reign, of
Absolute power,
Was so tempered by his
Excessive good nature,
That no instance can be given either of his own cruelty,
Or of his suffering that of others to escape
Its proper reward.
Example unprecedented amongst absolute monarchs.

READER.

This monarch was a man,
And had his foibles and his faults;
Which we would wish covered with the veil of good-nature,
Made of the same piece with his own:
But, truth forceth us unwillingly to confess,
His passions were strong;
Which, as they fired him to act strenuously in good,
Hurried him to some excesses of evil.

His fire, not used to be kept under by an early restraint,
Burst out too often into flaming acts,
Without waiting for the cool approbation of his judgment.
His generosity was so great,
That prudence often whispered him, in vain,
That she feared it would enter the neighbouring confines of profusion:
His charity so unbounded,
That the severe might suspect it sometimes to be
The offspring of folly, or ostentation.

With all these,
Be they foibles, follies, faults, or frailties,
It will be difficult to point out,
Amongst his cotemporary Kings of the whole earth,
More than ONE
Who hath fewer, or less pernicious to mankind.

His existence
(For life it scarcely can be called)
Was spun out to so great an age, that
The man
Was sunk, like many former heroes, in
The weakness and infirmities of exhausted nature;

The unwilling tax all animals must pay
For multiplicity of days.
Over his closing scene,
Charity long spread her all-covering mantle,
And dropped the curtain,
Before the poor actor, though he had played his part,
Was permitted to quit the stage.

Now may she protect his memory!
Every friend of Bath,
Every lover of decency, decorum, and good breeding,
Must sincerely deplore
The loss of so excellent a governor;
And join in the most fervent wishes (would I could say hopes!)
That there may soon be found a man
Able and worthy
To succeed him.

The reader sees in what alluring colours Nash's character is drawn; but he must consider, that an intimate friend held the pencil; the Doctor professes to say nothing of the dead but what was good; and such a maxim, though it serves his departed friend, is but badly calculated to improve the living. Dr. King, in his Epitaph, however, is still more indulgent; he produces him as an example to kings, and prefers his laws even to those of Solon or Lycurgus.

EPITAPHIUM RICHARDI NASH, ARMIGERI.

H. S. E.

RICHARDUS NASH,

Obscuro loco natus,
Et nullis ortus majoribus:
Cui tamen
(O rem miram, et incredibilem!)
Regnum opulentissimum florentissimumque
Plebs, proceres, principes,
Liberis suis suffragiis
Ultrò detulerunt,
Quod et ipse summâ cum dignitate tenuit,
Annos plus quinquaginta,
Universo populo consentiente, approbante, plaudente.

Una voce præterea, unoque omnium ordinum consensu,
Ad imperium suum adjuncta est
Magni nominis[1] Provincia:

[1] Tunbridge.

Quam admirabili consilio et ratione
Per se, non unquam per legatos, administravit;
Eam quotannis invisere dignatus,
Et apud provinciales, quoad necesse fuit,
Solitus manere.

In tantâ fortunâ
Neque fastu turgidus Rex incessu patuit,
Neque, tyrannorum more, se jussit coli,
Aut amplos honores, titulosque sibi arrogavit;
Sed cuncta insignia, etiam regium diadema rejiciens,
Caput contentus fuit ornare
GALERO ALBO,
Manifesto animi sui candoris signo.

LEGISLATOR prudentissimus,
Vel Solone et Lycurgo illustrior,
Leges, quascunque voluit,
Statuit, fixit, promulgavit;
Omnes quidem cùm civibus suis,
Tum verò hospitibus, advenis, peregrinis
Gratas, jucundas, utiles.

VOLUPTATUM arbiter et minister,
Sed gravis, sed elegans, sed urbanus,
Et in summâ comitate satis adhibens severitatis,
Imprimis curavit,
Ut in virorum et fœminarum cœtibus
Nequis impudenter faceret,
Neque in iis quod inesset
Impuritatis, clamoris, tumulti.

CIVITATEM hanc celeberrimam,
Delicias suas,
Non modò pulcherrimis ædificiis auxit,
Sed præclarâ disciplinâ et moribus ornavit:
Quippe nemo quisquam
To PREPON melius intellexit, excoluit, docuit.

JUSTUS, liberalis, benignus, facetus,
Atque amicus omnibus, præcipuè miseris et egenis,
Nullos habuit inimicos,
Præter magnos quosdam ardeliones,
Et declamatores eos tristes et fanaticos,
Qui generi humano sunt inimicissimi.

PACIS et patriæ amans,
Concordiam, felicem et perpetuam,

In regno suo constituit,
Usque adeò,
Ut nullus alteri petulanter maledicere,
Aut facto nocere auderet;
Neque, tanquam sibi metuens,
In publicum armatus prodire.

FUIT quanquam potentissimus,
Omnia arbitrio suo gubernans:
Haud tamen ipsa libertas
Magìs usquam floruit
Gratiâ, gloriâ, auctoritate.
Singulare enim temperamentum invenit,
(Rem magnæ cogitationis,
Et rerum omnium fortasse difficillimam)
Quo ignobiles cum nobilibus, pauperes cum divitibus,
Indocti cum doctissimis, ignavi cum fortissimis
Æquari se putarent,
REX OMNIBUS IDEM.

QUICQUID PECCAVERIT,
(Nam peccamus omnes)
In seipsum magìs, quàm in alios,
Et errore, aut imprudentiâ magìs quam scelere, aut improbitate,
Peccavit;
Nusquam verò ignoratione decori, aut honesti,
Neque ità quidem usquam,
Ut non veniam ab humanis omnibus
Facilè impetrârit.

HUJUS vitæ morumque exemplar
Si cæteri reges, regulique,
Et quotquot sunt regnorum præfecti,
Imitarentur;
(Utinam! iterumque utinam!)
Et ipsi essent beati,
Et cunctæ orbis regiones beatissimæ.

TALEM virum, tantumque ademptum
Lugeant musæ, charitesque!
Lugeant Veneres, Cupidinesque!
Lugeant omnes juvenum et nympharum chori!
Tu verò, O BATHONIA,
Ne cesses tuum lugere
Principem, præceptorem, amicum, patronum;
Heu, heu, nunquam posthàc
Habitura parem!

The following translation of this Epitaph will give the English reader an idea of its contents, though not of its elegance:—

THE EPITAPH OF RICHARD NASH, ESQ.

Here lies
RICHARD NASH,
Born in an obscure village,
And from mean ancestors
To whom however,
Strange to relate,
Both the vulgar and the mighty,
Without bribe or compulsion,
Unanimously gave
A kingdom, equally rich and flourishing.
A kingdom which he governed
More than fifty years,
With universal approbation and applause.

To his empire also was added,
By the consent of all orders,
A celebrated province [1]
Which he ever swayed with great prudence,
Not by delegated power, but in person.
He deigned to visit it every year,
And while the necessities of state demanded his presence,
He usually continued there.

In such greatness of fortune
His pride discovered itself by no marks of dignity;
Nor did he ever claim the honours of prostration.
Despising at once titles of adulation,
And laying aside all royal splendour,
Wearing not even the diadem,
He was content with being distinguish'd
Only by the ornamental ensign
Of a white hat;
A symbol of the candour of his mind.

He was a most prudent legislator,
And more remarkable even than Solon or Lycurgus.
He at once established and autherized
Whatever laws were thought convenient,
Which were equally serviceable to the city,
And grateful to strangers,
Who made it their abode.

[1] Tunbridge.

He was at once a provider and a judge of pleasures,
But still conducted them with gravity and elegance,
And repressed licentiousness with severity.
His chief care was employed,
In preventing obscenity or impudence
From offending the modesty or the morals
Of the Fair Sex,
And in banishing from their Assemblies
Tumult, clamour, and abuse.

He not only adorned this city,
Which he loved,
With beautiful structures,
But improved it by his example;
As no man knew, no man taught, what was becoming
Better than he.

He was just, liberal, kind, and facetious;
A friend to all, but particularly to the poor.
He had no enemies,
Except some of the trifling great,
Or dull declaimers, foes to all mankind.

Equally a lover of peace and of his country;
He fix'd a happy and lasting concord
In his kingdom,
So that none dare convey scandal, or injure by open violence
the universal peace,
Or even by carrying arms appear prepared for war,
With impunity.

But though his power was boundless,
Yet never did liberty flourish more, which he promoted,
Both by his authority, and cultivated for his fame.
He found out the happy secret
(A thing not to be considered without surprise)
Of uniting the vulgar and the great,
The poor and the rich,
The learned and ignorant,
The cowardly and the brave,
In the bonds of society, an equal king to all.

Whatever his faults were,
For we have all faults,
They were rather obnoxious to himself than others;
They arose neither from imprudence nor mistake,
Never from dishonesty or corrupt principle
But so harmless were they,

That though they failed to create our esteem,
Yet can they not want our pardon.

Could other kings and governors
But learn to imitate his example,
(Would to heaven they could!)
Then might they see themselves happy,
And the people still enjoying more true felicity.

Ye Muses and Graces mourn
His death;
Ye powers of Love, ye choirs of youth and virgins,
But thou, O Bathonia! more than the rest,
Cease not to weep,
Your king, your teacher, patron, friend,
Never, ah, never, to behold
His equal.

Whatever might have been justly observed of Mr. Nash's superiority as a governor, at least it may be said, that few cotemporary kings have met with such able panegyrists. The former enumerates all his good qualities with tenderness, and the latter enforces them with impetuosity. They both seem to have loved him, and honourably paid his remains the last debt of friendship. But a cool biographer, unbiassed by resentment or regard, will probably find nothing in the man either truly great, or strongly vicious. His virtues were all amiable, and more adapted to procure friends than admirers; they were more capable of raising love than esteem. He was naturally endued with good sense; but by having been long accustomed to pursue trifles, his mind shrunk to the size of the little objects on which it was employed. His generosity was boundless, because his tenderness and his vanity were in equal proportion; the one impelling him to relieve misery, and the other to make his benefactions known. In all his actions, however virtuous, he was guided by sensation and not by reason; so that the uppermost passion was ever sure to prevail.

His being constantly in company had made him an easy though not a polite companion. He chose to be thought rather an odd fellow than a well-bred man; perhaps that mixture of respect and ridicule with which his mock royalty was treated, first inspired him with this resolution. The foundations of his empire were laid in vicious compliance, the continuance of his reign was supported by a virtuous impartiality. In the beginning of his authority, he in reality obeyed those whom he pretended to govern; towards the end, he attempted to extort a real obedience from his subjects, and supported his right by prescription. Like a monarch Tacitus talks of, they complied with him at first because they loved, they obeyed at last because they feared him. He often led the rich into new follies, in order to promote the happiness of the poor, and served the one at the expense of the other. Whatever his vices were, they were of use to society; and this

neither Petronius, nor Apicius, nor Tigellius, nor any other professed voluptuary could say. To set him up, as some do, for a pattern of imitation, is wrong, since all his virtues received a tincture from the neighbouring folly; to denounce peculiar judgments against him is equally unjust, as his faults raise rather our mirth than our detestation. He was fitted for the station in which fortune placed him. It required no great abilities to fill it, and few of great abilities but would have disdained the employment. He led a life of vanity, and long mistook it for happiness. Unfortunately, he was taught at last to know that a man of pleasure leads the most unpleasant life in the world.

*A Letter from Mr. * * * in Tunbridge to Lord * * * * * in London, found among the papers of Mr. Nash, and prepared by him for the press.*

"My Lord:—What I foresaw has arrived; poor Jenners, after losing all his fortune, has shot himself through the head. His losses to Bland were considerable, and his playing soon after with Spedding contributed to hasten his ruin. No man was ever more enamoured of play, or understood it less. At whatever game he ventured his money, he was most usually the dupe, and still foolishly attributed to his bad luck those misfortunes that entirely proceeded from his want of judgment.

"After finding that he had brought on himself irreparable indigence and contempt, his temper, formerly so sprightly, began to grow gloomy and unequal: he grew more fond of solitude, and more liable to take offence at supposed injuries; in short, for a week before he shot himself, his friends were of opinion that he meditated some such horrid design. He was found in his chamber fallen on the floor, the bullet having glanced on the bone, and lodged behind his right eye.

"You remember, my Lord, what a charming fellow this deluded man was once. How benevolent, just, temperate, and every way virtuous; the only faults of his mind arose from motives of humanity: he was too easy, credulous, and good-natured, and unable to resist temptation, when recommended by the voice of friendship. These foibles the vicious and the needy soon perceived, and what was at first a weakness they soon perverted into guilt; he became a gamester, and continued the infamous profession till he could support the miseries it brought with it no longer.

"I have often been not a little concerned to see the first introduction of a young man of fortune to the gaming-table. With what eagerness his company is courted by the whole fraternity of sharpers; how they find out his most latent wishes, in order to make way to his affections by gratifying them, and continue to hang upon him with the meanest degree of condescension. The youthful dupe, no way suspecting, imagines himself surrounded by friends and gentlemen, and incapable of even suspecting that men of such seeming good sense and so genteel an appearance, should deviate from the laws of honour, walks into the snare, nor is he undeceived till schooled by the severity of experience.

"As I suppose no man would be a gamester unless he hoped to win, so I fancy it would be easy to reclaim him, if he was once effectually convinced, that by continuing to play he must certainly lose. Permit me, my lord, to attempt this task, and to show, that no young gentleman by a year's run of play, and in a mixed company, can possibly be a gainer.

"Let me suppose, in the first place, that the chances on both sides are equal, that there are no marked cards, no pinching, shuffling, nor hiding; let me suppose that the players also have no advantage of each other in point of judgment, and still further let me grant, that the party is only formed at home, without going to the usual expensive places of resort frequented by gamesters. Even with all these circumstances in the young gamester's favour, it is evident he cannot be a gainer. With equal players, after a year's continuance of any particular game it will be found that, whatever has been played for, the winnings on either side are very inconsiderable, and most commonly nothing at all. Here then is a year's anxiety, pain, jarring, and suspense, and nothing gained; were the parties to sit down and professedly play for nothing, they would contemn the proposal; they would call it trifling away time, and one of the most insipid amusements in nature; yet, in fact, how do equal players differ? It is allowed that little or nothing can be gained; but much is lost; our youth, our time, those moments that may be laid out in pleasure or improvement, are foolishly squandered away in tossing cards, fretting at ill-luck, or, even with a run of luck in our favour, fretting that our winnings are so small.

"I have now stated gaming in that point of view in which it is alone defensible, as a commerce carried on with equal advantage and loss to either party, and it appears, that the loss is great, and the advantage but small. But let me suppose the players not to be equal, but the superiority of judgment in our own favour. A person who plays under this conviction, however, must give up all pretensions to the approbation of his own mind, and is guilty of as much injustice as the thief who robbed a blind man because he knew he could not swear to his person.

"But, in fact, when I allowed the superiority of skill on the young beginner's side, I only granted an impossibility. Skill in gaming, like skill in making a watch, can only be acquired by long and painful industry. The most sagacious youth alive was never taught at once all the arts and all the niceties of gaming. Every passion must be schooled by long habit into caution and phlegm; the very countenance must be taught proper discipline; and he who would practise this art with success, must practise on his own constitution all the severities of a martyr, without any expectation of the reward. It is evident, therefore, every beginner must be a dupe, and can only be expected to learn his trade by losses, disappointments, and dishonour.

"If a young gentleman, therefore, begins to game, the commencements are sure to be to his disadvantage; and all that he can promise himself is, that the company he keeps, though superior in skill, are above taking advan-

tage of his ignorance, and unacquainted with any sinister arts to correct fortune. But this, however, is but a poor hope at best, and, what is worse, most frequently a false one. In general, I might almost have said always, those who live by gaming are not beholden to chance alone for their support, but take every advantage which they can practise without danger of detection. I know many are apt to say, and I have once said so myself, that after I have shuffled the cards, it is not in the power of a sharper to pack them; but at present I can confidently assure your lordship that such reasoners are deceived. I have seen men both in Paris, the Hague, and London, who, after three deals, could give whatever hands they pleased to all the company. However, the usual way with sharpers is to correct fortune thus but once in a night, and to play in other respects without blunder or mistake, and a perseverance in this practice always balances the year in their favour.

"It is impossible to enumerate all the tricks and arts practised upon cards; few but have seen those bungling poor fellows who go about at coffee-houses, perform their clumsy feats, and yet, indifferently as they are versed in the trade, they often deceive us; when such as these are possessed of so much art, what must not those be, who have been bred up to gaming from their infancy, whose hands are not like those mentioned above, rendered callous by labour, who have continual practice in the trade of deceiving, and where the eye of the spectator is less upon its guard.

"Let the young beginner only reflect by what a variety of methods it is possible to cheat him, and perhaps it will check his confidence. His antagonists may act by signs and confederacy, and this he can never detect; they may cut to a particular card after three or four hands have gone about, either by having that card pinched, or broader than the rest, or by having an exceeding fine wire thrust between the folds of the paper, and just peeping out at the edge. Or the cards may be chalked with particular marks, which none but the sharper can understand, or a new pack may be slipped in at a proper opportunity. I have known myself, in Paris, a fellow thus detected with a tin case, containing two packs of cards, concealed within his shirt sleeve, and which, by means of a spring, threw the cards ready packed into his hands. These and an hundred other arts may be practised with impunity and escape detection.

"The great error lies in imagining every fellow with a laced coat to be a gentleman. The address and transient behaviour of a man of breeding are easily acquired, and none are better qualified than gamesters in this respect. At first, their complaisance, civility and apparent honour is pleasing, but upon examination, few of them will be found to have their minds sufficiently stored with any of the more refined accomplishments which truly characterise the man of breeding. This will commonly serve as a criterion to distinguish them, though there are other marks which every young gentleman of fortune should be apprised of. A sharper, when he plays, generally handles and deals the cards awkwardly like a bungler; he advances his bets by degrees, and keeps his antagonist in spirits by small advantages and

alternate success at the beginning; to show all his force at once, would but fright the bird he intends to decoy; he talks of honour and virtue, and his being a gentleman, and that he knows great men, and mentions his coal-mines, and his estate in the country; he is totally divested of that masculine confidence which is the attendant of real fortune; he turns, yields, assents, smiles, as he hopes will be most pleasing to his destined prey; he is afraid of meeting a shabby acquaintance, particularly if in better company; as he grows richer he wears finer clothes; and if ever he is seen in an undress, it is most probable he is without money; so that seeing a gamester growing finer each day, is a certain symptom of his success.

"The young gentleman who plays with such men for considerable sums, is sure to be undone, and yet we seldom see even the rook himself make a fortune. A life of gaming must necessarily be a life of extravagance; parties of this kind are formed in houses where the whole profits are consumed, and while those who play mutually ruin each other, they only who keep the house or the table acquire fortunes. Thus gaming may readily ruin a fortune, but has seldom been found to retrieve it. The wealth which has been acquired with industry and hazard, and preserved for ages by prudence and foresight, is swept away on a sudden; and when a besieging sharper sits down before an estate, the property is often transferred in less time than the writings can be drawn to secure the possession. The neglect of business, and the extravagance of a mind which has been taught to covet precarious possession, brings on premature destruction; though poverty may fetch a compass and go somewhat about, yet will it reach the gamester at last; and though his ruin be slow, yet it is certain.

"A thousand instances could be given of the fatal tendency of this passion, which first impoverishes the mind, and then perverts the understanding. Permit me to mention one, not caught from report, or dressed up by fancy, but such as has actually fallen under my own observation, and of the truth of which I beg your Lordship may rest satisfied.

"At Tunbridge, in the year 1715, Mr. J. Hedges made a very brilliant appearance. He had been married about two years to a young lady of great beauty and large fortune; they had one child, a boy, on whom they bestowed all that affection which they could spare from each other. He knew nothing of gaming, nor seemed to have the least passion for play; but he was unacquainted with his own heart; he began by degrees to bet at the tables for trifling sums, and his soul took fire at the prospect of immediate gain: he was soon surrounded with sharpers, who with calmness lay in ambush for his fortune, and coolly took advantage of the precipitancy of his passions.

"His lady perceived the ruin of her family approaching, but at first without being able to form any scheme to prevent it. She advised with his brother, who at that time was possessed of a small fellowship in Cambridge. It was easily seen that whatever took the lead in her husband's mind, seemed to be there fixed unalterably; it was determined, therefore, to let him pursue fortune, but previously take measures to prevent the pursuit being fatal.

"Accordingly, every night this gentleman was a constant attender at the hazard tables; he understood neither the arts of sharpers nor even the allowed strokes of a connoisseur, yet still he played. The consequence is obvious: he lost his estate, his equipage, his wife's jewels, and every other moveable that could be parted with, except a repeating watch. His agony upon this occasion was inexpressible; he was even mean enough to ask a gentleman, who sat near, to lend him a few pieces, in order to turn his fortune; but this prudent gamester, who plainly saw there were no expectations of being repaid, refused to lend a farthing, alleging a former resolution against lending. Hedges was at last furious with the continuance of ill-success, and pulling out his watch, asked if any person in company would set him sixty guineas upon it: the company were silent; he then demanded fifty; still no answer; he sunk to forty, thirty, twenty; finding the company still without answering, he cried out, 'By G—d it shall never go for less,' and dashed it against the floor, at the same time attempting to dash out his brains against the marble chimney-piece.

"This last act of desperation immediately excited the attention of the whole company; they instantly gathered round, and prevented the effects of his passion; and after he again became cool, he was permitted to return home, with sullen discontent, to his wife. Upon his entering her apartment, she received him with her usual tenderness and satisfaction; while he answered her caresses with contempt and severity; his disposition being quite altered with his misfortunes. 'But my dear Jemmy,' says his wife, 'perhaps you don't know the news I have to tell; my mamma's old uncle is dead; the messenger is now in the house, and you know his estate is settled upon you.' This account seemed only to increase his agony, and looking angrily at her, he cried, 'There you lie, my dear, his estate is not settled upon me.'—'I beg your pardon,' says she, 'I really thought it was; at least you have always told me so.' 'No,' returned he, 'as sure as you and I are to be miserable here, and our children beggars hereafter, I have sold the reversion of it this day, and have lost every farthing I got for it at the hazard table.' 'What, all!' replied the lady. 'Yes, every farthing;' returned he, 'and I owe a thousand pounds more than I have to pay.' Thus speaking, he took a few frantic steps across the room. When the lady had a little enjoyed his perplexity: 'No, my dear,' cried she, 'you have lost but a trifle, and you owe nothing; our brother and I have taken care to prevent the effects of your rashness, and are actually the persons who have won your fortune: we employed proper persons for this purpose, who brought their winnings to me; your money, your equipage, are in my possession, and here I return them to you, from whom they were unjustly taken; I only ask permission to keep my jewels, and to keep you, my greatest jewel, from such dangers for the future.' Her prudence had the proper effect; he ever after retained a sense of his former follies, and never played for the smallest sums, even for amusement.

"Not less than three persons in one day fell a sacrifice at Bath to this destructive passion. Two gentlemen fought a duel, in which one was

killed, and the other desperately wounded; and a youth of great expectation and excellent disposition, at the same time ended his own life by a pistol. If there be any state that deserves pity, it must be that of a gamester; but the state of a dying gamester is of all situations the most deplorable.

"There is another argument which your lordship, I fancy, will not entirely despise: beauty, my lord, I own is at best but a trifle, but such as it is, I fancy few would willingly part with what little they have. A man with a healthful complexion, how great a philosopher soever he be, would not willingly exchange it for a sallow hectic phyz, pale eyes, and a sharp wrinkled visage. I entreat you only to examine the faces of all the noted gamblers round one of our public tables; have you ever seen anything more haggard, pinched, and miserable? And it is but natural that it should be so. The succession of passions flush the cheek with red, and all such flushings are ever succeeded by consequent paleness; so that a gamester contracts the sickly hue of a student, while he is only acquiring the stupidity of a fool.

"Your good sense, my lord, I have often had an occasion of knowing, yet how miserable is it to be in a set of company where the most sensible is ever the least skilful; your footman, with a little instruction, would, I dare venture to affirm, make a better and more successful gamester than you; want of passions, and low cunning, are the two great arts; and it is peculiar to this science alone, that they who have the greatest passion for it, are of all others the most unfit to practise it.

"Of all the men I ever knew, Spedding was the greatest blockhead, and yet the best gamester; he saw almost intuitively the advantage on either side, and ever took it; he could calculate the odds in a moment, and decide upon the merits of a cock or a horse, better than any man in England; in short he was such an adept in gaming, that he brought it up to a pitch of sublimity it had never attained before; yet, with all this, Spedding could not write his own name. What he died worth I cannot tell, but of this I am certain, he might have possessed a ministerial estate, and that won from men famed for their sense, literature, and patriotism.

"If, after this description, your lordship is yet resolved to hazard your fortune at gaming, I beg you would advert to the situation of an old and luckless gamester. Perhaps there is not in nature a more deplorable being: his character is too well marked, he is too well known to be trusted. A man that has been often a bankrupt, and renewed trade upon low compositions, may as well expect extensive credit as such a man. His reputation is blasted: his constitution worn, by the extravagance and ill hours of his profession; he is now incapable of alluring his dupes, and like a superannuated savage of the forest, he is starved for want of vigour to hunt after prey.

"Thus gaming is the source of poverty, and still worse, the parent of infamy and vice. It is an inlet to debauchery, for the money thus acquired is but little valued. Every gamester is a rake, and his morals worse than

his mystery. It is his interest to be exemplary in every scene of debauchery; his prey is to be courted with every guilty pleasure; but these are to be changed, repeated, and embellished, in order to employ his imagination, while his reason is kept asleep; a young mind is apt to shrink at the prospect of ruin; care must be taken to harden his courage, and make him keep his rank; he must be either found a libertine, or he must be made one. And when a man has parted with his money like a fool, he generally sends his conscience after it like a villain, and the nearer he is to the brink of destruction, the fonder does he grow of ruin.

"Your friend and mine, my lord, had been thus driven to the last reserve, for he found it impossible to disentangle his affairs, and look the world in the face; impatience at length threw him into the abyss he feared, and life became a burthen, because he feared to die. But I own that play is not always attended with such tragical circumstances: some have had courage to survive their losses, and go on content with beggary; and sure those misfortunes which are of our own production, are of all others most pungent. To see such a poor disbanded being an unwelcome guest at every table, and often flapped off like a fly, is affecting; in this case the closest alliance is forgotten, and contempt is too strong for the ties of blood to unbind.

"But, however fatal this passion may be in its consequence, none allures so much in the beginning; the person once listed as a gamester, if not soon reclaimed, pursues it through his whole life; no loss can retard, no danger awaken him to common sense; nothing can terminate his career but want of money to play, or of honour to be trusted.

"Among the number of my acquaintance, I knew but of two who succeeded by gaming; the one a phlegmatic heavy man, who would have made a fortune in whatever way of life he happened to be placed; the other who had lost a fine estate in his youth by play, and retrieved a greater at the age of sixty-five, when he might be justly said to be past the power of enjoying it. One or two successful gamesters are thus set up in an age to allure the young beginner; we all regard such as the highest prize in a lottery, unmindful of the numerous losses that go to the accumulation of such infrequent success.

"Yet I would not be so morose as to refuse your youth all kinds of play; the innocent amusements of a family must often be indulged, and cards allowed to supply the intervals of more real pleasure; but the sum played for in such cases should always be a trifle; something to call up attention but not engage the passions. The usual excuse for laying large sums is, to make the players attend to their game; but, in fact, he that plays only for shillings, will mind his cards equally well with him that bets guineas; for the mind habituated to stake large sums, will consider them as trifles at last; and if one shilling could not exclude indifference at first, neither will an hundred in the end.

"I have often asked myself, how it is possible that he who is possessed of competence, can ever be induced to make it precarious by beginning play with the odds against him; for wherever he goes to sport his money, he

will find himself over-matched and cheated. Either at White's, Newmarket, the Tennis Court, the Cock Pit, or the Billiard Table, he will find numbers who have no other resource but their acquisitions there; and if such men live like gentlemen, he may readily conclude it must be on the spoils of his fortune, or the fortunes of ill-judging men like himself. Was he to attend but a moment to their manner of betting at those places, he would readily find the gamester seldom proposing bets but with the advantage in his own favour. A man of honour continues to lay on the side on which he first won; but gamesters shift, change, lie upon the lurch, and take every advantage, either of our ignorance or neglect.

"In short, my lord, if a man designs to lay out his fortune in quest of pleasure, the gaming table is, of all other places, that where he can have least for his money. The company are superficial, extravagant, and unentertaining; the conversation flat, debauched, and absurd; the hours unnatural and fatiguing; the anxiety of losing is greater than the pleasure of winning; friendship must be banished from that society the members of which are intent only on ruining each other; every other improvement, either in knowledge or virtue, can scarce find room in that breast which is possessed by the spirit of play; the spirits become vapid, the constitution is enfeebled, the complexion grows pale, till, in the end, the mind, body, friends, fortune, and even the hopes of futurity sink together! Happy, if nature terminates the scene, and neither justice nor suicide are called in to accelerate her tardy approach. I am, my lord, &c."

Among other papers in the custody of Mr. Nash, was the following angry letter, addressed to him in this manner:—

"TO RICHARD NASH, ESQ.,
"King of Bath.

"SIRE,—I must desire your majesty to order the enclosed to be read to the great Mr. Hoyle, if he be found in any part of your dominions. You will perceive that it is a panegyric on his manifold virtues, and that he is thanked more particularly for spending his time so much to the emolument of the public, and for obliging the world with a book more read than the Bible, and which so eminently tends to promote Christian knowledge, sound morality, and the happiness of mankind.

"(*The inclosed we have omitted, as it contains a satire on gaming, and may probably give offence to our betters.*)

"This author, however," (continues the letter writer,) "has not set forth half the merits of the piece under consideration, nor is the great care which he has taken to prevent our reading any other book, instead of this, been sufficiently taken notice of: beware of counterfeits; these books are not to be depended on unless signed by E. Hoyle, is a charitable admonition. As you have so much power at Bath, and are absolute, I think you should imitate other great monarchs, by rewarding those with honours who have been serviceable in your state; and I beg that a new order may be

established for that purpose. Let him who has done nothing but game all his life, and has reduced the most families to ruin and beggary, be made a Marshal of the Black Ace; and those who are every day making proselytes to the tables, have the honour of knighthood conferred on them, and be distinguished by the style and title of *Knights of the four Knaves.*

"The moment I came into Bath, my ears were saluted with the news of a gentleman's being plundered at the gaming-table, and having lost his senses on the occasion. The same day a duel was fought between two gentlemen gamesters on the Downs, and in the evening another hanged himself at the Bear, but first wrote a note which was found near him, importing that he had injured the best of friends. These are the achievements of your Knights of the four Knaves. The Devil will pick the bones of all gamesters, that's certain. . . . Ay! and of duellers too, but in the meantime let none think that duelling is a mark of courage; for I know it is not. A person served under me in Flanders, who had fought four duels, and depended so much on his skill, the strength of his arm, and the length of his sword, that he would take up a quarrel for anybody; yet, in the field, I never saw one behave so like a poltroon. If a few of these gamesters and duellers were gibbeted, it might perhaps help to amend the rest. I have often thought that the only way, or at least the most effectual way to prevent duelling, would be to hang both parties—the living and the dead—on the same tree,[1] and if the winner and the loser were treated in the

[1] A scheme to prevent duelling similar to this was attempted by Gustavus Adolphus; and is thus recorded by the writer of his life:—

"In one of the Prussian campaigns, when the irrational practice of duelling arose to a considerable height in the Swedish army, not only amongst persons of rank and fashion, but even amongst common soldiers, this prince published a severe edict, and denounced death against every delinquent. Soon after, a quarrel arose between two officers of very high command, and as they knew the king's firmness in preserving his word inviolable, they agreed to request an audience, and besought his permission to decide the affair like men of honour. His Majesty took fire in a moment, but repressed his passion with such art, that they easily mistook him; of course with some reluctance, but under the appearance of pitying brave men, who thought their reputation injured, he told them that he blamed them much for their mistaken notions concerning fame and glory, yet as this unreasonable determination appeared to be the result of deliberate reflection, to the best of their deluded capacity, he would allow them to decide the affair at the time and place specified; 'And gentlemen,' said he, 'I will be an eye-witness myself of your extraordinary valour and prowess.'

"At the hour appointed Gustavus arrived, accompanied by a small body of infantry, whom he formed into a circle round the combatants. 'Now,' said he, 'fight till one man dies;' and calling the executioner of the army to him (or the provost-marshal as the language then ran), 'Friend,' added he, 'the instant one is killed, behead the other before my eyes.

"Astonished with such inflexible firmness, the two generals after pausing a moment, fell down on their knees, and asked the king's forgiveness, who made them embrace each other, and give their promise to continue faithful friends to their last moments, as they did with sincerity and thankfulness."—GOLDSMITH.

same manner, it would be better for the public, since the tucking up of a few R——ls might be a warning to others, and save many a worthy family from destruction. I am yours, &c."

The author of this letter appears to have been very angry, and not without reason; for, if I am rightly informed, his only son was ruined at Bath, and by sharpers. But why is Mr. Nash to be blamed for this? It must be acknowledged, that he always took pains to prevent the ruin of the youth of both sexes, and had so guarded against duelling, that he would not permit a sword to be worn in Bath.

As the heart of a man is better known by his private than his public actions, let us take a view of Nash in domestic life; among his servants and dependants, where no gloss was required to colour his sentiments and disposition, nor any mask necessary to conceal his foibles. Here we shall find him the same open-hearted, generous, good-natured man we have already described; one who was ever fond of promoting the interests of his friends, his servants, and dependants, and making them happy. In his own house no man perhaps was more regular, cheerful, and beneficent than Nash. His table was always free to those who sought his friendship, or wanted a dinner; and after grace was said, he usually accosted the company in the following extraordinary manner, to take off all restraint and ceremony. "Come, gentlemen, eat and welcome; spare, and the devil choak you." I mention this circumstance for no other reason but because it is well known, and is consistent with the singularity of his character and behaviour.

As Mr. Nash's thoughts were entirely employed in the affairs of his government, he was seldom at home but at the time of eating or of rest. His table was well served, but his entertainment consisted principally of plain dishes. Boiled chicken and roast mutton were his favourite meats; and he was so fond of the small sort of potatoes, that he called them English pine-apples, and generally eat them as others do fruit, after dinner. In drinking he was altogether as regular and abstemious. Both in this and in eating, he seemed to consult nature, and obey only her dictates. Good small beer, with or without a glass of wine in it, and sometimes wine and water, was his drink at meals, and after dinner he generally drank one glass of wine. He seemed fond of hot suppers, usually supped about nine or ten o'clock, upon roast breast of mutton and his potatoes, and soon after supper went to bed; which induced Dr. Cheyne to tell him jestingly, that he behaved like other brutes, and lay down as soon as he had filled his belly. "Very true," replied Nash, "and this prescription I had from my neighbour's cow, who is a better physician than you, and a superior judge of plants, notwithstanding you have written so learnedly on the vegetable diet."

Nash generally arose early in the morning, being seldom in bed after five; and to avoid disturbing the family and depriving his servants of their rest, he had the fire laid after he was in bed, and in the morning lighted it himself, and sat down to read some of his few but well-chosen books. After reading some time, he usually went to the pump-room and drank the waters; then took a walk on the parade, and went to the coffee-house to breakfast;

after which, till two o'clock (his usual time of dinner) his hours were spent in arbitrating differences amongst his neighbours, or the company resorting to the wells; in directing the diversions of the day, visiting the new comers, or receiving friends at his own house; of which there was a great concourse till within six or eight years before his death.

His generosity and charity in private life, though not so conspicuous, was as great as that in public, and indeed far more considerable than his little income would admit of. He could not stifle the natural impulse which he had to do good, but frequently borrowed money to relieve the distressed; and when he knew not conveniently where to borrow, he has been often observed to shed tears, as he passed through the wretched supplicants who attended his gate.

This sensibility, this power of feeling the misfortunes of the miserable, and his address and earnestness in relieving their wants, exalts the character of Mr. Nash, and draws an impenetrable veil over his foibles. His singularities are forgotten when we behold his virtues, and he who laughed at the whimsical character and behaviour of this Monarch of Bath, now laments that he is no more.[1]

[1] In 1790, a monument was erected to Nash in the Abbey Church, Bath, at the instigation, and chiefly at the expense of Dr. Harrington, who supplied the epitaph :—

Adeste O Cives, adeste Lugentes!
Hic silent Leges
RICHARDI NASH, Armig.
Nihil amplius imperantis;
Qui diu et utilissimè
Assumptus Bathoniæ
Elegantiæ Arbiter,
Eheu!
Morti, (ultimo designatori)
Haud indecorè succubuit
Ann. Dom. MDCCLXI. Ætat suæ LXXXVII.
Beatus ille qui sibi imperiosus!

If social virtues make remembrance dear,
Or manners pure on decent rule depend;
To *His* remains consign one grateful tear,
Of youth the Guardian, and of all the Friend.

Now sleeps Dominion; here no Bounty flows,
Nor more avails the festive scene to grace,
Beneath that hand which no discernment shows,
Untaught to honour, or distinguish place.

*** I promised Nash, a few years before he died, that if I survived him I would write his Epitaph. I performed my promise, and in my description of this extraordinary phenomenon, I think I have written nothing but the truth; one thing I omitted, which I did not reflect on until after the Epitaph was printed, that a statue had been erected to him whilst he was living; and this great honour had been conferred on him with more justice than to any other of his contemporaries or brother kings.—DR. KING, *Anecdotes*, p. 248.

THE LIFE

OF

THOMAS PARNELL, D.D.,

ARCHDEACON OF CLOGHER.

COMPILED FROM

ORIGINAL PAPERS AND MEMOIRS,

IN WHICH ARE INCLUDED SEVERAL LETTERS OF MR. POPE, MR. GAY, DR. ARBUTHNOT, ETC. ETC.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

London:
Printed for T. Davies, in Russell-street, Covent Garden.
1770.
8vo.

THIS hurried composition, containing however something by Goldsmith in his happiest vein, was written for an edition of Parnell's *Poems*, published by Davies in 1770. It was also published separately the same year. Price 1s.

"The Life of Dr. Parnell is a task which I should very willingly decline, since it has been lately written by Goldsmith, a man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do best that which he was doing; a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion; whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness.

What such an author has told, who would tell again? I have made an abstract from his larger narrative; and have this gratification from my attempt, that it gives me an opportunity of paying due tribute to the memory of Goldsmith—*Τὸ γαρ γέρας ἔστι θανοντων.*—Dr. JOHNSON, *Life of Parnell.*

LIFE OF THOMAS PARNELL, D.D.

The life of a scholar seldom abounds with adventure. His fame is acquired in solitude; and the historian, who only views him at a distance, must be content with a dry detail of actions by which he is scarcely distinguished from the rest of mankind. But we are fond of talking of those who have given us pleasure; not that we have anything important to say, but because the subject is pleasing.

Thomas Parnell, D.D., was descended from an ancient family, that had for some centuries been settled at Congleton, in Cheshire. His father, Thomas Parnell, who had been attached to the Commonwealth party, upon the Restoration went over to Ireland; thither he carried a large personal fortune, which he laid out in lands in that kingdom. The estates he purchased there, as also that of which he was possessed in Cheshire, descended to our poet, who was his eldest son, and still remain in the family. Thus want, which has compelled many of our greatest men into the service of the muses, had no influence upon Parnell; he was a poet by inclination.

He was born in Dublin in the year 1679, and received the first rudiments of his education at the school of Dr. Jones, in that city. Surprising things are told us of the greatness of his memory at that early period; as of his being able to repeat by heart forty lines of any book at the first reading; of his getting the third book of the Iliad in one night's time, which was given in order to confine him for some days. These stories, which are told of almost every celebrated wit, may perhaps be true; but for my own part, I never found any of those prodigies of parts, although I have known enough that were desirous, among the ignorant, of being thought so.

There is one presumption, however, of the early maturity of his understanding. He was admitted a member of the College of Dublin at the age of thirteen, which is much sooner than usual, as at that university they are a great deal stricter in their examination for entrance, than either at Oxford or Cambridge. His progress through the college course of study was probably marked with but little splendour; his imagination might have been too warm to relish the cold logic of Burgersdicius, or the dreary subtleties of Smiglesius; but it is certain, that as a classical scholar, few could equal him. His own compositions show this; and the deference which the most

eminent men of his time paid him upon that head, put it beyond a doubt. He took the degree of master of arts the 9th of July, 1700; and in the same year he was ordained a deacon by William bishop of Derry, having a dispensation from the primate, as being under twenty-three years of age. He was admitted into priest's orders about three years after, by William, archbishop of Dublin; and on the 9th of February, 1705, he was collated by Sir George Ash, bishop of Clogher, to the archdeaconry of Clogher.

About that time also he married Miss Anne Minchin, a young lady of great merit and beauty, by whom he had two sons, who died young, and one daughter, who is still [1770] living. His wife died some time before him; and her death is said to have made so great an impression on his spirits that it served to hasten his own.[1] On the 31st of May, 1716, he was presented by his friend and patron, archbishop King, to the vicarage of Finglas, a benefice worth about four hundred pounds a-year,[2] in the diocese of Dublin; but he lived to enjoy his preferment a very short time. He died at Chester, in July, 1717,[3] on his way to Ireland, and was buried in Trinity church in that town, without any monument to mark the place of his interment. As he died without male issue, his estate devolved to his only nephew, Sir John Parnell, baronet, whose father was younger brother to the archdeacon, and one of the justices of the King's Bench in Ireland.

Such is the very unpoetical detail of the life of a poet. Some dates, and some few facts scarcely more interesting than those that make the ornaments of a country tombstone, are all that remain of one whose labours now begin to excite universal curiosity. A poet, while living, is seldom an object sufficiently great to attract much attention; his real merits are known but to a few, and these are generally sparing in their praises. When his fame is increased by time, it is then too late to investigate the peculiarities of his disposition; the dews of the morning are past, and we vainly try to continue the chase by the meridian splendour.

There is scarcely any man but might be made the subject of a very interesting and amusing history, if the writer, besides a thorough acquaintance with the character he draws, were able to make those nice distinctions which separate it from all others. The strongest minds have usually the most striking peculiarities, and would consequently afford the richest materials: but in the present instance, from not knowing Dr. Parnell, his peculiarities are gone to the grave with him; and we are obliged to take his character from such as knew but little of him, or who, perhaps, could have given very little information if they had known more.

[1] "I am heartily sorry for poor Mrs. Parnell's death: she seemed to be an excellent good-natured young woman, and I believe the poor lad is much afflicted; they appeared to live perfectly well together.—SWIFT, *Journal to Stella*, 24th August, 1711.

[2] Johnson follows Goldsmith, but the value of the living is much over-rated.

[3] The register of Trinity Church, Chester, records the burial of Thomas Parnell, D.D., under the 18th of October, 1718.—*See* JOHNSON'S *Lives of the Poets*. (Ed. Cunningham, ii. 91.)

Parnell, by what I have been able to collect from my father and uncle, who knew him, was the most capable man in the world to make the happiness of those he conversed with, and the least able to secure his own. He wanted that evenness of disposition which bears disappointment with phlegm, and joy with indifference. He was ever very much elated or depressed, and his whole life was spent in agony or rapture. But the turbulence of these passions only affected himself, and never those about him: he knew the ridicule of his own character, and very effectually raised the mirth of his companions, as well at his vexations as at his triumphs.

How much his company was desired, appears from the extensiveness of his connections, and the number of his friends. Even before he made any figure in the literary world, his friendship was sought by persons of every rank and party. The wits at that time differed a good deal from those who are most eminent for their understanding at present. It would now be thought a very indifferent sign of a writer's good sense, to disclaim his private friends for happening to be of a different party in politics; but it was then otherwise; the Whig wits held the Tory wits in great contempt, and these retaliated in their turn. At the head of one party were Addison, Steele, and Congreve; at that of the other, Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot. Parnell was a friend to both sides, and with a liberality becoming a scholar, scorned all those trifling distinctions, that are noisy for the time, and ridiculous to posterity. Nor did he emancipate himself from these without some opposition from home. Having been the son of a Commonwealth's man, his Tory connections on this side of the water gave his friends in Ireland great offence. They were much enraged to see him keep company with Pope, and Swift, and Gay; they blamed his undistinguishing taste, and wondered what pleasure he could find in the conversation of men who approved the treaty of Utrecht, and disliked the Duke of Marlborough. His conversation is said to have been extremely pleasing; but in what its peculiar excellence consisted is now unknown. The letters which were written to him by his friends, are full of compliments upon his talents as a companion, and his good-nature as a man. I have several of them now before me. Pope was particularly fond of his company, and seems to regret his absence more than any of the rest. A letter from him follows thus:—

"London, July 29 [1716].

"Dear Sir:—I wish it were not as ungenerous as vain to complain too much of a man that forgets me, but I could expostulate with you a whole day upon your inhuman silence: I call it inhuman; nor would you think it less, if you were truly sensible of the uneasiness it gives me. Did I know you so ill as to think you proud, I would be much less concerned than I am able to be, when I know one of the best-natured men alive neglects me; and if you know me so ill as to think amiss of me, with regard to my friendship for you, you really do not deserve half the trouble you occasion me.

"I need not tell you, that both Mr. Gay and myself have written several letters in vain; and that we were constantly enquiring, of all who have

seen Ireland, if they saw you, and that (forgotten as we are) we are every day remembering you in our most agreeable hours. All this is true; as that we are sincerely lovers of you, and deplorers of your absence, and that we form no wish more ardently than that which brings you over to us, and places you in your old seat between us. We have lately had some distant hopes of the Dean's design to revisit England; will not you accompany him? or is England to lose every thing that has any charms for us, and must we pray for banishment as a benediction? I have once been witness of some, I hope all of your splenetic hours: come and be a comforter in your turn to me, in mine.

"I am in such an unsettled state, that I can't tell if I shall ever see you, unless it be this year: whether I do or not, be ever assured, you have as large a share of my thoughts and good wishes as any man, and as great a portion of gratitude in my heart as would enrich a monarch, could he know where to find it. I shall not die without testifying something of this nature, and leaving to the world a memorial of the friendship that has been so great a pleasure and pride to me. It would be like writing my own epitaph, to acquaint you what I have lost since I saw you, what I have done, what I have thought, where I have lived, and where I now repose in obscurity. My friend Jervas, the bearer of this, will inform you of all particulars concerning me; and Mr. Ford is charged with a thousand loves and a thousand commissions to you on my part. They will both tax you with the neglect of some promises which were too agreeable to us all to be forgot: if you care for any of us, tell them so, and write so to me. I can say no more, but that I love you, and am, in spite of the longest neglect or absence, dear sir, your most faithful affectionate friend and servant, "A. POPE.

"Gay is in Devonshire, and from thence he goes to Bath. My father and mother never fail to commemorate you."[1]

Among the number of his most intimate friends was Lord Oxford, whom Pope has so finely complimented upon the delicacy of his choice.

"For him thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For Swift and him despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dext'rous the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit."

Pope himself was not only excessively fond of his company, but under several literary obligations to him for his assistance in the translation of Homer. Gay was obliged to him upon another account; for, being always poor, he was not above receiving from Parnell the copy-money which the latter got for his writings.[2] Several of their letters, now before me, are proofs of

[1] Roscoe's *Pope*, viii. 44, ed. 1847.

[2] Lintot's account book, under the 4th of May, 1717, contains a payment to Gay, of 16*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* (fifteen guineas) for the "Battle of the Frogs."

this; and as they have never appeared before,[1] it is probable the reader will be much better pleased with their idle effusions, than with anything I can hammer out for his amusement.

"Binfield, near Oakingham, Tuesday [October, 1714?].

"DEAR SIR:—I believe the hurry you were in hindered your giving me a word by the last post, so that I am yet to learn whether you got well to town, or continue so there? I very much fear both for your health and your quiet; and no man living can be more truly concerned in anything that touches either than myself. I would comfort myself, however, with hoping, that your business may not be unsuccessful, for your sake; and that at least it may soon be put into other proper hands. For my own, I beg earnestly of you to return to us as soon as possible. You know how very much I want you; and that, however your business may depend on any other, my business depends entirely upon you; and yet still I hope you will find your man, even though I lose you the mean while. At this time, the more I love you, the more I can spare you; which alone will, I dare say, be a reason to you to let me have you back the sooner.

"The minute I lost you, Eustathius with nine hundred pages and nine thousand contradictions of the Greek characters, arose to view! Spondanus with all his auxiliaries, in number a thousand pages (value three shillings), and Dacier's three volumes, Barnes's two, Valterie's three, Cuperus, half in Greek, Leo Allatus, three parts in Greek, Scaliger, Macrobius, and (worse than all) Aulus Gellius! All these rushed upon my soul at once, and whelmed me under a fit of the headache. I cursed them all religiously, damned my best friends among the rest, and even blasphemed Homer himself.

"Dear sir, not only as you are a friend, and a good-natured man, but as you are a Christian and a divine, come back speedily, and prevent the increase of my sins; for, at the rate I have begun to rave, I shall not only damn all the poets and commentators who have gone before me, but be damned myself by all who come after me. To be serious; you have not only left me to the last degree impatient for your return, who at all times should have been so (though never so much as since I knew you in the best health here), but you have wrought several miracles upon our family; you have made old people fond of a young and gay person, and inveterate papists, of a clergyman of the church of England; even nurse herself is in danger of being in love in her old age, and (for all I know) would even marry Dennis for your sake, because he is your man, and loves his master. In short, come down forthwith, or give me good reasons for delaying, though but for a day or two, by the next post. If I find them just, I will come up to you, though you know how precious my time is at present: my hours were never worth so much money before; but perhaps you are not sensible of this, who give away your own works. You are a generous author; I a

[1] They have since been included in Pope's works.

hackney scribbler: you a Grecian, and bred at an university; I a poor Englishman, of my own educating; you a reverend parson, I a wag: in short, you are Dr. Parnelle (with an *e* at the end of your name), and I, your most obliged and affectionate friend and faithful servant, A. POPE.

"My hearty service to the Dean, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Ford, and the true genuine shepherd, J. Gay of Devon. I expect him down with you."[1]

We may easily perceive by this, that Parnell was not a little necessary to Pope in conducting his translation; however, he has worded it so ambiguously, that it is impossible to bring the charge directly against him. But he is much more explicit when he mentions his friend Gay's obligations in another letter, which he takes no pains to conceal.

"DEAR SIR:—I write to you with the same warmth, the same zeal of good-will and friendship, with which I used to converse with you two years ago, and can't think myself absent, when I feel you so much at my heart. The picture of you which Jervas brought me over, is infinitely less lively a representation than that I carry about with me, and which rises to my mind whenever I think of you. I have many an agreeable reverie through those woods and downs where we once rambled together; my head is sometimes at the Bath, and sometimes at Letcombe,[2] where the Dean makes a great part of my imaginary entertainment, this being the cheapest way of treating me; I hope he will not be displeased at this manner of paying my respects to him, instead of following my friend Jervas's example, which, to say the truth, I have as much inclination to do as I want ability.

"I have been ever since December last in greater variety of business than any such men as you (that is, divines and philosophers) can possibly imagine a reasonable creature capable of. Gay's play,[3] among the rest, has cost much time and long-suffering, to stem a tide of malice and party, that certain authors have raised against it; the best revenge on such fellows is now in my hands, I mean your Zoilus, which really transcends the expectation I had conceived of it. I have put it into the press, beginning with the poem Batrachom; for you seem, by the first paragraph of the dedication of it, to design to prefix the name of some particular person. I beg therefore to know for whom you intend it, that the publication may not be delayed on this account, and this as soon as is possible. Inform me also upon what terms I am to deal with the bookseller, and whether you design the copy-money for Gay, as you formerly talked; what number of books you would

[1] Roscoe's *Pope*, viii. 21; ed. 1847.

[2] In Berkshire, whither Swift retreated, when, 1714, the last ministry of Queen Anne was broken up. Mr. Croker's edition of *Pope* will contain a very curious and hitherto unpublished letter from Pope to Arbuthnot, describing a visit, made by Parnell and himself, to Swift at Letcombe.

[3] "Three Hours after Marriage."

have yourself, &c. I scarce see anything to be altered in this whole piece; in the poems you sent I will take the liberty you allow me: the story of Pandora, and the Eclogue upon Health, are two of the most beautiful things I ever read. I do not say this to the prejudice of the rest, but as I have read these oftener. Let me know how far my commission is to extend, and be confident of my punctual performance of whatever you enjoin. I must add a paragraph on this occasion in regard to Mr. Ward, whose verses have been a great pleasure to me; I will contrive they shall be so to the world, whenever I can find a proper opportunity of publishing them.

"I shall very soon print an entire collection of my own madrigals, which I look upon as making my last will and testament, since in it I shall give all I ever intend to give (which I'll beg yours and the Dean's acceptance of). You must look on me no more a poet, but a plain commoner, who lives upon his own, and fears and flatters no man. I hope before I die to discharge the debt I owe to Homer, and get upon the whole just fame enough to serve for an annuity for my own time, though I leave nothing to posterity.

"I beg our correspondence may be more frequent than it has been of late. I am sure my esteem and love for you never more deserved it from you, or more prompted it from you. I desired our friend Jervas (in the greatest hurry of my business) to say a great deal in my name, both to yourself and the Dean, and must once more repeat the assurances to you both, of an unchanging friendship and unalterable esteem. I am, dear Sir, most entirely, your affectionate, faithful, obliged friend and servant,

"A. Pope."[1]

From these letters to Parnell, we may conclude, as far as their testimony can go, that he was an agreeable, a generous, and a sincere man. Indeed, he took care that his friends should always see him to the best advantage; for, when he found his fits of spleen and uneasiness, which sometimes lasted for weeks together, returning, he returned with all expedition to the remote parts of Ireland, and there made out a gloomy kind of satisfaction, in giving hideous descriptions of the solitude to which he retired. It is said of a famous painter, that, being confined in prison for debt, his whole delight consisted in drawing the faces of his creditors in caricature. It was just so with Parnell. From many of his unpublished pieces which I have seen, and from others that have appeared, it would seem, that scarcely a bog in his neighbourhood was left without reproach, *and scarce a mountain rear'd its head unsung.*[2] "I can easily," says Pope, in one of his letters, in answer to a dreary description of Parnell's, "I can easily imagine to my

[1] Roscoe's *Pope*, viii. 48; ed. 1847.

[2] "For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung."
Addison, *A Letter from Italy.*

thoughts the solitary hours of your eremitical life in the mountains, from some parallel to it in my own retirement at Binfield:" and in another place, "We are both miserably enough situated, God knows; but of the two evils, I think the solitudes of the South are to be preferred to the deserts of the West." In this manner Pope answered him in the tone of his own complaints; and these descriptions of the imagined distress of his situation served to give him a temporary relief: they threw off the blame from himself, and laid upon fortune and accident a wretchedness of his own creating.

But though this method of quarrelling in his poems with his situation, served to relieve himself, yet it was not easily endured by the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who did not care to confess themselves his fellow-sufferers. He received many mortifications upon that account among them; for, being naturally fond of company, he could not endure to be without even theirs, which, however, among his English friends he pretended to despise. In fact, his conduct, in this particular, was rather splenetic than wise; he had either lost the art to engage, or did not employ his skill in securing those more permanent, though more humble connexions, and sacrificed for a month or two in England, a whole year's happiness by his country fireside at home.

However, what he permitted the world to see of his life was elegant and splendid; his fortune (for a poet) was very considerable, and it may easily be supposed he lived to the very extent of it. The fact is, his expenses were greater than his income, and his successor found the estate somewhat impaired at his decease. As soon as ever he had collected in his annual revenues, he immediately set out for England, to enjoy the company of his dearest friends, and laugh at the more prudent world that were minding business and gaining money. The friends to whom, during the latter part of his life, he was chiefly attached, were Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Jervas, and Gay. Among these he was particularly happy; his mind was entirely at ease, and gave a loose to every harmless folly that came uppermost. Indeed, it was a society in which, of all others, a wise man might be most foolish, without incurring any danger or contempt. Perhaps the reader will be pleased to see a letter to him from a part of this junto, as there is something striking even in the levities of genius. It comes from Gay, Jervas, Arbuthnot, and Pope, assembled at a chop-house near the Exchange, and is as follows:—

[1715-16.]

"My dear Sir:—I was last summer in Devonshire, and am this winter at Mrs. Bonyer's. In the summer I wrote a poem,[1] and in the winter I have published it, which I have sent to you by Dr. Ellwood. In the summer I ate two dishes of toad-stools, of my own gathering, instead of mushrooms; and in the winter I have been sick with wine, as I am at this time, blessed be God for it! as I must bless God for all things. In the

[1] His *Trivia; or the Art of Walking the Streets of London*, published in 1715-16.

summer I spoke truth to damsels; in the winter I told lies to ladies. Now you know where I have been, and what I have done, I shall tell you what I intend to do the ensuing summer; I propose to do the same thing I did last, which was to meet you in any part of England you would appoint; don't let me have two disappointments. I have longed to hear from you, and to that intent I teased you with three or four letters; but, having no answer, I feared both your's and my letters might have miscarried. I hope my performance will please the Dean, whom I often wish for, and to whom I would have often wrote, but for the same reasons I neglected writing to you. I hope I need not tell you how I love you, and how glad I shall be to hear from you; which, next to seeing you, would be the greatest satisfaction to your most affectionate friend and humble servant,

"J. G."[1]

"DEAR MR. ARCHDEACON:—Though my proportion of this epistle should be but a sketch in miniature, yet I take up this half page, having paid my club with the good company both for our dinner of chops and for this paper. The poets will give you lively descriptions in their way; I shall only acquaint you with that which is directly my province. I have just set the last hand to a couplet; for so I may call two nymphs in one piece. They are Pope's favourites, and though few, you will guess must have cost me more pains than any nymphs can be worth. He has been so unreasonable as to expect that I should have made them as beautiful upon canvas, as he has done upon paper. If this same Mr. P. should omit to write for the dear Frogs, and the Pervigilium, I must entreat you not to let me languish for them, as I have done ever since they crossed the seas: remember by what neglects, &c. we missed them when we lost you, and therefore I have not yet forgiven any of those triflers that let them escape and run those hazards. I am going on at the old rate, and want you and the Dean prodigiously, and am in hopes of making you a visit this summer, and of hearing from you both, now you are together. Fortescue, I am sure, will be concerned that he is not in Cornhill, to set his hand to these presents, not only as a witness, but as a *serviteur très-humble*.

"C. JERVAS."

"It is so great an honour to a poor Scotchman to be remembered at this time of day, especially by an inhabitant of the Glacialis Ierne, that I take it very thankfully, and have, with my good friends, remembered you at our table in the chop-house in Exchange Alley. There wanted nothing to complete our happiness but your company, and our dear friend the Dean's. I am sure the whole entertainment would have been to his relish. Gay has got so much money by his 'Art of Walking the Streets,' that he is ready to set up his equipage: he is just going to the Bank to negociate some exchange-bills. Mr. Pope delays his second volume of his Homer till the

[1] This letter of Gay's is not included in the copy printed in Pope's Works. *See* Roscoe's *Pope*, viii. 32; ed. 1847.

martial spirit of the rebels is quite quelled; it being judged that the first part did some harm that way. Our love again and again to the dear Dean. *Fuimus Tories*, I can say no more.

"ARBUTHNOT."

"When a man is conscious that he does no good himself, the next thing is to cause others to do some. I may claim some merit this way, in hastening this testimonial from your friends above-writing: their love to you indeed wants no spur, their ink wants no pen, their pen wants no hand, their hand wants no heart, and so forth (after the manner of Rabelais; which is betwixt some meaning and no meaning); and yet it may be said, when present thought and opportunity is wanting, their pens want ink, their hands want pens, their hearts want hands, &c. till time, place, and conveniency, concur to set them writing, as at present, a sociable meeting, a good dinner, warm fire, and an easy situation do, to the joint labour and pleasure of this epistle.

"Wherein if I should say nothing I should say much (much being included in my love), though my love be such, that, if I should say much, I should yet say nothing, it being (as Cowley says) equally impossible either to conceal or to express it.

"If I were to tell you the thing I wish above all things, it is to see you again; the next is to see here your treatise of Zoilus, with the Batrachomuomachia, and the Pervigilium Veneris, both which poems are masterpieces in several kinds; and I question not the prose is as excellent in its sort as the Essay on Homer. Nothing can be more glorious to that great author, than that the same hand that raised his best statue, and decked it with its old laurels, should also hang up the scarecrow of his miserable critic, and gibbet up the carcase of Zoilus, to the terror of the witlings of posterity. More, and much more, upon this and a thousand other subjects, will be the matter of my next letter, wherein I must open all the friend to you. At this time I must be content with telling you, I am faithfully your most affectionate and humble servant,

"A. POPE."

If we regard this letter with a critical eye, we shall find it indifferent enough; if we consider it as a mere effusion of friendship, in which every writer contended in affection, it will appear much to the honour of those who wrote it. To be mindful of an absent friend in the hours of mirth and feasting, when his company is least wanted, shows no slight degree of sincerity. Yet probably there was still another motive for writing thus to him in conjunction. The above named, together with Swift and Parnell, had some time before formed themselves into a society, called the Scriblerus Club, and I should suppose they commemorated him thus, as being an absent member.

It is past a doubt that they wrote many things in conjunction, and Gay usually held the pen; and yet I do not remember any productions which

were the joint effort of this society, as doing it honour. There is something feeble and quaint in all their attempts, as if company repressed thought, and genius wanted solitude for its boldest and happiest exertions. Of those productions in which Parnell had a principal share, that of the Origin of the Sciences from the Monkeys in Ethiopia is particularly mentioned by Pope himself, in some manuscript anecdotes which he left behind him.[1] The Life of Homer, also, prefixed to the translation of the Iliad, is written by Parnell and corrected by Pope; and, as that great poet assures us in the same place, this correction was not effected without great labour. "It is still stiff," says he, "and was written still stiffer; as it is, I verily think it cost me more pains in the correcting than the writing it would have done."[2] All this may be easily credited; for every thing of Parnell's that has appeared in prose, is written in a very awkward, inelegant manner. It is true, his productions teem with imagination, and shew great learning; but they want that ease and sweetness for which his poetry is so much admired, and the language is also most shamefully incorrect. Yet, though all this must be allowed, Pope should have taken care not to leave his errors upon record against him, or put it in the power of envy to tax his friend with faults that do not appear in what he has left to the world. A poet has a right to expect the same secrecy in his friend as in his confessor; the sins he discovers are not divulged for punishment but pardon. Indeed, Pope is almost inexcusable in this instance, as what he seems to condemn in one place he very much applauds in another. In one of the letters from him to Parnell, above-mentioned, he treats the Life of Homer with much greater respect, and seems to say, that the prose is excellent in its kind. It must be confessed, however, that he is by no means inconsistent: what he says in both places may very easily be reconciled to truth; but who can defend his candour and his sincerity?

It would be hard, however, to suppose that there was no real friendship between these great men. The benevolence of Parnell's disposition remains unimpeached; and Pope, though subject to starts of passion and envy, yet never missed an opportunity of being truly serviceable to him. The commerce between them was carried on to the common interest of both. When Pope had a Miscellany to publish, he applied to Parnell for poetical assistance, and the latter as implicitly submitted to him for correction. Thus they mutually advanced each other's interest or fame, and grew stronger by conjunction. Nor was Pope the only person to whom Parnell had recourse for assistance. We learn from Swift's letters to Stella, that he submitted his pieces to all his friends, and readily adopted their alterations. Swift, among the number, was very useful to him in that particular; and care has been taken that the world should not remain ignorant of the obligation.

[1] Pope told Spence that "'The Origin of the Sciences from the Monkeys in Ethiopia,' was written by himself, Dean Parnell, and Dr. Arbuthnot."—Pope in Spence by Singer, p. 201.

[2] Spence, by Singer, p. 138.

But in the connexion of wits, interest has generally very little share; they have only pleasure in view, and can seldom find it but among each other. The Scriblerus Club, when the members were in town, were seldom asunder; and they often made excursions together into the country, and generally on foot. Swift was usually the butt of the company; and if a trick was played, he was always the sufferer. The whole party once agreed to walk down to the house of Lord B——,[1] who is still living, and whose seat is about twelve miles from town.[2] As every one agreed to make the best of his way, Swift, who was remarkable for walking, soon left the rest behind him, fully resolved, upon his arrival, to chuse the very best bed for himself; for that was his custom. In the mean time, Parnell was determined to prevent his intentions, and taking horse, arrived at Lord B——'s by another way, long before him. Having apprised his lordship of Swift's design, it was resolved, at any rate, to keep him out of the house! but how to effect this was the question. Swift never had the small-pox, and was very much afraid of catching it; as soon, therefore, as he appeared, striding along at a distance from the house, one of his lordship's servants was despatched to inform him that the small-pox was then making great ravages in the family, but that there was a summer-house with a field-bed at his service, at the end of the garden. There the disappointed Dean was obliged to retire, and take a cold supper that was sent out to him, while the rest were feasting within. However, at last they took compassion on him; and, upon his promising never to chuse the best bed again, they permitted him to make one of the company.

There is something satisfactory in these accounts of the follies of the wise: they give a natural air to the picture, and reconcile us to our own. There have been few poetical societies more talked of, or productive of a greater variety of whimsical conceits, than this of the Scriblerus Club; but how long it lasted I cannot exactly determine. The whole of Parnell's poetical existence was not of more than eight or ten years' continuance. His first excursions to England began about the year 1706, and he died in the year 1717:[3] so that it is probable the club began with him, and his death ended the connexion. Indeed, the festivity of his conversation, the benevolence of his heart, and the generosity of his temper, were qualities that might serve to cement any society, and that could hardly be replaced when he was taken away. During the two or three last years of his life, he was more fond of company than ever, and could scarce bear to be alone. The death of his wife, it is said, was a loss to him that he was unable to support or recover. From that time he could never venture to court the muse in solitude; where he was sure to find the image of her who first inspired his attempts. He began therefore to throw himself into every company, and to seek from wine, if not relief, at least insensibility. Those helps that sorrow first

[1] Earl Bathurst died 1775.

[2] Riskings near Colnbrook, in Buckinghamshire. Goldsmith has understated its distance from London.

[3] *See* Note at p. 359.

called for assistance, habit soon rendered necessary, and he died before his fortieth year, in some measure a martyr to conjugal fidelity.[1]

Thus, in the space of a very few years, Parnell attained a share of fame, equal to what most of his contemporaries were a long life in acquiring. He is only to be considered as a poet; and the universal esteem in which his poems are held, and the reiterated pleasure they give in the perusal, are a sufficient test of their merit. He appears to me to be the last of that great school that had modelled itself upon the ancients, and taught English poetry to resemble what the generality of mankind have allowed to excel. A studious and correct observer of antiquity, he set himself to consider nature with the lights it lent him; and he found that the more aid he borrowed from the one, the more delightfully he resembled the other. To copy nature is a task the most bungling workman is able to execute; to select such parts as contribute to delight, is reserved only for those whom accident has blest with uncommon talents, or such as have read the ancients with indefatigable industry. Parnell is ever happy in the selection of his images, and scrupulously careful in the choice of his subjects. His productions bear no resemblance to those tawdry things which it has for some time been the fashion to admire; in writing which the poet sits down without any plan, and heaps up splendid images without any selection; where the reader grows dizzy with praise and admiration, and yet soon grows weary, he can scarcely tell why. Our poet, on the contrary, gives out his beauties with a more sparing hand; he is still carrying his reader forward, and just gives him refreshment sufficient to support him to his journey's end. At the end of his course, the reader regrets that his way has been so short; he wonders that it gave him so little trouble, and so resolves to go the journey over again.

His poetical language is not less correct than his subjects are pleasing. He found it at that period in which it was brought to its highest pitch of refinement; and ever since his time it has been gradually debasing. It is indeed amazing, after what has been done by Dryden, Addison, and Pope, to improve and harmonise our native tongue, that their successors should have taken so much pains to involve it in pristine barbarity. These misguided innovators have not been content with restoring antiquated words and phrases, but have indulged themselves in the most licentious transpositions and the harshest constructions, vainly imagining, that the more their writings are unlike prose, the more they resemble poetry: they have adopted a language of their own, and call upon mankind for admiration. All those who do not understand them are silent, and those who make out their meaning are willing to praise, to show they understand. From these follies and affectations the poems of Parnell are entirely free: he has considered the language of poetry as the language of life, and conveys the warmest thoughts in the simplest expression.

[1] Compare Ruffhead's Pope, p. 492; Spence, by Singer, p. 139; Johnson in his *Life of Parnell*, and Boswell, by Croker; ed. 1847, p. 546.

Parnell has written several poems besides those published by Pope; and some of them have been made public with very little credit to his reputation. There are still many more that have not yet seen the light, in the possession of Sir John Parnell, his nephew; who, from that laudable zeal which he has for his uncle's reputation, will probably be slow in publishing what he may even suspect will do it injury. Of those which are usually inserted in his works, some are indifferent, and some moderately good, but the greater part are excellent. A slight stricture on the most striking shall conclude this account, which I have already drawn out to a disproportioned length.

"Hesiod, or the Rise of Woman," is a very fine illustration of a hint from Hesiod. It was one of his earliest productions, and first appeared in a miscellany published by Tonson. Of the three songs that follow, two of them were written upon the lady he afterwards married: they were the genuine dictates of his passion, but are not excellent in their kind.

The Anacreontic, beginning with, "When Spring came on with fresh delight," is taken from a French poet whose name I forget, and, as far as I am able to judge of the French language, is better than the original. The Anacreontic that follows, "Gay Bacchus," &c., is also a translation of a Latin poem, by Aurelius Augurellus, an Italian poet,[1] beginning with,

"Invitat olim Bacchus ad cænam suos
Comum, Jocum, Cupidinem."

Parnell, when he translated it, applied the characters to some of his friends; and as it was written for their entertainment, it probably gave them more pleasure than it has given the public in the perusal. It seems to have more spirit than the original; but it is extraordinary that it was published as an original and not as a translation. Pope should have acknowledged it, as he knew. The "Fairy Tale" is incontestably one of the finest pieces in any language. The old dialect is not perfectly well preserved; but this is a very slight defect, where all the rest is so excellent.

The "Pervigilium Veneris" (which, by the by, does not belong to Catullus,) is very well versified; and in general all Parnell's translations are excellent. The "Battle of the Frogs and Mice," which follows, is done as well as the subject would admit; but there is a defect in the translation, which sinks it below the original, and which it was impossible to remedy,—I mean the names of the combatants, which in the Greek bear a ridiculous allusion to their natures, have no force to the English reader.[2] A bacon-eater was a good name for a mouse, and Pternotractas in Greek was a very good sounding word, that conveyed that meaning. Puff-cheek would sound odiously as a name for a frog, and yet Physignathos does admirably well in the original.

[1] "He [Goldsmith] ought to have remarked that the latter part is purely Parnell's."—JOHNSON, *Life of Parnell.*

[2] "Goldsmith has very properly remarked, that in the *Battle of the Frogs and Mice* the Greek names have not in English their original effect."—JOHNSON, *Life of Parnell.*

The "Letter to Mr. Pope" is one of the finest compliments that ever was paid to any poet; the description of his situation at the end of it is very fine, but far from being true. That part of it where he deplores his being far from wit and learning, as being far from Pope, gave particular offence to his friends at home. Mr. Coote, a gentleman in his neighbourhood, who thought that he himself had wit, was very much displeased with Parnell for casting his eyes so far off for a learned friend, when he could so conveniently be supplied at home.

The translation of a part of "The Rape of the Lock" into monkish verse, serves to show what a master Parnell was of the Latin: a copy of verses made in this manner is one of the most difficult trifles that can possibly be imagined. I am assured that it was written upon the following occasion. Before "The Rape of the Lock" was yet completed, Pope was reading it to his friend Swift, who sat very attentively, while Parnell, who happened to be in the house, went in and out, without seeming to take any notice. However, he was very diligently employed in listening, and was able, from the strength of his memory, to bring away the whole description of the Toilet pretty exactly. This he versified in the manner now published in his works; and the next day, when Pope was reading the poem to some friends, Parnell insisted that he had stolen that part of the description from an old monkish manuscript. An old paper with the Latin verses was soon brought forth, and it was not till after some time that Pope was delivered from the confusion which it at first produced.[1]

The "Book-worm" is another unacknowledged translation, from a Latin poem by Beza. It was the fashion with the wits of the last age, to conceal the places whence they took their hints or their subjects. A trifling acknowledgment would have made that lawful prize, which may now be considered as plunder.

The "Night Piece on Death" deserves every praise, and I should suppose, with very little amendment, might be made to surpass all those night pieces and church-yard scenes[2] that have since appeared. But the poem of Parnell's best known, and on which his best reputation is grounded, is "The Hermit." Pope, speaking of this in those manuscript anecdotes already quoted,[3] says that "the poem is very good. The story," continues he, "was written originally in Spanish, whence probably Howel had trans-

[1] "Mr. Harte told me that Dryden had been imposed on by a similar little stratagem. One of his friends translated into Latin verse, printed, and pasted on the bottom of an old hat-box, that celebrated passage, 'To die is landing on some silent shore,' &c. and that Dryden, on opening the box, was alarmed and amazed."—JOSEPH WARTON.

[2] "The *Night Piece on Death* is indirectly preferred by Goldsmith to Gray's *Churchyard;* but in my opinion, Gray has the advantage in dignity, variety, and originality of sentiment."—JOHNSON, *Life of Parnell.*

[3] Goldsmith alludes to Spence's *Collection*, then (1770) unpublished, though seen and used in part by Joseph Warton. *See* Spence, by Singer, p. 139.

lated it into prose, and inserted it in one of his letters."[1] However this may be, Dr. Henry More, in his dialogues, has the very same story; and I have been informed by some, that it is originally of Arabian invention.

With respect to the prose works of Parnell, I have mentioned them already; his fame is too well grounded for any defects in them to shake it. I will only add that the Life of Zoilus was written at the request of his friends, and designed as a satire upon Dennis and Theobald, with whom his Club had long been at variance. I shall end this account with a letter to him from Pope and Gay, in which they endeavoured to hasten him to finish that production.

"London, March 18, 1715.[2]

"Dear Sir:—I must own I have long owed you a letter, but you must own you have owed me one a good deal longer. Besides, I have but two people in the whole kingdom of Ireland to take care of; the Dean and you: but you have several, who complain of your neglect in England. Mr. Gay complains, Mr. Harcourt complains, Mr. Jervas complains, Dr. Arbuthnot complains, my Lord complains, I complain. (Take notice of this figure of iteration, when you make your next sermon.) Some say you are in deep discontent at the new turn of affairs; others, that you are so much in the archbishop's good graces, that you will not correspond with any that have seen the last ministry. Some affirm you have quarrelled with Pope (whose friends they observe daily fall from him, on account of his satirical and comical disposition); others, that you are insinuating yourself into the opinion of the ingenious 'Mr. What-do-ye-call-him.' Some think you are preparing your Sermons for the press, and others, that you will transform them into essays and moral discourses. But the only excuse that I will allow, is your attention to the Life of Zoilus. The Frogs already seem to croak for their transportation to England, and are sensible how much that doctor is cursed and hated, who introduced their species into your nation; therefore, as you dread the wrath of St. Patrick, send them hither, and rid the kingdom of those pernicious and loquacious animals.

"I have at length received your poem out of Mr. Addison's hands, which shall be sent as soon as you order it, and in what manner you shall appoint. I shall in the meantime give Mr. Tooke a packet for you, consisting of divers merry pieces. Mr. Gay's new farce,[3] Mr. Burnet's Letter to Mr. Pope, Mr. Pope's Temple of Fame, Mr. Thomas Burnet's Grumbler on Mr. Gay, and the Bishop of Ailsbury's Elegy, written either by Mr. Cary or some other hand.

"Mr. Pope is reading a letter; and in the mean time, I make use of the pen to testify my uneasiness in not hearing from you. I find success, even

[1] Here the text adds: "Addison liked the scheme, and was not disinclined to come into it." But the passage (it is said by Pope) has no meaning here.

[2] The editors of Pope affix the date "May 1715" to this Letter. Goldsmith, it is evident, copies the original letter.

[3] *What d'ye Call it*, acted for the first time 23rd Feb. 1715.

in the most trivial things, raises the indignation of Scribblers: for I, for my 'What-d'-ye-call-it,' could neither escape the fury of Mr. Burnet, or the German Doctor; then where will rage end, when Homer is to be translated? Let Zoilus hasten to your friend's assistance, and envious criticism shall be no more. I am in hopes that we may order our affairs so as to meet this summer at the Bath; for Mr. Pope and myself have thoughts of taking a trip thither. You shall preach, and we will write lampoons; for it is esteemed as great an honour to leave the Bath for fear of a broken head, as for a Terræ Filius of Oxford to be expelled. I have no place at court; therefore, that I may not entirely be without one every-where, shew that I have a place in your remembrance. Yours, &c.

"A. Pope, and J. Gay."

"Homer will be published in three weeks."[1]

*** I cannot finish this trifle without returning my sincerest acknowledgments to Sir John Parnell, for the generous assistance he was pleased to give me, in furnishing me with many materials, when he heard I was about writing the life of his uncle; as also to Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, relations of our poet; and to my very good friend Mr. Steevens,[2] who, being an ornament to letters himself, is very ready to assist all the attempts of others.

[1] The first volume of the *Iliad* was published in June 1715.

[2] George Steevens.

THE LIFE

OF

HENRY ST. JOHN.

LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

London:
Printed for T. Davies, in Russel Street, Covent Garden.
MDCCLXX.
[8vo. pp. 113.]

THIS hurried and imperfect biography was prefixed to an edition of the once celebrated *Dissertation on Parties*, published by Davies in 1770. It also appeared the same year as a separate publication, and in 1774 was prefixed to an edition of Bolingbroke's Works.

The *Life of Bolingbroke* appeared anonymously.

The amplest *Life of Lord Bolingbroke* is that by George Wingrove Cooke; 2 vols. 8vo., 1835; but it is poorly written.

LIFE OF LORD BOLINGBROKE.

THERE are some characters that seem formed by nature to take delight in struggling with opposition, and whose most agreeable hours are passed in storms of their own creating. The subject of the present sketch was, perhaps, of all others, the most indefatigable in raising himself enemies, to show his power in subduing them; and was not less employed in improving his superior talents than in finding objects on which to exercise their activity. His life was spent in a continual conflict of politics; and, as if that was too short for the combat, he has left his memory as a subject of lasting contention.

It is, indeed, no easy matter to preserve an acknowledged impartiality, in talking of a man so differently regarded on account of his political as well as his religious principles. Those whom his politics may please, will be sure to condemn him for his religion; and on the contrary, those most strongly attached to his theological opinions, are the most likely to decry his politics. On whatever side he is regarded, he is sure to have opposers; and this was perhaps what he most desired, having, from nature, a mind better pleased with the struggle than the victory.

Henry St. John, Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, was born in the year 1672,[1] at Battersea, in Surrey, at a seat that had been in the possession of his ancestors for ages before. His family was of the first rank, equally conspicuous for its antiquity, dignity, and large possessions. It is found to trace its original as high as Adam de Port, Baron of Basing, in Hampshire, before the Conquest; and in a succession of ages, to have produced warriors, patriots, and statesmen, some of whom were conspicuous for their loyalty, and others for their defending the rights of the people. His grandfather, Sir Walter St. John, of Battersea, married one of the daughters of Lord Chief Justice St. John, who, as all know, was strongly attached to the republican party. Henry, the subject of the present Memoir, was brought

[1] Goldsmith copies the received accounts. It appears, however, by the parish Register of Battersea that Lord Bolingbroke was baptized 10th October 1678. His age as stated on his monument also agrees with the entry of his baptism in the Register.

up in his family, and consequently imbibed the first principles of his education amongst the dissenters. At that time, Daniel Burgess, a fanatic of a very peculiar kind, being at once possessed of zeal and humour, and as well known for the archness of his conceits as the furious obstinacy of his principles, was confessor in the presbyterian way to his grandmother, and was appointed to direct our author's first studies. Nothing is so apt to disgust a feeling mind as mistaken zeal; and, perhaps, the absurdity of the first lectures he received might have given him that contempt for all religions, which he might justly have conceived against one. Indeed, no task can be more mortifying than what he was condemned to undergo: "I was obliged," says he, in one place, "while yet a boy, to read over the commentaries of Dr. Manton, whose pride it was to have made a hundred and nineteen sermons on the hundred and nineteenth psalm." Dr. Manton and his sermons were not likely to prevail much on one who was, perhaps, the most sharp-sighted in the world at discovering the absurdities of others, however he might have been guilty of establishing many of his own.

But these dreary institutions were of no very long continuance; as soon as it was fit to take him out of the hands of the women, he was sent to Eton School, and removed thence to Christ-church College, in Oxford. His genius and understanding were seen and admired in both these seminaries; but his love of pleasure had so much the ascendancy, that he seemed contented rather with the consciousness of his own great powers than their exertion. However, his friends, and those who knew him most intimately, were thoroughly sensible of the extent of his mind; and when he left the university, he was considered as one who had the fairest opportunity of making a shining figure in active life.

Nature seemed not less kind to him in her external embellishments than in adorning his mind. With the graces of a handsome person, and a face in which dignity was happily blended with sweetness, he had a manner of address that was very engaging. His vivacity was always awake, his apprehension was quick, his wit refined, and his memory amazing: his subtlety in thinking and reasoning was profound; and all these talents were adorned with an elocution that was irresistible.

To the assemblage of so many gifts from nature, it was expected that art would soon give her finishing hand; and that a youth, begun in excellence, would soon arrive at perfection: but such is the perverseness of human nature, that an age which should have been employed in the acquisition of knowledge was dissipated in pleasure; and instead of aiming to excel in praiseworthy pursuits, Bolingbroke seemed more ambitious of being thought the greatest rake about town. This period might have been compared to that of fermentation in liquors, which grow muddy before they brighten; but it must also be confessed, that those liquors which never ferment are seldom clear.[1] In this state of disorder, he was not without his lucid intervals; and even while he was noted for keeping Miss Gumley, the most expensive

[1] *See* vol. ii. p. 40.

prostitute in the kingdom, and bearing the greatest quantity of wine without intoxication, he even then despised his paltry ambition. "The love of study," says he, "and desire of knowledge, were what I felt all my life; and though my genius, unlike the demon of Socrates, whispered so softly, that very often I heard him not in the hurry of those passions with which I was transported, yet some calmer hours there were, and in them I hearkened to him." These sacred admonitions were indeed very few; since his excesses are remembered to this very day. I have spoken to an old man, who assured me, that he saw him and one of his companions run naked through the Park in a fit of intoxication; but then it was a time when public decency might be transgressed with less danger than at present.

During this period, as all his attachments were to pleasure, so his studies only seemed to lean that way. His first attempts were in poetry, in which he discovers more wit than taste, more labour than harmony in his versification. We have a copy of his verses prefixed to Dryden's Virgil, complimenting the poet, and praising his translation. We have another, not so well known, prefixed to a French work, published in Holland by the Chevalier de St. Hyacinth, entitled, "Le Chef d'Œuvre d'un Inconnu." This performance is a humorous piece of criticism upon a miserable old ballad; and Bolingbroke's compliment, though written in English, is printed in Greek characters, so that at the first glance it may deceive the eye, and be mistaken for real Greek. There are two or three things more of his composition, which have appeared since his death, but which neither do honour to his parts or memory.

In this mad career of pleasure he continued for some time; but at length, in 1700, when he arrived at the twenty-eighth year of his age,[1] he began to take a dislike to his method of living, and to find that sensual pleasure alone was not sufficient to make the happiness of a reasonable creature. He therefore made his first effort to break from his state of infatuation, by marrying the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Henry Winchescomb, a descendant from the famous Jack of Newbury, who, though but a clothier in the reign of Henry VIII., was able to entertain the King and all his retinue in the most splendid manner. This lady was possessed of a fortune exceeding forty thousand pounds, and was not deficient in mental accomplishments; but whether he was not yet fully satiated with his former pleasures, or whether her temper was not conformable to his own, it is certain they were far from living happily together. After cohabiting for some time together, they parted by mutual consent, both equally displeased; he complaining of the obstinacy of her temper, she of the shamelessness of his infidelity. A great part of her fortune some time after, upon his attainder, was given her back; but, as her family estates were settled upon him, he enjoyed them after her death, upon the reversal of his attainder.

Having taken a resolution to quit the allurements of pleasure for the stronger attractions of ambition, soon after his marriage he procured a seat

[1] No; twenty-second. *See* p. 123.

in the House of Commons, being elected for the borough of Wotton-Basset in Wiltshire, his father having served several times for the same place. Besides his natural endowments and his large fortune, he had other very considerable advantages that gave him weight in the senate, and seconded his views of preferment. His grandfather, Sir Walter St. John, was still alive;[1] and that gentleman's interest was so great in his own county of Wilts, that he represented it in two Parliaments in a former reign. His father, also, was then the representative for the same; and the interest of his wife's family in the House was very extensive. Thus Bolingbroke took his seat with many accidental helps; but his chief and great resource lay in his own extensive abilities.

At that time the Whig and the Tory parties were strongly opposed in the House, and pretty nearly balanced. In the latter years of King William, the Tories, who from every motive were opposed to the court, had been gaining popularity, and now began to make a public stand against their competitors. Robert Harley, afterwards earl of Oxford, a staunch and confirmed Tory, was, in the year 1700, chosen Speaker of the House of Commons, and was continued in the same upon the accession of Queen Anne, the year ensuing. Bolingbroke had all along been bred up, as was before observed, among the Dissenters; his friends leaned to that persuasion, and all his connections were in the Whig interest. However, either from principle, or from perceiving the Tory party to be then gaining ground, while the Whigs were declining, he soon changed his connections, and joined himself to Harley, for whom then he had the greatest esteem; nor did he bring him his vote alone, but his opinion, which, even before the end of his first session, he rendered very considerable, the House perceiving even in so young a speaker the greatest eloquence, united with the profoundest discernment. The year following he was again chosen anew for the same borough, and persevered in his former attachments, by which he gained such an authority and influence in the House, that it was thought proper to reward his merit; and, on the 10th of April, 1704, he was appointed Secretary at War and of the Marine; his friend Harley having a little before been made Secretary of State.

The Tory party being thus established in power, it may easily be supposed that every method would be used to depress the Whig interest, and to prevent it from rising; yet so much justice was done even to merit in an enemy, that the Duke of Marlborough, who might be considered as at the head of the opposite party, was supplied with all the necessaries for carrying on the war in Flanders with vigour; and it is remarkable, that the greatest events of his campaign, such as the battles of Blenheim and Ramillies, and several glorious attempts made by the duke to shorten the war by some decisive action, fell out while Bolingbroke was Secretary at War. In fact, he was a sincere admirer of that great general, and avowed it upon all occasions, to the last moment of his life: he knew his faults, he

[1] Sir Walter St. John was buried at Battersea, 9 July 1708. He died aged 87.

admired his virtues, and had the boast of being instrumental in giving lustre to those triumphs, by which his own power was in a manner overthrown.

As the affairs of the nation were then in as fluctuating a state as at present, Harley, after maintaining the lead for above three years, was in his turn obliged to submit to the Whigs, who once more became the prevailing party, and he was compelled to resign the seals. The friendship between him and Bolingbroke seemed at this time to have been sincere and disinterested; for the latter chose to follow his fortune, and the next day resigned his employments in the administration, following his friend's example, and setting an example at once of integrity and moderation.[1] As an instance of this, when his coadjutors, the Tories, were for carrying a violent measure in the House of Commons, in order to bring the Princess Sophia into England, Bolingbroke so artfully opposed it, that it dropt without a debate. For this his moderation was praised, but perhaps at the expense of his sagacity.

For some time the Whigs seemed to have gained a complete triumph, and upon the election of a new Parliament, in the year 1708, Bolingbroke was not returned. The interval which followed, of above two years, he employed in the severest study; and this recluse period he ever after used to consider as the most active and serviceable of his whole life. But his retirement was soon interrupted by the prevailing of his party once more: for the Whig parliament being dissolved in the year 1710, he was again chosen; and Harley being made Chancellor and Under-treasurer of the Exchequer, the important post of Secretary of State was given to our author, in which he discovered a degree of genius and assiduity, that perhaps have never been known to be united in one person to the same degree.

The English annals scarcely produce a more trying juncture, or one that required such various abilities to regulate. He was then placed in a sphere where he was obliged to conduct the machine of state, struggling with a thousand various calamities; a desperate and enraged party, whose characteristic it has ever been to bear none in power but themselves; a war conducted by an able general, his professed opponent, and whose victories only tended to render him every day more formidable; a foreign enemy, possessed of endless resources, and seeming to gather strength from every

1. "Soon after Lord Bolingbroke resigned the office of Secretary at War in 1707-8, he was telling some of his friends, over a bottle, that he would retire into the country, and lead there a philosophic life for the remainder of his days; on which it is said, Lord Lansdowne made extempore the following lines:—

'From business and the noisy town retir'd
Nor vex'd with love, nor with ambition fir'd,
Patient he'll wait till Charon bring his boat,
Still drinking like a fish and amorous as a goat.'"

—MS. note in a volume in the library of the Earl of Cawdor, by an ancestor of that nobleman.

defeat; an insidious alliance, that wanted only to gain the advantage of victory, without contributing to the expenses of the combat; a weak declining mistress, that was led by every report, and seemed ready to listen to whatever was said against him; still more, a gloomy, indolent, and suspicious colleague, that envied his power, and hated him for his abilities: these were a part of the difficulties that Bolingbroke had to struggle with in office, and under which he was to conduct the treaty of the peace of Utrecht, which was considered as one of the most complicated negociations that history can afford. But nothing seemed too great for his abilities and industry: he set himself to the undertaking with spirit: he began to pave the way to the intended treaty, by making the people discontented at the continuance of the war. For this purpose he employed himself in drawing up accurate computations of the numbers of our own men, and that of foreigners, employed in its destructive progress: he even wrote in the Examiners, and other periodical papers of the times, showing how much of the burden rested upon England, and how little was sustained by those who falsely boasted their alliance.

By these means, and after much debate in the House of Commons, the Queen received a petition from Parliament, showing the hardships the allies had put upon England in carrying on this war, and consequently how necessary it was to apply relief to so ill-judged a connexion. It may be easily supposed that the Dutch, against whom this petition was chiefly levelled, did all that was in their power to oppose it; many of the foreign courts also, with whom he had any transactions, were continually at work to defeat the minister's intentions. Memorial was delivered after memorial; the people of England, the Parliament, and all Europe, were made acquainted with the injustice and the dangers of such a proceeding: however, Bolingbroke went on with steadiness and resolution; and although the attacks of his enemies at home might have been deemed sufficient to employ his attention, yet he was obliged, at the same time that he furnished materials to the press in London, to furnish instructions to all our ministers and ambassadors abroad, who would do nothing but in pursuance of his directions. As an orator in the senate, he exerted all his eloquence: he stated all the great points that were brought before the house: he answered the objections that were made by the leaders of the opposition; and all this with such success, that even his enemies, while they opposed his power, acknowledged his abilities. Indeed, such were the difficulties he had to encounter, that we find him acknowledging himself, some years after, that he never looked back on this great event, passed as it was, without a secret emotion of mind, when he compared the vastness of the undertaking, and the importance of the success, with the means employed to bring it about, and with those which were employed to frustrate his intentions.

While he was thus industriously employed, he was not without the rewards that deserved to follow such abilities, joined to so much assiduity. In July, 1712, he was created Baron St. John of Lidyard Tregoze in Wiltshire, and Viscount Bolingbroke; by the last of which titles he is now

generally known, and is likely to be talked of by posterity: he was also the same year appointed Lord Lieutenant of the county of Essex. By the titles of Tregoze and Bolingbroke, he united the honours of the elder and younger branch of his family; and thus transmitted into one channel the opposing interest of two races, that had been distinguished, one for their loyalty to King Charles I., the other for their attachment to the Parliament that opposed him. It was afterwards his boast, that he steered clear of the extremes for which his ancestors had been distinguished; having kept the spirit of freedom of the one, and acknowledged the subordination that distinguished the other.

Bolingbroke, being thus raised very near the summit of power, began to perceive more nearly the defects of him who was placed there. He now began to find, that Lord Oxford, whose party he had followed, and whose person he had esteemed, was by no means so able or so industrious as he supposed him to be. He now began from his heart to renounce the friendship which he once had for his coadjutor; he began to imagine him treacherous, mean, indolent, and invidious; he even began to ascribe his own promotion to Oxford's hatred, and to suppose that he was sent up to the House of Lords only to render him contemptible. These suspicions were partly true, and partly suggested by Bolingbroke's own ambition: being sensible of his own superior importance and capacity, he could not bear to see another take the lead in public affairs, when he knew they owed their chief success to his own management. Whatever might have been his motives, whether of contempt, hatred, or ambition, it is certain an irreconcilable breach began between these two leaders of their party; their mutual hatred was so great, that even their own common interest, the vigour of their negociations, and the safety of their friends, were entirely sacrificed to it. It was in vain that Swift, who was admitted into their counsels, urged the unreasonable impropriety of their disputes; that, while they were thus at variance within the walls, the enemy were making irreparable breaches without. Bolingbroke's antipathy was so great, that even success would have been hateful to him if Lord Oxford were to be a partner. He abhorred him to that degree, that he could not bear to be joined with him in any case; and even some time after, when the lives of both were aimed at, he could not think of concerting measures with him for their mutual safety, preferring even death itself to the appearance of a temporary friendship.

Nothing could have been more weak and injudicious than their mutual animosities at this juncture; and it may be asserted with truth, that men who were unable to suppress or conceal their resentments upon such a trying occasion, were unfit to take the lead in any measures, be their industry or their abilities ever so great. In fact, their dissensions were soon found to involve not only them, but their party in utter ruin: their hopes had for some time been declining; the Whigs were daily gaining ground, and the Queen's death soon after totally destroyed all their schemes with their power.

Upon the accession of George I. to the throne,[1] danger began to threaten the late ministry on every side: whether they had really intentions of bringing in the Pretender, or whether the Whigs made it a pretence for destroying them, is uncertain; but the King very soon began to show that they were to expect neither favour nor mercy at his hands. Upon his landing at Greenwich, when the court came to wait upon him, and Lord Oxford among the number, he studiously avoided taking any notice of him, and testified his resentment by the caresses he bestowed upon the members of the opposite faction. A regency had been some time before appointed to govern the kingdom, and Addison was made Secretary. Bolingbroke still maintained his place of State Secretary, but subject to the contempt of the great, and the insults of the mean. The first step taken by them to mortify him, was to order all letters and packets directed to the Secretary of State, to be sent to Mr. Addison; so that Bolingbroke was in fact removed from his office, that is, the execution of it, in two days after the Queen's death. But this was not the worst; for his mortifications were continually heightened by the daily humiliation of waiting at the door of the apartment where the regency sat, with a bag in his hand, and being all the time, as it were, exposed to the insolence of those who were tempted by their natural malevolence, or who expected to make their court to those in power by abusing him.

Upon this sudden turn of fortune, when the seals were taken from him, he went into the country; and having received a message from court to be present when the seal was taken from the door of the Secretary's office, he excused himself, alleging, that so trifling a ceremony might as well be performed by one of the under secretaries, but at the same time requested the honour of kissing the King's hand, to whom he testified the utmost submission. This request, however, was rejected with disdain; the King had been taught to regard him as an enemy, and threw himself entirely on the Whigs for safety and protection.

The new Parliament, mostly composed of Whigs, met the 17th of March, and in the King's speech from the throne many inflaming hints were given, and many methods of violence were chalked out to the two houses. "The first step," says Lord Bolingbroke, speaking on this occasion, "in both were perfectly answerable; and, to the shame of the peerage be it spoken, I saw at that time several lords concur to condemn, in one general vote, all that they had approved in a former Parliament by many particular resolutions. Among several bloody resolutions proposed and agitated at this time, the resolution of impeaching me of high treason was taken, and I took that of leaving England, not in a panic terror, improved by the artifices of the Duke of Marlborough, whom I knew even at that time too well to act by his advice or information in any case, but on such grounds as the proceedings which soon followed sufficiently justified, and such as I have never repented building upon. Those who blamed it in the first heat, were soon afterwards obliged to change their language: for what other resolution could I take? The

[1] 1st August, 1714.

method of prosecution designed against me would have put me out of a condition immediately to act for myself, or to serve those who were less exposed than me, but who were, however, in danger. On the other hand, how few were there on whose assistance I could depend, or to whom I would even in these circumstances be obliged? The ferment in the nation was wrought up to a considerable height; but there was at that time no reason to expect that it could influence the proceedings in Parliament, in favour of those who should be accused: left to its own movement, it was much more proper to quicken than slacken the prosecutions; and who was there to guide its motions? The Tories, who had been true to one another to the last, were a handful, and no great vigour could be expected from them; the Whimsicals,[1] disappointed of the figure which they hoped to make, began indeed to join their old friends. One of the principal among them, namely, the Earl of Anglesea, was so very good as to confess to me, that if the court had called the servants of the late Queen to account, and stopped there, he must have considered himself as a judge, and acted according to his conscience on what should have appeared to him; but that war had been declared to the whole Tory party, and that now the state of things were altered. This discourse needed no commentary, and proved to me that I had never erred in the judgment I made of this set of men. Could I then resolve to be obliged to them, or to suffer with Oxford? As much as I still was heated by the disputes, in which I had been all my life engaged against the Whigs, I would sooner have chosen to owe my security to their indulgence, than to the assistance of the Whimsicals; but I thought banishment, with all her train of evils, preferable to either."

Such was the miserable situation to which he was reduced on this occasion! Of all the number of his former flatterers and dependants, scarcely was one found remaining. Every hour brought fresh reports of his alarming situation, and the dangers which threatened him and his party on all sides. Prior, who had been employed in negociating the treaty of Utrecht, was come over to Dover, and promised to reveal all he knew. The Duke of Marlborough planted his creatures round his lordship, who artfully endeavoured to increase the danger; and an impeachment was actually preparing, in which he was accused of high treason. It argued therefore no degree of timidity in his lordship, to take the first opportunity to withdraw from danger, and to suffer the first boilings of popular animosity to quench the flame that had been raised against him. Accordingly, having made a gallant show of despising the machinations against him; having appeared in a very unconcerned manner at the playhouse in Drury-lane, and having bespoke another play for the night ensuing; having subscribed to a new opera that was to be acted some time after, and talking of making an

[1] "*Whimsicals* were Tories who had been eager for the conclusion of the peace till the treaties were perfected; then they could come up to no direct approbation. In the clamour raised about the danger to the succession, they joined the Whigs."—BOLINGBROKE'S *Letter to Wyndham.*

elaborate defence; he went off that same night in disguise to Dover, as a servant to Levigne, a messenger belonging to the French king; and there one William Morgan, who had been a captain in General Hill's regiment of dragoons, hired a vessel and carried him over to Calais, where the governor attended him in his coach, and carried him to his house with all possible distinction.

The news of Lord Bolingbroke's flight was soon known over the whole town; and the next day a letter from him to Lord Lansdowne was handed about in print, to the following effect:

"My Lord:—I left the town so abruptly, that I had no time to take leave of you or any of my friends. You will excuse me, when you know that I had certain and repeated informations, from some who are in the secret of affairs, that a resolution was taken, by those who have power to execute it, to pursue me to the scaffold. My blood was to have been the cement of a new alliance, nor could my innocence be any security, after it had once been demanded from abroad, and resolved on at home, that it was necessary to cut me off. Had there been the least reason to hope for a fair and open trial, after having been already prejudged unheard by two houses of Parliament, I should not have declined the strictest examination. I challenge the most inveterate of my enemies to produce any one instance of a criminal correspondence, or the least corruption of any part of the administration in which I was concerned. If my zeal for the honour and dignity of my royal mistress, and the true interest of my country, have any where transported me to let slip a warm or unguarded expression, I hope the most favourable interpretation will be put upon it. It is a comfort that will remain with me in all my misfortunes, that I served her Majesty faithfully and dutifully, in that especially which she had most at heart, relieving her people from a bloody and expensive war, and that I also have been too much an Englishman to sacrifice the interest of my country to any foreign ally; and it is for this crime only that I am now driven from thence. You shall hear more at large from me shortly. Yours, &c."

No sooner was it universally known that he was retired to France, than his flight was construed into a proof of his guilt; and his enemies accordingly set about driving on his impeachment with redoubled alacrity. Mr., afterwards Sir Robert Walpole, who had suffered a good deal by his attachment to the Whig interest during the former reign, now undertook to bring in and conduct the charge against him in the House of Commons. His impeachment consisted of six articles, which Walpole read to the House, in substance as follows:—"First, that whereas the Lord Bolingbroke had assured the Dutch ministers, that the Queen, his mistress, would make no peace but in concert with them, yet he had sent Mr. Prior to France that same year with proposals for a treaty of peace with that monarch, without the consent of the allies. Secondly, that he advised and promoted the making a separate treaty of convention with France, which was signed in September.

Thirdly, that he disclosed to M. Mesnager, the French minister at London, this convention, which was the preliminary instructions to her Majesty's plenipotentiaries at Utrecht. Fourthly, that her Majesty's final instructions to her plenipotentiaries were disclosed by him to the Abbot Gualtier, who was an emissary of France. Fifthly, that he disclosed to the French the manner how Tournay in Flanders might be gained by them. And lastly, that he advised and promoted the yielding up Spain and the West Indies to the Duke of Anjou, then an enemy to her Majesty." These were urged by Walpole with great vehemence, and aggravated with all the eloquence of which he was master. He challenged any person in behalf of the accused, and asserted, that to vindicate were in a manner to share his guilt. In this universal consternation of the Tory party, none was for some time seen to stir; but at length General Ross, who had received favours from his lordship, boldly stood up, and said, he wondered that no man more capable was found to appear in defence of the accused. However, in attempting to proceed, he hesitated so much that he was obliged to sit down, observing, that he would reserve what he had to say to another opportunity. It may easily be supposed, that the Whigs found no great difficulty in passing the vote for his impeachment through the House of Commons. It was brought into that House on the 10th of June, 1715, it was sent up to the House of Lords on the 6th of August ensuing, and in consequence of which he was attainted by them of high treason on the 10th of September. Nothing could be more unjust than such a sentence; but justice had been drowned in the spirit of party.

Bolingbroke, thus finding all hopes cut off at home, began to think of improving his wretched fortune upon the Continent. He had left England with a very small fortune, and his attainder totally cut off all resources for the future. In this depressed situation he began to listen to some proposals which were made him by the Pretender, who was then residing at Barr, in France, and who was desirous of admitting Bolingbroke into his secret councils. A proposal of this nature had been made him shortly after his arrival at Paris, and before his attainder at home; but, while he had yet any hopes of succeeding in England, he absolutely refused, and made the best applications his ruined fortune would permit, to prevent the extremity of his prosecution.

He had for some time waited for an opportunity of determining himself, even after he found it vain to think of making his peace at home. He let his Jacobite friends in England know that they had but to command him, and he was ready to venture in their service the little all that remained, as frankly as he had exposed all that was gone. "At length," says he, talking of himself, "these commands came, and were executed in the following manner. The person who was sent to me arrived in the beginning of July 1715, at the place where I had retired to in Dauphiné. He spoke in the name of all his friends whose authority could influence me; and he brought word, that Scotland was not only ready to take arms, but under some sort of dissatisfaction to be withheld from beginning: that in England

the people were exasperated against the government to such a degree, that, far from wanting to be encouraged, they could not be restrained from insulting it on every occasion; that the whole Tory party was become avowedly Jacobites; that many officers of the army, and the majority of the soldiers, were well affected to the cause; that the city of London was ready to rise, and that the enterprises for seizing of several places were ripe for execution; in a word, that most of the principal Tories were in a concert with the Duke of Ormond; for I had pressed particularly to be informed whether his grace acted alone, or if not, who were his council: and that the others were so disposed, that there remained no doubt of their joining as soon as the first blow should be struck. He added, that my friends were a little surprised to observe that I lay neuter in such a conjuncture. He represented to me the danger I ran, of being prevented by people of all sides from having the merit of engaging early in this enterprise, and how unaccountable it would be for a man, impeached and attainted under the present government, to take no share in bringing about a revolution, so near at hand and so certain. He entreated that I would defer no longer to join the Chevalier, to advise and assist in carrying on his affairs, and to solicit and negociate at the court of France, where my friends imagined that I should not fail to meet a favourable reception, and from whence they made no doubt of receiving assistance in a situation of affairs so critical, so unexpected, and so promising. He concluded by giving me a letter from the Pretender, whom he had seen in his way to me, in which I was pressed to repair without loss of time to Commercy; and this instance was grounded on the message which the bearer of the letter had brought me from England. In the progress of the conversation with the messenger, he related a number of facts, which satisfied me as to the general disposition of the people; but he gave me little satisfaction as to the measures taken to improve this disposition, for driving the business on with vigour, if it tended to a revolution, or for supporting it to advantage, if it spun into a war. When I questioned him concerning several persons whose disinclination to the government admitted no doubt, and whose names, quality, and experience were very essential to the success of the undertaking, he owned to me that they kept a great reserve, and did at most but encourage others to act, by general and dark expressions. I received this account and this summons ill in my bed; yet, important as the matter was, a few minutes served to determine me. The circumstances wanting to form a reasonable inducement to engage did not excuse me; but the smart of a bill of attainder tingled in every vein, and I looked on my party to be under oppression, and to call for my assistance. Besides which, I considered first that I should be certainly informed, when I conferred with the Chevalier, of many particulars unknown to this gentleman: for I did not imagine that the English could be so near to take up arms as he represented them to be, on no other foundation than that which he exposed."

In this manner, having for some time debated with himself, and taken his resolution, he lost no time in repairing to the Pretender at Commercy,

and took the seals of that nominal king, as he had formerly those of his potent mistress. But this was a terrible falling off indeed; and the very first conversation he had with this weak projector, gave him the most unfavourable expectations of future success. "He talked to me," says his lordship, "like a man who expected every moment to set out for England or Scotland, but who did not very well know for which; and when he entered into the particulars of his affairs, I found, that concerning the former he had nothing more circumstantial or positive to go upon, than what I have already related. But the Duke of Ormond had been for some time, I cannot say how long, engaged with the Chevalier: he had taken the direction of this whole affair, as far as it related to England, upon himself; and had received a commission for this purpose, which contained the most ample powers that could be given. But still, however, all was unsettled, undetermined, and ill understood. The Duke had asked from France a small body of forces, a sum of money, and a quantity of ammunition: but to the first part of the request he received a flat denial; but was made to hope that some arms and some ammunition might be given. This was but a very gloomy prospect; yet hope swelled the depressed party so high, that they talked of nothing less than an instant and ready revolution. It was their interest to be secret and industrious; but rendered sanguine by their passions, they made no doubt of subverting a government with which they were angry, and gave as great an alarm, as would have been imprudent at the eve of the general insurrection."

Such was the state of things when Bolingbroke arrived to take up his new office at Commercy; and although he saw the deplorable state of the party with which he was embarked, yet he resolved to give his affairs the best complexion he was able, and set out for Paris, in order to procure from that court the necessary succours for his new master's invasion of England. But his reception and negociations at Paris were still more unpromising than those at Commercy; and nothing but absolute infatuation seemed to dictate every measure taken by the party. He there found a multitude of people at work, and every one doing what seemed good in his own eyes; no subordination, no order, no concert. The Jacobites had wrought one another up to look upon the success of the present designs as infallible: every meeting-house which the populace demolished, as he himself says, every little drunken riot which happened, served to confirm them in these sanguine expectations; and there was hardly one among them, who would lose the air of contributing by his intrigues to the restoration, which he took for granted would be brought about in a few weeks. "Care and hope," says our author very humorously, "sat on every busy Irish face; those who could read and write had letters to show, and those who had not arrived to this pitch of erudition had their secrets to whisper. No sex was excluded from this ministry: Fanny Oglethorpe kept her corner in it; and Olive Trant, a woman of the same mixed reputation, was the great wheel of this political machine. The ridiculous correspondence was carried on with England by people of like importance, and who were busy in

sounding the alarm in the ears of an enemy, whom it was their interest to surprise."

By these means, as he himself continues to inform us, the government of England was put on its guard; so that before he came to Paris, what was doing had been discovered. The little armament made at Havre de Grace, which furnished the only means to the Pretender of landing on the coasts of Britain, and which had exhausted the treasury of St. Germains, was talked of publicly. The Earl of Stair, the English minister at that city, very soon discovered its destination, and all the particulars of the intended invasion; the names of the persons from whom supplies came, and who were particularly active in the design, were whispered about at tea-tables and coffee-houses. In short, what by the indiscretion of the projectors, what by the private interests and ambitious views of the French, the most private transactions came to light; and such of the more prudent plotters, who supposed that they had trusted their heads to the keeping of one or two friends, were in reality at the mercy of numbers. "Into such company," exclaims our noble writer, "was I fallen for my sins." Still, however, he went on, steering in the wide ocean without a compass, till the death of Louis XIV. and the arrival of the Duke of Ormond at Paris, rendered all his endeavours abortive; yet, notwithstanding these unfavourable circumstances, he still continued to despatch several messages and directions for England, to which he received very evasive and ambiguous answers.

Among the number of these, he drew up a paper at Chaville, in concert with the Duke of Ormond, Marshal Berwick, and De Torcy, which was sent to England just before the death of the King of France, representing that France could not answer the demands of their memorial, and praying directions what to do. A reply to this came to him through the French Secretary of State, wherein they declared themselves unable to say anything, till they saw what turn affairs would take on the death of the King, which had reached their ears. Upon another occasion a message coming from Scotland to press the Chevalier to hasten their rising, he despatched a messenger to London to the Earl of Mar, to tell him that the concurrence of England in the insurrection was ardently wished and expected: but instead of that nobleman's waiting for instructions, he had already gone into the Highlands, and there actually put himself at the head of his clans. After this, in concert with the Duke of Ormond, he despatched one Mr. Hamilton, who got all the papers by heart, for fear of a miscarriage, to their friends in England, to inform them, that though the Chevalier was destitute of succour, and all reasonable hopes of it, yet he would land as they pleased in England or Scotland at a minute's warning; and therefore they might rise immediately after they had sent despatches to him. To this message Mr. Hamilton returned very soon with an answer given by Lord Lansdowne, in the name of all the persons privy to the secret, that since affairs grew daily worse, and would not mend by delay, the malcontents in England had resolved to declare immediately, and would be ready to join the Duke of Ormond on his landing: adding that his person would be as safe in England as in Scotland,

and that in every other respect it was better he should land in England; that they had used their utmost endeavours, and hoped the western counties would be in a good posture to receive him; and that he should land as near as possible to Plymouth. With these assurances the Duke embarked, though he had heard before of the seizure of many of his most zealous adherents, of the dispersion of many more, and the consternation of all; so that upon his arrival at Plymouth, finding nothing in readiness, he returned to Britany.

In these circumstances the Pretender himself sent to have a vessel got ready for him at Dunkirk, in which he went to Scotland, leaving Lord Bolingbroke all this while at Paris, to try if by any means some assistance might not be procured, without which all hopes of success were at an end. It was during this negociation upon this miserable proceeding, that he was sent for by Mrs. Trant (a woman who had for some time before ingratiated herself with the Regent of France, by supplying him with mistresses from England), to a little house in the Bois de Boulogne, where she lived with Mademoiselle Chausery, an old superannuated waiting-woman belonging to the Regent. By these he was acquainted with the measures they had taken for the service of the Duke of Ormond; although Bolingbroke, who was actual secretary to the negociation, had never been admitted to a confidence in their secrets. He was therefore a little surprised at finding such mean agents employed without his privity, and very soon found them utterly unequal to the task. He quickly therefore withdrew himself from such wretched auxiliaries, and the Regent himself seemed pleased at his defection.

In the mean time, the Pretender set sail from Dunkirk for Scotland; and though Bolingbroke had all along perceived that his cause was hopeless, and his projects ill-designed; although he had met with nothing but opposition and disappointment in his service; yet he considered that this of all others was the time he could not be permitted to relax in the cause. He now therefore neglected no means, forgot no argument which his understanding could suggest, in applying to the Court of France; but his success was not answerable to his industry. The King of France, not able to furnish the Pretender with money himself, had written some time before his death to his grandson, the King of Spain, and had obtained from him a promise of forty thousand crowns. A small part of this sum had been received by the Queen's treasurer at St. Germains, and had been sent to Scotland, or employed to defray the expenses which were daily making on the coast, at the same time Bolingbroke pressed the Spanish ambassador at Paris, and solicited the minister at the court of Spain. He took care to have a number of officers picked out of the Irish troops which serve in France, gave them their routes, and sent a ship to receive and transport them to Scotland. Still, however, the money came in so slowly, and in such trifling sums, that it turned to little account, and the officers were on their way to the Pretender. At the same time he formed a design of engaging French privateers in the expedition, that were to have carried whatever should be necessary to send to any part of Britain in their first voyage, and then to cruise under the

Pretender's commission. He had actually agreed for some, and had it in his power to have made the same bargain with others: Sweden on the one side, and Scotland on the other, could have afforded them retreats; and if the war had been kept up in any part of the mountains, this armament would have been of the utmost advantage. But all his projects and negociations failed by the Pretender's precipitate return, who was not above six weeks in his expedition, and flew out of Scotland even before all had been tried in his defence.

The expedition being in this manner totally defeated, Bolingbroke now began to think that it was his duty as well as interest to save the poor remains of the disappointed party. He never had any great opinion of the Pretender's success before he set off; but when this adventurer had taken the last step which it was in his power to make, our Secretary then resolved to suffer neither him nor the Scotch, to be any longer bubbles of their own credulity, and of the French court. In a conversation he had with the Marshal de Huxelles, he took occasion to declare, that he would not be the instrument of amusing the Scotch; and since he was able to do them no other service, he would at least inform them of what little dependence they might place upon assistance from France. He added, that he would send them vessels, which, with those already on the coast of Scotland, might serve to bring off the Pretender, the Earl of Mar, and as many others as possible. The Marshal approved his resolution, and advised him to execute it, as the only thing which was left to do; but in the mean time the Pretender landed at Graveline, and gave orders to stop all vessels bound on his account to Scotland; and Bolingbroke saw him in the morning after his arrival at St. Germains, and he received him with open arms.

As it was the Secretary's business, as soon as Bolingbroke heard of his return, he went to acquaint the French court with it; when it was recommended to him to advise the Pretender to proceed to Barr with all possible diligence: and in this measure Bolingbroke entirely concurred. But the Pretender himself was in no such haste; he had a mind to stay some time at St. Germains, and in the neighbourhood of Paris, and to have a private meeting with the Regent: he accordingly sent Bolingbroke to solicit this meeting, who exerted all his influence in the negociation. He wrote and spoke to the Marshal de Huxelles, who answered him by word of mouth and by letters, refusing him by both, and assuring him that the Regent said the things which were asked were puerilities, and swore he would not see him. The Secretary, no ways displeased with his ill success, returned with this answer to his master; who acquiesced in this determination, and declared he would instantly set out for Lorrain, at the same time assuring Bolingbroke of his firm reliance on his integrity.

However, the Pretender, instead of taking post for Lorrain, as he had promised, went to a little house in the Bois de Boulogne, where his female ministers resided, and there continued for several days, seeing the Spanish and Swedish ministers, and even the Regent himself. It might have been in these interviews that he was set against his new Secretary, and taught to

believe that he had been remiss in his duty and false to his trust. Be this as it will, a few days after the Duke of Ormond came to see Bolingbroke, and, having first prepared him for the surprise, put into his hands a note directed to the Duke, and a little scrip of paper directed to the Secretary: they were both in the Pretender's hand-writing, and dated as if written by him on his way to Lorrain; but in this Bolingbroke was not to be deceived, who knew the place of his present residence. In one of these papers the Pretender declared that he had no further occasion for the Secretary's service; and the other was an order to him to give up the papers in his office; all which, he observes, might have been contained in a letter-case of a moderate size. He gave the Duke the seals, and some papers which he could readily come at; but for some others, in which there were several insinuations, under the Pretender's own hand, reflecting upon the Duke himself, these he took care to convey by a safe hand, since it would have been very improper that the Duke should have seen them. As he thus gave up without scruple all the papers which remained in his hands, because he was determined never to make use of them, so he declares he took a secret pride in never asking for those of his own which were in the Pretender's hands; contenting himself with making the Duke understand, how little need there was to get rid of a man in this manner, who only wanted an opportunity to get rid of the Pretender and his cause. In fact, if we survey the measures taken on the one side, and the abilities of the man on the other, it will not appear any way wonderful that he should be disgusted with a party who had neither principle to give a foundation to their hopes, union to advance them, nor abilities to put them in motion.

Bolingbroke, being thus dismissed from the Pretender's service, supposed that he had got rid of the trouble and the ignominy of so mean an employment at the same time; but he was mistaken: he was no sooner rejected from the office than articles of impeachment were preferred against him, in the same manner as he had before been impeached in England, though not with such effectual injury to his person and fortune. The articles of this impeachment by the Pretender were branched out into seven heads, in which he was accused of treachery, incapacity and neglect. The first was that he was never to be found by those who came to him about business; and if by chance or stratagem they got hold of him, he affected being in a hurry, and by putting them off to another time, still avoided giving them any answer. The second was, that the Earl of Mar complained by six different messengers at different times, before the Chevalier came from Dunkirk, of his being in want of arms and ammunition, and prayed a speedy relief; and though the things demanded were in my Lord's power, there was not so much as one pound of powder in any of the ships which by his Lordship's directions parted from France. Thirdly, the Pretender himself after his arrival sent General Hamilton to inform him, that his want of arms and ammunition was such, that he should be obliged to leave Scotland, unless he received speedy relief; yet Lord Bolingbroke amused Mr. Hamilton twelve days together, and did not introduce him to any of the French ministers, though

he was referred to them for a particular account of affairs; or so much as communicated his letters to the Queen, or any body else. Fourthly, the Count de Castel Blanco had for several months at Havre a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition, and did daily ask his Lordship's orders how to dispose of them, but never got any instructions. Fifthly, the Pretender's friends at the French court had for some time past no very good opinion of his Lordship's integrity, and a very bad one of his discretion. Sixthly, at a time when many merchants in France would have carried privately any quantity of arms and ammunition into Scotland, his Lordship desired a public order for the embarkation; which being a thing not to be granted, is said to have been done in order to urge a denial. Lastly, the Pretender wrote to his Lordship by every occasion after his arrival in Scotland; and though there were many opportunities of writing in return, yet from the time he landed there, to the day he left it, he never received any letter from his Lordship. Such were the articles, by a very extraordinary reverse of fortune, preferred against Lord Bolingbroke, in less than a year after similar articles were drawn up against him by the opposite party at home. It is not easy to find out what he could have done thus to disoblige all sides; but he had learned by this time to make out happiness from the consciousness of his own designs, and to consider all the rest of mankind as uniting in a faction to oppress virtue.

But though it was mortifying to be thus rejected on both sides, yet he was not remiss in vindicating himself from all. Against these articles of impeachment, therefore, he drew up an elaborate answer, in which he vindicates himself with great plausibility. He had long, as he asserts, wished to leave the Pretender's service, but was entirely at a loss how to conduct himself in so difficult a resignation; "but at length," says he, "the Pretender and his council disposed of things better for me, than I could have done for myself. I had resolved, on his return from Scotland, to follow him till his residence should be fixed somewhere; after which, having served the Tories in this, which I looked upon as their last struggle for power, and having continued to act in the Pretender's affairs till the end of the term for which I embarked with him, I should have esteemed myself to be at liberty, and should, in the civilest manner I was able, have taken my leave of him. Had we parted thus, I should have remained in a very strange situation all the rest of my life; on one side he would have thought that he had a right on any future occasion to call me out of my retreat, the Tories would probably have thought the same thing; my resolution was taken to refuse them both, and I foresaw that both would condemn me: on the other side, the consideration of his having kept measures with me, joined to that of having once openly declared for him, would have created a point of honour, by which I should have been tied down, not only from ever engaging against him, but also from making my peace at home. The Pretender cut this Gordian knot asunder at one blow: he broke the links of that chain which former engagements had fastened on me, and gave me a right to esteem myself as free from all obligations of keeping measures

with him, as I should have continued if I had never engaged in his interest."

It is not to be supposed that one so very delicate to preserve his honour, would previously have basely betrayed his employer: a man, conscious of acting so infamous a part, would have undertaken no defence, but let the accusations, which could not materially affect him, blow over, and wait for the calm that was to succeed in tranquillity. He appeals to all the ministers with whom he transacted business, for the integrity of his proceedings at that juncture; and had he been really guilty, when he opposed the ministry here after his return, they would not have failed to brand and detect his duplicity. The truth is, that he perhaps was the most disinterested minister at that time in the Pretender's court; as he had spent great sums of his own money in his service, and never would be obliged to him for a farthing; in which case he believes that he was single. His integrity is much less impeachable on this occasion than his ambition; for all the steps he took may be fairly ascribed to his displeasure at having the Duke of Ormond and the Earl of Mar treated more confidentially than himself. It was his aim always to be foremost in every administration, and he could not bear to act as a subaltern in so paltry a court as that of the Pretender's.

At all periods of his exile, he still looked towards home with secret regret; and had even taken every opportunity to apply to those in power, either to soften his prosecutions or lessen the number of his enemies at home. In accepting his office under the Pretender, he made it a condition to be at liberty to quit the post whenever he should think proper; and being now disgracefully dismissed, he turned his mind entirely towards making his peace in England, and employing all the unfortunate experience he had acquired to undeceive his Tory friends, and to promote the union and quiet of his native country. It was not a little favourable to his hopes, that about this time, though unknown to him, the Earl of Stair, ambassador to the French court, had received full powers to treat with him whilst he was engaged with the Pretender, but yet had never made him any proposals, which might be considered as the grossest outrage. But when the breach with the Pretender was universally known, the Earl sent one M. Saludin, a gentleman of Geneva, to Lord Bolingbroke, to communicate to him his Majesty King George's favourable disposition to grant him a pardon, and his own earnest desire to serve him as far as he was able. This was an offer by much too advantageous for Bolingbroke in his wretched circumstances to refuse; he embraced it, as became him to do, with all possible sense of the King's goodness, and of the ambassador's friendship. They had frequent conferences shortly after upon the subject. The turn which the English ministry gave the matter, was to enter into a treaty to reverse his attainder, and to stipulate the conditions on which this act of grace should be granted him; but this method of negociation he would by no means submit to; the notion of a treaty shocked him, and he resolved never to be restored, rather than go that way to work. Accordingly, he opened himself without any

reserve to Lord Stair, and told him, that he looked upon himself obliged in honour and conscience to undeceive his friends in England, both as to the state of foreign affairs, as to the management of the Jacobite interest abroad, and as to the characters of the persons; in every one of which points he knew them to be most grossly and most dangerously deluded. He observed, that the treatment he had received from the Pretender and his adherents, would justify him to the world in doing this; that if he remained in exile all his life, he might be assured that he would never have more to do with the Jacobite cause; and that, if he were restored, he would give it an effectual blow, in making that apology which the Pretender had put him under a necessity of making; that in doing this, he flattered himself that he should contribute something towards the establishment of the King's government, and to the union of his subjects. He added, that if the court thought him sincere in those professions, a treaty with him was unnecessary; and, if they did not believe so, then a treaty would be dangerous to him. The Earl of Stair, who has also confirmed this account of Lord Bolingbroke's, in a letter to Mr. Craggs, readily came into his sentiments on this head, and soon after the King approved it upon their representations; he accordingly received a promise of pardon from George I., who, on the 2nd of July, 1716, created his father Baron St. John of Battersea, in the county of Surrey, and Viscount St. John. This seemed preparatory to his own restoration; and, instead of prosecuting any further ambitious schemes against the government, he rather began to turn his mind to philosophy: and since he could not gratify his ambition to its full extent, he endeavoured to learn the arts of despising it. The variety of distressful events that had hitherto attended all his struggles, at last had thrown him into a state of reflection, and this produced, by way of relief, a *consolatio philosophica*, which he wrote the same year, under the title of "Reflections upon Exile." In this piece, in which he professes to imitate the manner of Seneca, he with some wit draws his own picture, and represents himself as suffering persecution, for having served his country with abilities and integrity. A state of exile thus incurred, he very justly shows to be rather honourable than distressful; and indeed there are few men who will deny, that the company of strangers to virtue is better than the company of enemies to it. Besides this philosophical tract, he also wrote this year several Letters, in answer to the charges laid upon him by the Pretender and his adherents; and the following year he drew up a vindication of his whole conduct with respect to the Tories, in the form of a Letter to Sir William Wyndham.

Nor was he so entirely devoted to the fatigues of business, but that he gave pleasure a share in its pursuits. He had never much agreed with the lady he first married, and after a short cohabitation they separated, and lived ever after asunder. She therefore remained in England upon his going into exile, and by proper application to the throne, was allowed a sufficient maintenance to support her with becoming dignity: however, she did not long survive his first disgrace;[1] and upon his becoming a widower, he

[1] She died 24th October, 1718.—*See Historical Register* for 1718. vol. iii.

began to think of trying his fortune once more in a state which was at first so unfavourable. For this purpose he cast his eye on the widow of the Marquis of Vilette, a niece to the famous Madam Maintenon; a young lady of great merit and understanding, possessed of a very large fortune, but encumbered with a long and troublesome law-suit.[1] In the company of this very sensible woman he passed his time in France, sometimes in the country, and sometimes at the capital, till the year 1723; in which, after the breaking up of the Parliament, his Majesty[2] was pleased to grant him a pardon as to his personal safety, but as yet neither restoring him to his family inheritance, his title, nor a seat in Parliament.

To obtain this favour had been the governing principle of his politics for some years before; and upon the first notice of his good fortune, he prepared to return to his native country, where, however, his dearest connexions were either dead, or declared themselves suspicious of his former conduct in support of their party. It is observable that Bishop Atterbury, who was banished at this time for a supposed treasonable correspondence in favour of the Tories, was set on shore at Calais, just when Lord Bolingbroke arrived there on his return to England. So extraordinary a reverse of fortune could not fail of strongly affecting that good prelate, who observed with some emotion, that he perceived himself to be exchanged: he presently left it to his auditors to imagine, whether his country were the loser or the gainer by such an exchange.

Lord Bolingbroke, upon his return to his native country, began to make very vigorous applications for further favours from the Crown. His pardon, without the means of support, was but an empty, or perhaps it might be called a distressful act of kindness, as it brought him back among his former friends in a state of inferiority his pride could not endure. However, his applications were soon after successful; for in about two years after his return he obtained an act of parliament[3] to restore him to his family inheritance, which amounted to nearly three thousand pounds a-year. He was also enabled by the same to possess any purchase he should make of any other estate in the kingdom; and he accordingly pitched upon a seat of Lord Tankerville's, at Dawley, near Uxbridge in Middlesex, where he settled with his lady, and laid himself out to enjoy the rural pleasures in perfection, since the more glorious ones of ambition were denied him. With this resolution he began to improve his new purchase in a very peculiar style, giving

[1] They were married in May 1720.—Cooke, vol. ii. p. 41. She died before her husband, and was buried at Battersea.

[2] George I.

[3] The reader who would wish to pursue this highly interesting portion of Bolingbroke's life should consult Lord Hervey's *Memoirs* (2 vols. 8vo., 1848), vol. i pp. 12-22. It was in Lord Sunderland's administration, and by his mediation that Bolingbroke obtained his recal; but he owed more to the dexterity of his wife, and a gift by her of 12,000*l.* to Lady Walsingham, the niece of the Duchess of Kendal, or as it is thought, the daughter of the Duchess by George I.

it all the air of a country farm, and adorning even his hall with implements of husbandry. We have a sketch of his way of living in this retreat in a letter of Pope's to Swift, who omits no opportunity of representing his lordship in the most amiable points of view. This letter is dated from Dawley,[1] the country farm above-mentioned, and begins thus:—

"I now hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two hay-cocks; but his attention is somewhat diverted, by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in the admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleased with your placing him in the triumvirate between yourself and me; though he says he doubts he shall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power, like Augustus, and another with all the pleasures, like Antony. It is upon a foresight of this, that he has fitted up his farm, and you will agree that his scheme of retreat is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from Bath, all peccant humours, he finds, are purged out of him; and his great temperance and economy are so signal, that the first is fit for my constitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up so much money as to buy a bishopric in England.[2] As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might inquire of his hay-makers; but as to his temperance, I can answer that (for one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton broth, beans and bacon, and a barn-door fowl.

"Now his lordship is run after his cart, I have a moment left to myself to tell you, that I overheard him yesterday agree with a painter for two hundred pounds, to paint his country hall with trophies of rakes, spades, prongs, &c., and other ornaments, merely to countenance his calling this place a farm."

What Pope here says of his engagements with a painter, was shortly after executed: the hall was painted accordingly in black crayons only, so that at first view it brought to mind the figures often seen scratched with charcoal, or the smoke of a candle, upon the kitchen walls of farm-houses. The whole, however, produced a most striking effect; and over the door at the entrance into it was this motto: *Satis beatus ruris honoribus.*[3] His lordship seemed to be extremely happy in this pursuit of moral tranquillity, and in the exultation of his heart could not fail of communicating his satisfaction to his friend Swift. "I am in my own farm," says he, "and here I shoot strong and tenacious roots: I have caught hold of the earth, to use a

[1] June 28, 1728.

[2] Lady Luxborough says that when her brother Lord Bolingbroke was living at Dawley "he then kept 700*l.* per annum in hand," that is he saved so much.—LADY LUXBOROUGH'S *Letters to Shenstone*, 8vo., 1775, p. 170.

[3] "When my brother Bolingbroke built Dawley, which he chose to call a farm, he had his hall painted in stone-colours, with all the implements of husbandry placed in the manner one sees or might see arms and trophies in some general's hall; and it had an effect that pleased everybody. I believe Pope mentions it in one of his letters to Swift."—LADY LUXBOROUGH'S *Letters*, p. 22.

gardener's phrase, and neither my enemies nor my friends will find it an easy matter to transplant me again."

There is not, perhaps, a stronger instance in the world than his lordship, that an ambitious mind can never be fairly subdued, but will still seek for those gratifications which retirement can never supply. All this time he was mistaken in his passion for solitude, and supposed that to be the child of philosophy which was only the effects of spleen: it was in vain that he attempted to take root in the shade of obscurity; he was originally bred in the glare of public occupation, and he secretly once more wished for transplantation. He was only a titular lord; he had not been thoroughly restored; and, as he was excluded from a seat in the House of Peers, he burned with impatience to play a part in that conspicuous theatre. Impelled by this desire, he could no longer be restrained in obscurity, but once more entered into the bustle of public business; and disavowing all obligations to the minister, he embarked in the opposition against him, in which he had several powerful coadjutors: but previously he had taken care to prefer a petition to the House of Commons, desiring to be reinstated in his former emoluments and capacities. This petition at first occasioned very warm debates: Walpole, who pretended to espouse his cause, alleged that it was very right to admit him to his inheritance; and when Lord William Pawlet moved for a clause to disqualify him from sitting in either house, Walpole rejected the motion, secretly satisfied with a resolution which had been settled in the cabinet, that he should never more be admitted into any share of power. To this artful method of evading his pretensions, Bolingbroke was no stranger; and he was now resolved to shake that power, which thus endeavoured to obstruct the increase of his own: taking, therefore, his part in the opposition with Pulteney, while the latter engaged to manage the House of Commons, Bolingbroke undertook to enlighten the people.

Accordingly, he soon distinguished himself by a multitude of pieces, written during the latter part of George the First's reign, and likewise the beginning of that which succeeded. These were conceived with great vigour and boldness; and now, once more engaged in the service of his country, though disarmed, gagged, and almost bound, as he declared himself to be, yet he resolved not to abandon his cause, as long as he could depend on the firmness and integrity of those coadjutors, who did not labour under the same disadvantages with himself. His letters in a paper called the Craftsman, were particularly distinguished in this political contest; and though several of the most expert politicians of the times joined in this paper, his essays were particularly relished by the public. However, it is the fate of things written for an occasion, seldom to survive that occasion. The Craftsman, though written with great spirit and sharpness, is now almost forgotten, although, when it was published as a weekly paper, it sold much more rapidly than even the Spectator. Besides this work he published several other separate pamphlets, which were afterwards reprinted in the second edition of his Works, and which were very popular in their day. This political warfare continued for ten years, during which time he laboured

with great strength and perseverance, and drew up such a system of politics, as some have supposed to be the most complete now existing. But, as upon all other occasions, he had the mortification once more to see those friends desert him, upon whose assistance he most firmly relied, and all that web of fine-spun speculation actually destroyed at once, by the ignorance of some and the perfidy of others. He then declared that he was perfectly cured of his patriotic frenzy; he fell out not only with Pulteney for his selfish views, but with his old friends the Tories, for abandoning their cause as desperate; averring, that the faint and unsteady exercise of parts on one side, was a crime but one degree inferior to the iniquitous misapplication of them on the other. But he could not take leave of a controversy in which he had been so many years engaged, without giving a parting blow, in which he seemed to summon up all his vigour at once; and where, as the poet says, "*Animam in vulnere posuit.*" This inimitable piece is entitled, "A Dissertation on Parties," and of all his masterly pieces it is in general esteemed the best.

Having finished this, which was received with the utmost avidity, he resolved to take leave, not only of his enemies and friends, but even of his country; and in this resolution, in the year 1736, he once more retired to France, where he looked to his native country with a mixture of anger and pity, and upon his former professing friends with a share of contempt and indignation. "I expect little," says he, "from the principal actors that tread the stage at present. They are divided, not so much as it seemed, and as they would have it believed, about measures: the true division is about their different ends. Whilst the minister was not hard pushed, nor the prospect of succeeding to him near, they appeared to have but one end, the reformation of the government. The destruction of the minister was pursued only as a preliminary, but of essential and indisputable necessity, to that end; but when his destruction seemed to approach, the object of his succession interposed to the sight of many, and the reformation of the government was no longer their point of view. They had divided the skin, at least in their thought, before they had taken the beast. The common fear of hastening his downfall for others, made them all faint in the chase. It was this, and this alone that saved him, and put off his evil day."

Such were his cooler reflections, after he had laid down his political pen, to employ it in a manner that was much more agreeable to his usual professions, and his approaching age. He had long employed the few hours he could spare, on subjects of a more general and important nature to the interests of mankind; but as he was frequently interrupted by the alarms of party, he made no great proficiency in his design. Still, however, he kept it in view, and he makes frequent mention in his letters to Swift, of his intentions to give metaphysics a new and useful turn. "I know," says he, in one of these, "how little regard you pay to writings of this kind; but I imagine, that if you can like any, it must be those that strip metaphysics of all their bombast, keep within the sight of every well-constituted

eye, and never bewilder themselves, whilst they pretend to guide the reason of others."

Having now arrived at the sixtieth year of his age, and being blessed with a very competent share of fortune, he returned into France, far from the noise and hurry of party; for his seat at Dawley was too near to devote the rest of his life to retirement and study. Upon his going to that country, as it was generally known that disdain, vexation, and disappointment had driven him there, many of his friends as well as his enemies supposed, that he was once again gone over to the Pretender. Among the number who entertained this suspicion was Swift, whom Pope, in one of his letters, very roundly chides for harbouring such an unjust opinion. "You should be cautious," says he, "of censuring any motion or action of my Lord Bolingbroke, because you hear it only from shallow, envious, or malicious reporters. What you write to me about him, I find, to my great scandal, repeated in one of yours to ———. Whatever you might hint to me, was this for the profane? The thing, if true, should be concealed; but it is, I assure you, absolutely untrue in every circumstance. He has fixed in a very agreeable retirement near Fontainbleau, and makes it his whole business *vacare literis*."[1]

This reproof from Pope was not more friendly than it was true. Lord Bolingbroke was too well acquainted with the forlorn state of that party and the folly of its conductors, once more to embark in their desperate concerns. He now saw that he had gone as far towards reinstating himself in the full possession of his former honours, as the mere dint of parts and application could go, and was at length experimentally convinced, that the decree was absolutely irreversible, and the door of the House of Lords finally shut against him. He therefore, at Pope's suggestion, retired merely to be at leisure from the broils of opposition, for the calmer pleasures of philosophy.[2] Thus the decline of his life, though less brilliant, became more amiable; and even his happiness was improved by age, which had rendered his passions more moderate, and his wishes more attainable.

But he was far from suffering, even in solitude, his hours to glide away in torpid inactivity. That active, restless disposition still continued to actuate his pursuits; and having lost the season for gaining power over his contemporaries, he was now resolved upon acquiring fame from posterity. He had not been long in his retreat near Fontainbleau, when he began a course of Letters on the Study and Use of History, for the use of a young

[1] Pope to Swift, Aug. 17, 1736. The place was called Chantelou.

[2] He had been so marked by Sir Robert Walpole as caballing with foreign ministers against his own country in 1734, that Mr. Pulteney and other heads of the opposition recommended him to leave England, which he did in 1735, on seeing that the ministers were strong in the new Parliament.—Note in *Marchmont Papers*, vol. ii. p. 350. "I did not leave England in *thirty-five* till some schemes that were then on the loom,—though they never came into effect—made me one too many, even to my intimate friends."—BOLINGBROKE to Lord Marchmont, Battersea, 24th July, 1746. Bolingbroke returned to England in the winter of 1743.

nobleman.[1] In these he does not follow the methods of St. Real and others who have treated on this subject, who make history the great fountain of all knowledge; he very wisely confines its benefits, and supposes them to consist in deducting general maxims from particular facts, than in illustrating maxims by the application of historical passages. In mentioning ecclesiastical history, he gives his opinion very freely upon the subject of the divine original of the sacred books, which he supposes to have no such foundation. This new system of thinking, which he had always propagated in conversation, and which he now began to adopt in his more laboured compositions, seemed no way supported either by his acuteness or his learning. He began to reflect seriously on these subjects too late in life, and to suppose those objections very new and unanswerable which had been already confuted by thousands. "Lord Bolingbroke," says Pope, in one of his letters, "is above trifling; when he writes of anything in this world, he is more than mortal. If ever he trifles, it must be when he turns divine."

In the mean time, as it was evident that a man of his active ambition, in chusing retirement when no longer able to lead in public, must be liable to ridicule in resuming a resigned philosophical air, in order to obviate the censure, he addressed a Letter to Lord Bathurst upon the True Use of Retirement and Study; in which he shows himself still able and willing to undertake the cause of his country, whenever its distresses should require his exertion. "I have," says he, "renounced neither my country nor my friends; and by friends I mean all those, and those alone, who are such to their country. In their prosperity they shall never hear of me; in their distress always. In that retreat wherein the remainder of my days shall be spent, I may be of some use to them, since even thence I may advise, exhort, and warn them." Bent upon this pursuit only, and having now exchanged the gay statesman for the grave philosopher, he shone forth with distinguished lustre. His conversation took a different turn from what had been usual with him; and, as we are assured by Lord Orrery, who knew him, it united the wisdom of Socrates, the dignity and ease of Pliny, and the wit of Horace.

Yet still amid his resolutions to turn himself from politics, and to give himself up entirely to the calls of philosophy, he could not resist embarking once more in the debates of his country; and coming back from France, settled at Battersea, an old seat which was his father's, and had been long in the possession of the family. He supposed he saw an impending calamity, and though it was not in his power to remove, he thought it his duty to retard its fall. To redeem or save the nation from perdition, he thought impossible, since national corruptions were to be purged by national

[1] Henry Hyde, Viscount Cornbury (died 1753), great-grandson of the celebrated Lord Chancellor Clarendon. He is celebrated by Pope:—

"Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains."

Warburton was of opinion that this is the best of Bolingbroke's Works.—*Letters to Hurd*, p. 94.

calamities; but he was resolved to lend his feeble assistance to stem the torrent that was pouring in. With this spirit he wrote that excellent piece, which is entitled, "The Idea of a Patriot King;" in which he describes a monarch uninfluenced by party, leaning to the suggestions neither of Whigs nor Tories, but equally the friend and the father of all.[1] Some time after, in the year 1749, after the conclusion of the peace, two years before the measures taken by the administration seemed not to have been repugnant to his notions of political prudence for that juncture; in that year he wrote his last production, containing Reflections on the then state of the nation, principally with regard to her taxes and debts, and on the causes and consequences of them. This undertaking was left unfinished; for death snatched the pen from the hand of the writer.

Having passed the latter part of his life in dignity and splendour, his rational faculties improved by reflection, and his ambition kept under by disappointment, his whole aim seemed to have been to leave the stage of life, on which he had acted such various parts, with applause. He had long wished to fetch his last breath at Battersea, the place where he was born; and fortune, that had through life seemed to traverse all his aims, at last indulged him in this. He had long been troubled with a cancer in his cheek, by which excruciating disease he died on the verge of fourscore years of age. He was consonant with himself to the last; and those principles which he had all along avowed, he confirmed with his dying breath, having given orders that none of the clergy should be permitted to trouble him in his latest moments. His body was interred in Battersea church with those of his ancestors; and a marble monument erected to his memory, with the following excellent inscription:

HERE LIES
HENRY ST. JOHN,
IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE
SECRETARY OF WAR, SECRETARY OF STATE,
AND VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE:
IN THE DAYS OF KING GEORGE I. AND KING GEORGE II.
SOMETHING MORE AND BETTER.
HIS ATTACHMENT TO QUEEN ANNE
EXPOSED HIM TO A LONG AND SEVERE PERSECUTION;
HE BORE IT WITH FIRMNESS OF MIND;
HE PASSED THE LATTER PART OF HIS TIME AT HOME,
THE ENEMY OF NO NATIONAL PARTY,
THE FRIEND OF NO FACTION;
DISTINGUISHED (UNDER THE CLOUD OF A PROSCRIPTION,
WHICH HAD NOT BEEN ENTIRELY TAKEN OFF)
BY ZEAL TO MAINTAIN THE LIBERTY,
AND TO RESTORE THE ANCIENT PROSPERITY,
OF GREAT BRITAIN.
HE DIED THE 12TH OF DECEMBER,
1751, AGED 73.

[1] Compare vol. iii. p. 130; *Bee*, No. 8.

In this manner lived and died Lord Bolingbroke, ever active, never depressed, ever pursuing fortune, and as constantly disappointed by her. In whatever light we view his character, we shall find him an object rather properer for our wonder than our imitation, more to be feared than esteemed, and gaining our admiration without our love. His ambition ever aimed at the summit of power, and nothing seemed capable of satisfying his immoderate desires, but the liberty of governing all things without a rival. With as much ambition, as great abilities, and more acquired knowledge than Cæsar, he wanted only his courage to be as successful: but the schemes his head dictated his heart often refused to execute; and he lost the ability to perform, just when the great occasion called for all his efforts to engage.

The same ambition that prompted him to be a politician, actuated him as a philosopher. His aims were equally great and extensive in both capacities: unwilling to submit to any in the one, or any authority in the other, he entered the fields of science with a thorough contempt of all that had been established before him, and seemed willing to think every thing wrong, that he might show his faculty in the reformation. It might have been better for his quiet as a man, if he had been content to act a subordinate character in the state; and it had certainly been better for his memory as a writer, if he had aimed at doing less than he attempted. Wisdom in morals, like every other art or science, is an accumulation that numbers have contributed to increase; and it is not for one single man to pretend, that he can add more to the heap than the thousands that have gone before him. Such innovations more frequently retard than promote knowledge; their maxims are more agreeable to the reader, by having the gloss of novelty to recommend them, than those which are trite, only because they are true. Such men are therefore followed at first with avidity, nor is it till some time that their disciples begin to find their error. They often, though too late, perceive that they have been following a speculative inquiry, while they have been leaving a practical good; and while they have been practising the arts of doubting, they have been losing all firmness of principle, which might tend to establish the rectitude of their private conduct. As a moralist, therefore, Lord Bolingbroke, by having endeavoured at too much, seems to have done nothing; but as a political writer, few can equal, and none can exceed him. As he was a practical politician, his writings are less filled with those speculative illusions, which are the result of solitude and seclusion. He wrote them with a certainty of their being opposed, sifted, examined, and reviled; he therefore took care to build them up of such materials as could not be easily overthrown: they prevailed at the times in which they were written, they still continue to the admiration of the present age, and will probably last for ever.

The following is a Copy of the Last Will and Testament of the late Right Hon. Henry St. John, Lord Viscount Bolingbroke:—

"In the name of God, whom I humbly adore, to whom I offer up perpetual thanksgiving, and to the order of whose providence I am cheerfully resigned; this is the last Will and Testament of me, Henry St. John, in the reign of Queen Anne, and by her grace and favour, Viscount Bolingbroke. After more than thirty years' proscription, and after the immense losses I have sustained by unexpected events in the course of it; by the injustice and treachery of persons nearest to me; by the negligence of friends, and by the infidelity of servants: as my fortune is so reduced at this time, that it is impossible for me to make such disposition, and to give such ample legacies as I always intended, I am content therefore to give as follows:—

"My debts, and the expenses of my burial in a decent and private manner at Battersea, in the vault where my last wife lies, being first paid, I give to William Chetwynd of Stafford, Esq., and Joseph Taylor of the Inner Temple, London, Esq., my two assured friends, each of them one hundred guineas, to be laid out by them as to each of them shall seem best, in some memorial, as the legacy of their departed friend; and I constitute them executors of this my will. The diamond ring which I wear upon my finger, I give to my old and long-approved friend the Marquis of Matignon, and, after his decease, to his son the Count de Gace, that I may be kept in the remembrance of a family whom I love and honour above all others.

"*Item*, I give to my said executors the sum of four hundred pounds in trust, to place out the same in some of the public funds or government securities, or any other securities, as they shall think proper, and to pay the interest or income thereof to Francis Arboneau, my valet-de-chambre, and Ann, his wife, and the survivor of them; and after the decease of the survivor of them, if their son John Arboneau shall be living, and under the age of eighteen years, to pay the said interest or income to him, until he shall attain his said age, and then to pay the principal money, or assign the securities for the same to him; but if he shall not be living at the decease of his father and mother, or shall afterwards die before his said age of eighteen years, in either of the said cases the said principal sum of four hundred pounds, and the securities for the same, shall sink into my personal estate, and be accounted part thereof.

"*Item*, I give to my two servants, Marianne Tribon, and Remi Charnet, commonly called Picard, each one hundred pounds; and to every other servant living with me at the time of my decease, and who shall have lived with me two years or longer, I give one year's wages more than what shall be due to them at my death.

"And whereas, I am the author of the several books or tracts following, *viz.*:—'Remarks on the History of England, from the minutes of Humphrey

In this man
depressed, ever
In whatever lig
properer for our
and gaining ou
at the summit
immoderate des
With as much
ledge than Cæs
schemes his he
the ability to p
to engage.

The same am
a philosopher.
unwilling to su
entered the field
established befo
he might show
for his quiet as
in the state; an
he had aimed
every other art
to increase; an
more to the h
innovations mo
are more agre
recommend the
Such men are
time that their
late, perceive t
they have bee
practising the
principle, whic
conduct. As a
at too much, s
equal, and no
writings are le
of solitude and
opposed, sifted,
up of such ma
the times in w
of the present

Oldcastle. In twenty-four letters.' 'A Dissertation upon Parties. In nineteen letters to Caleb Danvers, Esq.' 'The Occasional Writer. Numb. 1, 2, 3.' 'The Vision of Camilick.' 'An Answer to the London Journal of December 21, 1728, by John Trot.' 'An Answer to the Defence of the Inquiry into the Reasons of the conduct of Great Britain.' 'A Final Answer to the Remarks on the Craftsman's Vindication.'—All which books or tracts have been printed and published; and I am also the author of 'Four Letters on History, &c., which have been privately printed and not published; but I have not assigned to any person or persons whatsoever the copy or the liberty of printing or reprinting any of the said books, or tracts, or letters: now I do hereby, as far as by law I can, give and assign to David Mallet, of Putney, in the county of Surrey, Esq., the copy and copies of all and each of the before-mentioned books or tracts, and letters, and the liberty of reprinting the same. I also give to the said David Mallet the copy and copies of all the manuscript books, papers, and writings, which I have written or composed, or shall write or compose, and leave at the time of my decease. And I further give to the said David Mallet, all the books which at the time of my decease, shall be in the room called my library.

"All the rest and residue of my personal estate, whatsoever and wheresoever, I give to my said executors; and hereby revoking all former wills, I declare this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal the twenty-second day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and fifty-one.

"HENRY SAINT JOHN BOLINGBROKE.

"Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said testator, as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of Oliver Price and Thomas Hall.

"Proved at London, the fifth day of March, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-two, before the worshipful Robert Chapman, doctor of laws and surrogate, by the oaths of William Chetwynd and Joseph Taylor, Esquires, the executors named in the will, to whom administration was granted, being first sworn duly to administer. William Legard, Peter St. Eloy, Henry Stevens, deputy registers."

In Dr. Maty's Life of Lord Chesterfield, he mentions that he had seen Lord Bolingbroke for several months labouring under a cruel, and to appearance incurable disorder. A cancerous humour in his face made a daily progress; and the empirical treatment he submitted to not only hastened his end, but also exposed him to the most excruciating pain. He saw him, for the last time, the day before his tortures began. Though the unhappy patient, as well as his friend, did then expect that he should recover, and accordingly desired him not to come again till his cure was completed, yet he still took leave of him in a manner which showed how much he was affected. He embraced the earl with tenderness, and said, "God, who placed me here, will do what he pleases with me hereafter, and

he knows best what to do. May He bless you." And in a letter from Chesterfield to a lady of rank at Paris, he says, "I frequently see our friend Bolingbroke, but I see him with great concern. A humour he has long had in his cheek proves to be cancerous, and has made an alarming progress of late. Hitherto it is not attended with pain, which is all he wishes for; as to the rest he is resigned. Truly, a mind like his, so far superior to the generality, would have well deserved that nature should have made an effort in his favour as to the body, and given him an uncommon share of health and duration."

The last scene is thus lamented, in a letter to the same lady:—"Are you not greatly shocked, but I am sure you are, at the dreadful death of our friend Bolingbroke? The remedy has hastened his death, against which there was no remedy, for his cancer was not topical but universal, and had so infected the whole mass of his blood, as to be incurable. What I most lament is, that the medicines put him to exquisite pain; an evil I dread much more than death, both for my friends and myself. I lose a warm, an amiable, and instructive friend. I saw him a fortnight before his death, when he depended upon a cure, and so did I; and he desired I would not come any more till he was quite well, which he expected would be in ten or twelve days. The next day the great pains came on, and never left him till within two days of his death, during which he lay insensible. What a man! what extensive knowledge! what a memory! what eloquence! His passions, which were strong, were injurious to the delicacy of his sentiments; they were apt to be confounded together, and often wilfully. The world will do him more justice now than in his lifetime."[1]

[1] I will take this opportunity of pointing out what none of Johnson's biographers or editors mention, that Johnson's famous saying about Mallet's edition of Bolingbroke's Posthumous Works, may be found in the notes to a poem published in April 1755, called *The Birth-Day of Folly*, where it is given (p. 14) as said by "a gentleman." As this is one of the best known of Johnson's sayings, so it is the earliest as yet discovered in print.

CONTRIBUTIONS

TO

THE CRITICAL REVIEW

IN

1757, 1759, AND 1760.

The periodical contributions of Goldsmith to *The Monthly Review* and *The Critical Review* were first added to Goldsmith's works in the edition of 1837, where they are mixed together as "Miscellaneous Criticisms," and "Poetical Criticisms." I have thought fit to separate them, keeping the contributions to each *Review* apart, and in strict chronological order. My reasons for so doing are that, *The Monthly Review* was edited by a bookseller and his wife, while *The Critical Review* was edited by an eminent author—by Smollett. Griffiths and his wife were in the habit of altering the contributions of their humble dependant; and though Smollett probably exercise' the same power, it is clear that the alterations of the bookseller and his wife would not be comparable to the alterations made by an editor of Smollett's skill.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

	Year.	Month.	Vol.	Page
I.—Massey's Translation of Ovid's Fasti . .	1757	Nov.	IV.	402
II.—Marriott's Female Conduct	1759	January	VII.	26
III.—Barrett's Translation of Ovid's Epistles .	"	"	"	38
IV.—Church's Edition of the Faërie Queene . .	"	February	"	103
V.—Langhorne's Death of Adonis	"	March	"	260
VI.—Goguet on the Origin and Progress of Laws, Arts, and Sciences	"	"	"	270
VII.—Ward on Oratory	"	April	"	369
VIII.—Murphy's Orphan of China	"	"	"	434
IX.—Young's Conjectures on Original Composition	"	June	"	483
X.—Formey's Philosophical Miscellanies . .	"	"	"	486
XI.—Van Egmont's Travels into Asia . . .	"	"	"	504
XII.—Montesquieu's Miscellaneous Pieces . .	"	"	"	535
XIII.—Thyer's Genuine Remains of Samuel Butler .	"	July & Sept.	VIII. "	1 208
XIV.—Marriott's Reply to the Critical Review . .	"	July	"	
XV.—Guiccardini's History of Italy	"	August	"	89
XVI.—Hawkins' Miscellanies	"	"	"	97
XVII.—Modern Novels—Jemima and Louisa . .	"	"	"	165
XVIII.—Hawkins' Reply to the Critical Review and to the Monthly Review	1760	March	IX.	214
XIX.—Dunkin's Epistle to the Earl of Chesterfield .	"	"	"	235

THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

I.—MASSEY'S TRANSLATION OF OVID'S FASTI.

"*Ovid's Fasti; or, the Roman Sacred Calendar, Translated into English Verse, with Explanatory Notes.* By WILLIAM MASSEY, Master of a boarding-school at Wandsworth." 8vo.

IT was no bad remark of a celebrated French lady,[1] that a bad translator was like an ignorant footman, whose blundering messages disgraced his master by the awkwardness of the delivery, and frequently turned compliment into abuse, and politeness into rusticity. We cannot indeed see an ancient elegant writer mangled and misrepresented by the *doers into English* without some degree of indignation; and are heartily sorry that our poor friend Ovid should send his Sacred Calendar to us by the hands of Mr. William Massey, who, like the valet, seems to have entirely forgot his master's message, and substituted another in its room very unlike it. Mr. Massey observes, in his preface, with great truth, that it is strange that this most elaborate and learned of all Ovid's works should be so much neglected by our English translators; and that it should be so little read or regarded, whilst his Tristia, Epistles, and Metamorphoses, are in almost every school-boy's hands. "All the critics, in general," says he, "speak of this part of Ovid's writings with a particular applause; yet I know not by what unhappy fate there has not been that use made thereof, which would be more beneficial, in many respects, to young students of the Latin tongue, than any other of this poet's works. For though Pantheons, and other books that treat of the Roman mythology, may be usefully put into the hands of young proficients in the Latin tongue, yet the richest fund of that sort of learning is here to be found in the Fasti. I am not without hopes, therefore, that by thus making this book more familiar and easy, in this dress, to English readers, it will the more readily gain admittance into our public schools; and that those who become better acquainted therewith, will find it an agreeable and instructive companion, well stored with recondite

[1] Madame de Lafayette.—GOLDSMITH.

learning. I persuade myself also, that the notes which I have added to my version will be of advantage, not only to the mere English reader, but likewise to such as endeavour to improve themselves in the knowledge of the Roman language.

"As the Latin proverb says, *Jacta est alea;* and my performance must take its chance, as those of other poetic adventurers have done before me. I am very sensible, that I have fallen in many places far below my original; and no wonder, as I had to copy after so fertile and polite a genius as Ovid's; who, as my Lord Orrery, somewhere in Dean Swift's Life, humorously observes, 'could make an instructive song out of an old almanack.'

"That my translation is more diffuse, and not brought within the same number of verses contained in my original, is owing to two reasons: firstly, because of the concise and expressive nature of the Latin tongue, which it is very difficult (at least I find it so) to keep to strictly, in our language; and secondly, I took the liberty sometimes to expatiate a little upon my subject, rather than leave it in obscurity, or unintelligible to my English readers, being indifferent whether they may call it translation or paraphrase; for, in short, I had this one design most particularly in view, that these Roman Fasti might have a way opened for their entrance into our grammar schools."

What use this translation may be of to grammar schools, we cannot pretend to guess, unless, by way of foil, to give the boys a higher opinion of the beauty of the original by the deformity of so bad a copy. But let our readers judge of Mr. Massey's performance by the following specimen. For the better determination of its merit, we shall subjoin the original of every quotation.

"The calends of each month throughout the year,
Are under Juno's kind peculiar care;
But on the ides, a white lamb from the field,
A grateful sacrifice, to Jove is kill'd;
But o'er the nones no guardian god presides;
And the next day to calends, nones, and ides,
Is inauspicious deem'd; for on those days
The Romans suffer'd losses many ways;
And from those dire events, in hapless war,
Those days unlucky nominated are." [1]

Ovid's address to Janus, than which in the original scarcely anything can be more poetical, is thus familiarised into something much worse than prose by the translator:—

[1] Vindicat Ausonias Junonis cura kalendas:
Idibus alba Jovi grandior agna cadit.
Nonarum tutela Deo caret. Omnibus istis
(Ne fallere cave) proximus Ater erit.
Omen ab eventu est: illis nam Roma diebus
Damna sub adverso tristia Marte tulit.

"Say, Janus, say, why we begin the year
In winter? sure the spring is better far:
All things are then renew'd; a youthful dress
Adorns the flowers, and beautifies the trees;
New swelling buds appear upon the vine,
And apple blossoms round the orchard shine;
Birds fill the air with the harmonious lay,
And lambkins in the meadows frisk and play;
The swallow then forsakes her wint'ry rest;
And in the chimney chatt'ring makes her nest;
The fields are then renew'd, the ploughman's care;
Mayn't this be call'd renewing of the year?
To my long questions Janus brief replied,
And his whole answer to two verses tied.

---

1 "Dic, age, frigoribus quare novus incipit annus,
Qui melius per ver incipiendus erat?
Omnia tunc florent: tunc est nova temporis ætas
Et nova de gravido palmite gemma tumet
Et modo formatis amicitur vitibus arbos
Prodit et in summum seminis herba solum:
Et tepidum volucres concentibus aera mulcent,
Ludit et in pratis, luxuriatque pecus.
Tum blandi soles: ignotaque prodit hirundo;
Et luteum celsa sub trabe fingit opus.
Tum patitur cultus ager, et renovatur aratro.
Hæc anni novitas jure vocanda fuit.
Quæsieram multis: non multis ille moratus,
Contulit in versus sic sua verba duos.
Bruma novi prima est, veterisque novissima solis
Principium capiunt Phœbus et annus idem.
Post ea mirabar, cur non sine litibus esset
Prima dies. Causam percipe, Janus ait.
Tempora commisi nascentia rebus agendis;
Totus ab auspicio ne foret annus inera.
Quisque suas artes ob idem delibat agendo:
Nec plus quam solitum testificatur opus.
Mox ego; cur, quamvis aliorum numina placem,
Jane, tibi primo thura merumque fero?
Ut per me possis aditum, qui limina servo,
Ad quoscunque velim prorsus habere deos.
At cur læta tuis dicuntur verba kalendis;
Et damus alternas accipimusque preces?
Tum deus incumbens baculo, quem dextra gerebat,
Omina principiis, inquit, inesse solent.
Ad primam vocem timidas advertitis aures:
Et visam primum consulit augur avem.
Templa patent auresque deum: nec lingua caduca
Concipit ulla preces; dictaque pondus habent.

The winter tropic ends the solar race,
Which is begun again from the same place;
And to explain more fully what you crave,
The sun and year the same beginning have.
But why on new-year's day, said I again,
Are suits commenc'd in courts? The reason's plain,
Replied the god; that business may be done,
And active labour emulate the sun,
With business is the year auspiciously begun;
But every artist, soon as he has tried
To work a little, lays his work aside.
Then I; but further, father Janus, say,
When to the gods we our devotions pay,
Why wine and incense first to thee are given?
Because, said he, I keep the gates of heaven;
That when you the immortal powers address,
By me to them you may have free access.
But why on new-year's day are presents made,
And more than common salutations paid?
Then, leaning on his staff, the god replies,
In all beginnings there an omen lies;
From the first word, we guess the whole design,
And augurs, from the first-seen bird, divine;
The gods attend to every mortal's prayer,
Their ears and temples always open are."

Is there a possibility that any thing can be more different from Ovid in Latin than this Ovid in English? Quam sibi dispar! The translation is indeed beneath all criticism. But let us see what Mr. Massey can do with the sublime and more animated parts of the performance, where the subject might have given him room to show his skill, and the example of his author stirred up the fire of poetry in his breast, if he had any in it. Towards the end of the second book of the Fasti, Ovid has introduced the most tender and interesting story of Lucretia. The original is inimitable. Let us see what Mr. Massey has made of it in his translation. After he has described Tarquin returning from the sight of the beautiful Lucretia, he proceeds thus:—

"The near approach of day the cock declar'd,
By his shrill voice, when they again repair'd[1]
Back to the camp; but Sextus there could find
Nor peace nor ease for his distemper'd mind;
A spreading fire does in his bosom burn,
Fain would he to the absent fair return;

---

[1] Jam dederat cantum lucis prænuncius ales:
Cum referunt juvenes in sua castra pedem.
Carpitur attonitos absentis imagine sensus
Ille: recordanti plura magisque placent.
Sic sedit: sic culta fuit: sic stamina nevit;
Neglectæ collo sic jacuere comæ:

The image of Lucretia fills his breast,
Thus at her wheel she sat! and thus was drest!
What sparkling eyes, what pleasure in her look!
How just her speech, and how divinely spoke!
Like as the waves, rais'd by a boisterous wind,
Sink by degrees, but leave a swell behind:
So though by absence lessen'd was his fire,
There still remain'd the kindlings of desire;
Unruly lust from hence began to rise,
Which how to gratify he must devise;
All on a rack, and stung with mad designs,
He reason to his passion quite resigns;
Whate'er's th' event, said he, I'll try my fate,
Suspense in all things is a wretched state;
Let some assistant god, or chance, attend,
All bold attempts they usually befriend:
This way, said he, I to the Gabii trod;
Then girding on his sword, away he rode.
The day was spent, the sun was nearly set,
When he arriv'd before Collatia's gate;
Like as a friend, but with a sly intent,
To Collatinus' house he boldly went;
There he a kind reception met within
From fair Lucretia, for they were akin.

Hos habuit vultus: hic illi verba fuere:
  Hic decor, hæc facies, hic color oris erat.
Ut solet a magno fluctus languescere flatu;
  Sed tamen a vento, qui fuit ante, tumet:
Sic, quamvis aberat placitæ præsentia formæ,
  Quem dederat præsens forma, manebat amor.
Ardet; et injusti stimulis agitatus amoris
  Comparat indigno vimque dolumque toro.
Exitus in dubio est: audebimus ultima, dixit:
  Viderit, audentis forsne deusne juvet.
Cepimus audendo Gabios quoque. Talia fatus
  Ense latus cingit: tergaque pressit equi.
Accipit arata juvenem Collatia porta:
  Condere jam vultus sole parante suos.
Hostis, ut hospes, init penetralia Collatina:
  Comiter excipitur: sanguine junctus erat.
Quantum animis erroris inest! parat inscia rerum
  Infelix epulas hostibus illa suis.
Functus erat dapibus: poscunt sua tempora somni.
  Nox erat; et tota lumina nulla domo.
Surgit, et auratum vagina deripit ensem:
  Et venit in thalamos, nupta pudica, tuos.
Utque torum pressit; ferrum, Lucretia, mecum est,
  Natus, ait, regis, Tarquiniusque vocor.

What ignorance attends the human mind!
How oft we are to our misfortunes blind!
Thoughtless of harm, she made a handsome feast,
And o'er a cheerful glass regal'd her guest
With lively chat; and then to bed they went;
But Tarquin still pursued his vile intent;
All dark, about the dead of night he rose,
And softly to Lucretia's chamber goes;
His naked sword he carried in his hand,
That what he could not win, he might command;
With rapture on her bed himself he threw,
And as approaching to her lips he drew,
Dear cousin, ah, my dearest life, he said,
'Tis I, 'tis Tarquin, why are you afraid?
Trembling with fear, she not a word could say,
Her spirits fled, she fainted quite away;
Like as a lamb beneath a wolf's rude paws,
Appall'd and stunn'd, her breath she hardly draws.
What can she do? resistance would be vain,
She a weak woman, he a vig'rous man.

Illa nihil: neque enim vocem viresque loquendi,
Aut aliqui.. toto pectore mentis habet.
Sed tremit, ut quondam stabulis deprensa relictis,
Parva sub infesto cum jacet agne lupo.
Quid faciat? pugnet? vincetur femina pugna.
Clamet? at in dextra, qui necet, ensis adest.
Effugiat? positis urgetur pectora palmis;
Nunc primum externa pectora tacta manu.
Instat amans hostis precibus, pretioque, minisque,
Nec prece, nec pretio, nec movet ille minis.
Nil agis; eripiam, dixit, per crimina vitam:
Falsus adulterii testis adulter ero.
Interimam famulum; cum quo deprensa fereris.
Succubuit famæ victa puella metu.
Quid, victor, gaudes? hæc te victoria perdet.
Heu quanto regnis nox stetit una tuis!
Jamque erat orta dies: passis sedet illa capillis;
Ut solet ad nati mater itura rogum.
Grandævumque patrem fido cum conjuge castris
Evocat; et posita venit uterque mora.
Utque vident habitum; quæ luctus causa, requirunt:
Cui paret exsequias, quove sit icta malo.
Illa diu reticet, pudibundaque celat amictu
Ora. Fluunt lacrymæ more perennis aquæ.
Hinc pater, hinc conjux lacrymas solantur, et orant
Indicet: et cæco flentque paventque metu.
Ter conata loqui, &c.

Should she cry out? his naked sword was by;
One scream, said he, and you this instant die:
Would she escape? his hands lay on her breast,
Now first by hands of any stranger prest:
The lover urg'd by threats, rewards, and prayers;
But neither prayers, rewards, nor threats, she hears:
Will you not yield? he cries; then know my will—
When these my warm desires have had their fill,
By your dead corpse I'll kill and lay a slave,
And in that posture both together leave;
Then feign myself a witness of your shame,
And fix a lasting blemish on your fame.
Her mind the fears of blemish'd fame control,
And shake the resolutions of her soul;
But of thy conquest, Tarquin, never boast,
Gaining that fort, thou hast a kingdom lost;
Vengeance thy complicated guilt attends,
Which both in thine, and fam'ly's ruin ends.
With rising day the sad Lucretia rose,
Her inward grief her outward habit shows;
Mournful she sat in tears, and all alone,
As if she'd lost her only darling son;
Then for her husband and her father sent,
Who Ardea left in haste to know th' intent;
Who, when they saw her all in mourning drest
To know the occasion of her grief, request;
Whose funeral she mourn'd desir'd to know,
Or why she had put on those robes of woe?
She long conceal'd the melancholy cause,
While from her eyes a briny fountain flows:
Her aged sire, and tender husband, strive
To heal her grief, and words of comfort give;
Yet dread some fatal consequence to hear,
And begg'd she would the cruel cause declare."

Our readers will easily perceive by this short specimen, how very unequal Mr. Massey is to a translation of Ovid. In many places he has deviated entirely from the sense, and in every part fallen infinitely below the strength, elegance, and spirit of the original. We must beg leave, therefore, to remind him of the old Italian proverb,—"Il Tradattores Tradatore,"—and hope he will never for the future traduce and injure any of those poor ancients who never injured him, by thus pestering the world with such translations as even his own school-boys ought to be whipped for.[1]

[1] "It was the merit which he [Goldsmith] discovered in criticising a despicable translation of Ovid's Fasti by a pedantic schoolmaster; and his 'Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Literature,' which first introduced him to the acquaintance of Dr. Smollett."—*The Westminster Magazine* for 1774, p. 167.

II.—MARRIOTT'S "FEMALE CONDUCT."

"*Female Conduct; being an Essay on the Art of Pleasing. To be practised by the Fair Sex, before and after Marriage. A Poem in two books. Inscribed to Plautilla.* By THOMAS MARRIOTT, Esq." 8vo.

THIS performance is dedicated to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales,[1] as the distinguished patroness of female virtue. In the preface, the author gives some account of the poem, and endeavours to anticipat the malevolence of the critics. He expresses apprehension on one subject, which, however, we will venture to say is groundless; that is, "some people will say he is too much a poet." He might also have spared his apology, for having used "every art of persuasion and argument, either by repetition, amplification, tale, fable, example, or allegory, and every pleasing manner of conveying precepts, and enforcing doctrines." Mr. Marriott needs no excuse for that which cannot be displeasing. This poem, we are informed, is intended for the use and amusement of the female sex only; and the author hopes the salutary precepts and precautions it contains, may prove an antidote to the poison of Ovid, and all modern productions of the like pernicious nature. We hope so too, and commend the author for the morality of his undertaking.

Prefixed to the poem we find an ode on the death of the Duke of Marlborough,[2] together with an imitation of the eighth ode of the fourth book of Horace, intended to be sent to his grace at the beginning of the new year. In this piece, the most remarkable circumstance is this: Mr. Marriott, thinking Horace begins and ends too abruptly, has ventured to introduce the original with two Latin lines of his own composition, and added six at the end, to render Horace more complete. He might, however, have saved himself the trouble of lacing his own lines in the margin: the reader would have distinguished them without this precaution. Perhaps the public may be curious to see this improvement on a Roman classic. He begins, then, in this manner:—

"Annus quando novus nascitur, illius
Natalisque dies orbe revolvitur;—

He concludes thus:—

"Orco, Musa, pios eripiens nigro,
Arces, carminibus, tollit ad igneas;
Nomen grande tuum fiet amabilis,
Vatum materies, Musa tuis dabit
Mercedem meritis, Te faciet sacrum,
Sublimem, astra supra, Te vehet, ardua."

[1] Widow of Frederick Prince of Wales, and mother of George III.

[2] Charles, third Duke of Marlborough, died 1758. *See* vol. iii. p. 99.

The poem itself is divided into two books, and contains many curious particulars. His account of Portia's death is very sublime:—

> "Fam'd Portia, worthy of her mate and sire,
> Express'd such friendship, when she swallowed fire;
> Soon as she heard of her dear Brutus' death,
> Her consort breathless, she disdain'd to breath;
> Each instrument of death, to her deny'd,
> 'Shall Portia be debarr'd from death?' she cry'd,
> Then drank live embers, and intrepid died."

We wish Mr. Marriott would explain the manner in which the ancients *drank live embers.*

In p. 59, he candidly owns, that he has laboured hard in bringing these poems to perfection:—

> "Hear me, fair pupil, ne'er despise the bard
> Whose muse for your instruction *labours hard.*"

In the next page we meet with this curious paradox:—

> "Her witty child, let the fond mother boast,
> You show most wit, when you conceal it most."

This, for aught we know, may be the author's own case; for he seems to have a particular knack at concealing his wit.

There is something so agreeable, yet familiar, in his precepts!—

> "Red heels, a wise man's head will ridicule."
>
> "From smart cock'd hat, let no vain streamers fly."
>
> "I only warn you—ne'er your teeth neglect;
> White teeth will make amends for each defect."
>
> "To singing add the force of music too."

This is a very necessary injunction; for it is very common to hear singing without music.

> "Make not your houses Babels, ah! no more
> Let numerous torches smear th' indecent door!"
>
> "A curtsey makes impression, if made well,
> Learn then to curtsey with an air genteel."

Rather than pick out any more flowers of this kind, with which the poem abounds, we will make a few extracts, from which the poet's genius may be more justly estimated:—

> "Let no provoking words your wrath attend,
> Lest passion should in dire disaster end;
> How tragical had been Zantippe's fate,
> Had Socrates not been her peaceful mate!

You may just hint a fault, while you commend
His well-known merit, like a faithful friend.
If distant hints from you he'll not receive,
Desist; no curtain-lectures to him give;
Think not to tame him, like some savage beast,
By oft disturbing his nocturnal rest:
Though much he may repeated lessons need,
Sacred to concord is the genial bed:
Thence far be sour, contentious, jarring noise!
There dwell in silence, reconciling joys;
There love's bright lamp is fed with new desire,
Rekindled there, it never will expire.

"Once I through thin partition chanc'd to hear
A curtain-lecture, with astonish'd ear:
It wak'd, and scar'd me, in the dead of night,
Ere I my senses could recover quite;
It sounded like a seraph's plaintive voice,
So dire the sound, so solemn was the noise:
Trembling I heard, nor dar'd to ope my eyes,
Lest I might view a horrid spectre rise.
Soon I perceiv'd it was a woman's tongue,
Rehearsing to her mate each nuptial wrong;
Obdurate he, and stupid as a dunce,
Heard unconcern'd, nor interrupted once;
Till faint and spent, she falter'd in her speech,
And, quite exhausted, could no longer preach;
When her speech fail'd, she soon began to cry,
And ev'ry tear had its attendant sigh.
Then he, to aggravate each nuptial wrong,
Wish'd death would silence soon her clam'rous tongue.
Thus every curtain-lecture, preach'd in vain,
Gives to the preacher, not the hearer, pain.
To hint a fault requires the nicest touch,
The pride of self-sufficient man is such;
Few with good grace can give or take advice,
So few think others than themselves more wise;
Their faults the wisest are averse to hear;
Touch gently, lest you hurt a tender ear."

* * * * * *

He concludes the book with the following imitation of Virgil at the close of his Georgics:—

"Retir'd in rural shades I sung these lays,
That teach a maid and wife the art to please;
While Marlbro' executes what George commands,
And British thunder pours on Gallic lands;
While glowing with hereditary fires,
To his great sire's achievements he aspires."

* * * * * *

To draw a comparison between Ovid and our bard, we may observe, that as one performance of the former was styled *Tristia* from the subject, so this production may derive the same title from the execution, and be justly denominated *Marriott's Tristia*.[1]

III.—BARRETT'S OVID'S EPISTLES.

"*Ovid's Epistles translated into English verse; with Critical Essays and Notes. Being part of a Poetical and Oratorical Lecture, read in the Grammar-School of Ashford in the County of Kent; and calculated to initiate Youth in the first Rudiments of Taste.*" By STEPHEN BARRETT, A.M., Master of the said School." 8vo.

THE praise which is every day lavished upon Virgil, Horace, or Ovid, is often no more than an indirect method the critic takes to compliment his own discernment. Their works have long been considered as models of beauty; to praise them now is only to show the conformity of our taste to theirs; it tends not to advance their reputation, but to promote our own. Let us then dismiss, for the present, the pedantry of panegyric; Ovid needs it not, and we are not disposed to turn encomiasts on ourselves.

It will be sufficient to observe, that the multitude of translators which have attempted this poet, serves to evince the number of his admirers; and their indifferent success, the difficulty of equalling his elegance or his ease.

Dryden, ever poor, and ever willing to be obliged, solicited the assistance of his friends, for a translation of these epistles. It was not the first time his miseries obliged him to call in happier bards to his aid; and to permit such to quarter their fleeting performances on the lasting merit of his name. This eleemosynary translation, as might well be expected, was extremely unequal, frequently unjust to the poet's meaning, almost always so to his fame. It was published without notes; for it was not at that time[2] customary to swell every performance of this nature with comment and scholia. The reader did not then choose to have the current of his passions interrupted, his attention every moment called off from pleasure only, to be informed why he was so pleased. It was not then thought necessary to lessen surprise by anticipation, and, like some spectators we have met at the play-house, to take off our attention from the performance, by telling in our ear, what will follow next.

Since this united effort, Ovid, as if born to misfortune, has undergone successive metamorphoses, being sometimes transposed by schoolmasters unacquainted with English, and sometimes transversed by ladies who knew no Latin: thus he has alternately worn the dress of a pedant or a rake; either crawling in humble prose, or having his hints explained into unbashful meaning. Schoolmasters, who knew all that was in him, except his graces, give the names of places and towns at full length, and he moves

[1] Marriott replied to this.—*See* Article XIV.

[2] 1680.

along stiffly in their literal versions, as the man who, as we are told in the Philosophical Transactions, was afflicted with an universal anchylosis. His female imitators, on the other hand, regard the dear creature only as a lover; express the delicacy of his passion by the ardour of their own; and if now and then he is found to grow a little too warm, and perhaps to express himself a little indelicately, it must be imputed to the more poignant sensations of his fair admirers. In a word, we have seen him stripped of all his beauties in the versions of Stirling and Clark, and talk like a debauchee in that of Mrs. ———;[1] but the sex should ever be sacred from criticism; perhaps the ladies have a right to describe raptures, which none but themselves can bestow.

A poet, like Ovid, whose great beauty lies rather in expression than sentiment, must be necessarily difficult to translate. A fine sentiment may be conveyed several different ways, without impairing its vigour: but a sentence delicately expressed, will scarcely admit the least variation without losing beauty. The performance before us will serve to convince the public, that Ovid is more easily admired than imitated. The translator, in his notes, shows an ardent zeal for the reputation of his poet. It is possible, too, he may have felt his beauties; however, he does not seem possessed of the happy art of giving his feelings expression. If a kindred spirit, as we have often been told, must animate the translator, we fear the claims of Mr. Barrett will never receive a sanction in the heraldry of Parnassus.

His intentions, even envy must own, are laudable; nothing less than to instruct boys, schoolmasters, grown gentlemen, the public, *in the principles of taste* (to use his own expression), both by precept and example. His manner it seems is, "to read a course of poetical lectures to his pupils one night in the week; which, beginning with this author, running through select pieces of our own, as well as the Latin and Greek writers, and ending with Longinus, contributes *no little* towards forming their taste." *No little!* reader, observe that, from a person so perfectly master of the force of his own language: what may not be expected from his comments on the beauties of another?

But, in order to show in what manner he has executed these intentions, it is proper he should first march in review as a poet. We shall select the first epistle that offers, which is that from Penelope to Ulysses, observing beforehand, that the whole translation is a most convincing instance, that English words may be placed in Latin order, without being *wholly* unintelligible. Such forced transpositions serve at once to give an idea of the translator's learning, and of difficulties surmounted.

PENELOPE TO ULYSSES.

"This, still your wife, my ling'ring lord! I send;
Yet be your answer personal, not penn'd."

---

[1] Miss Elizabeth Caroline Keene; who, in 1758, published a translation of Dido's Epistle to Æneas.

These lines seem happily imitated from Taylor, the water-poet, who has it thus :—

> "To thee, dear Ursula, these lines I send,
> Not with my hand, but with my heart, they're penn'd."

But not to make a pause in the reader's pleasure, we proceed.

> "Sunk now is Troy, the curse of Grecian dames!
> (Her king, her all, a worthless prize!) in flames.
> O had by storms (his fleet to Sparta bound)
> Th' adult'rer perish'd in the *mad profound!*"

Here seems some obscurity in the translation: we are at a loss to know what is meant by the *mad profound.* It can certainly mean neither Bedlam nor Fleet-ditch; for though the epithet *mad* might agree with one, or *profound* with the other, yet when united they seem incompatible with either. The *profound* has frequently been used to signify bad verses; and poets are sometimes said to be *mad*: who knows but Penelope wishes that Paris might have died in the very act of rhyming; and as he was a shepherd, it is not improbable to suppose but that he was a poet also.

> "Cold in a widow'd bed I ne'er had lay,
> Nor chid with weary eyes the ling'ring day."

Lay for *lain*, by the figure ginglimus. Our translator makes frequent use of this figure.

> "Nor the protracted nuptials to avoid,
> By night unravell'd what the day employ'd.
> When have not fancied dangers broke my rest?
> Love, tim'rous passion! rends the anxious breast.
> In thought I saw you each fierce Trojan's aim,
> Pale at the mention of bold Hector's name!"

Ovid makes Penelope shudder at the name of Hector. Our translator, with great propriety, transfers the fright from Penelope to Ulysses himself: it is he who grows pale at the name of Hector; and well indeed he might; for Hector is represented by Ovid, somewhere else, as a terrible fellow, and Ulysses as little better than a poltroon.

> "Whose spear when brave Antilochus embrued,
> By the dire news awoke, my fear renew'd.
> Clad in dissembled arms Patroclus died:
> And, 'Oh the fate of stratagem!' I cried.
> Tlepolemus, beneath the Lycian dart,
> His breath resign'd, and rous'd afresh my smart.
> Thus, when each Grecian press'd the bloody field,
> Cold icy horrors my fond bosom chill'd."

Here we may observe how epithets tend to strengthen the force of expression. First, her horrors are cold, and so far Ovid seems to think also; but

"Of teasing suitors a luxurious train,
From neighbouring isles, have cross'd the liquid plain.
Here uncontroll'd th' audacious crews resort,
Rifle your wealth, and revel in your court.
Pisander, Polybus, and Medon, lead,
Antinoüs and Eurymachus succeed,
With others, whose rapacious throats devour
The wealth you purchas'd once, distain'd with gore.
Melanthius add, and Irus, hated name!
A beggar rival to complete our shame.

"Three, helpless three! are here; a wife not strong,
A sire too aged, and a son too young,
He late, *by fraud*, embark'd for Pylos' shore,
Nigh from my arms for ever had been tore."

These two lines are replete with beauty: *nigh*, which implies approximation, and *from*, which implies distance, are, to use our translator's expressions, drawn as it were up in a line of battle. *Tore* is put for *torn*, that is, torn by fraud from her arms; not that her son played truant and embarked by fraud, as a reader who does not understand Latin might be apt to fancy.

"Heaven grant the youth survive each parent's date,
And no cross chance reverse the course of fate.
Your nurse and herdsman join this wish of mine,
And the just keeper of your bristly swine."

Our translator observes in a note, that "the simplicity expressed in these lines is so far from being a blemish, that it is, in fact, a very great beauty: and the modern critic, who is offended with the mention of a *sty*, however he may pride himself upon his false delicacy, is either too short-sighted to penetrate into real nature, or has a stomach too nice to digest the noblest relics of antiquity." He means, no doubt, to digest a hog-sty; but, antiquity apart, we doubt if even Powell the fire-eater himself could bring his appetite to relish so unsavoury a repast.

"By age your sire disarm'd, and wasting woes,
The helm resigns, amidst surrounding foes.
This may your son resume (when years allow),
But oh! a father's aid is wanted now.
Nor have I strength his title to maintain,
Haste then, our only refuge, o'er the main."

"A son, and long may Heaven the blessing grant,
You have, whose years a sire's instructions want.
Think how Laërtes drags an age of woes,
In hope that you his dying eyes may close;
And I, left youthful, in my early bloom,
Shall aged seem, how soon soe'er you come."

But let not the reader imagine we can find pleasure in thus exposing

absurdities, which are too ludicrous for serious reproof. While we censure as critics, we feel as men, and could sincerely wish that those whose greatest sin is, perhaps, the venial one of writing bad verses, would regard their failure in this respect as we do, not as faults, but foibles; they may be good and useful members of society, without being poets. The regions of taste can be travelled only by a few, and even those often find indifferent accommodation by the way. Let such as have not got a passport from nature be content with happiness, and leave the poet the unrivalled possession of his misery, his garret, and his fame.

We have of late seen the republic of letters crowded with some who have no other pretensions to applause but industry, who have no other merit but that of reading many books, and making long quotations: these we have heard extolled by sympathetic dunces, and have seen them carry off the rewards of genius; while others, who should have been born in better days, felt all the wants of poverty, and the agonies of contempt. Who, then, that has a regard for the public, for the literary honour of our country, for the figure we shall one day make among posterity, that would not choose to see such humbled as are possessed only of talents that might have made good cobblers, had fortune turned them to trade? Should such prevail, the real interests of learning must be in a reciprocal proportion to the power they possess. Let it be then the character of our periodical endeavours, and hitherto we flatter ourselves it has ever been, not to permit an ostentation of learning to pass for merit, nor to give a pedant quarter upon the score of his industry alone, even though he took refuge behind Arabic, or powdered his hair with hieroglyphics. Authors thus censured may accuse our judgment, or our reading, if they please, but our own hearts will acquit us of envy or ill-nature, since we reprove only with a desire to reform.

But we had almost forgot that our translator is to be considered as a critic as well as a poet; and in this department he seems also equally unsuccessful with the former. Criticism at present is different from what it was upon the revival of taste in Europe: all its rules are now well known; the only art at present is, to exhibit them in such lights as contribute to keep the attention alive, and excite a favourable audience. It must borrow graces from eloquence, and please while it aims at instruction: but instead of this, we have a combination of trite observations, delivered in a style in which those who are disposed to make war upon words will find endless opportunities of triumph.

He is sometimes hypercritical. Thus, page 9, "Pope, in his excellent Essay on Criticism (as will, in its place, when you come to be lectured upon it, at full be explained), terms this making the sound an echo to the sense. But I apprehend that definition takes in but a part, for the best ancient poets excelled in thus painting to the eye as well as to the ear. Virgil, describing his housewife preparing her wine, exhibits the act of the fire to the eye.

> "Aut dulcis musti Vulcano decoquit humorem,
> Et foliis undam trepidi dispumat aheni."

"For the line (if I may be allowed the expression) boils over; and, in order to reduce it to its proper bounds, you must, with her, skim off the redundant syllable." These are beauties which, doubtless, the reader is displeased he cannot discern.

Sometimes confused: "There is a *deal* of artful and concealed satire in what Oenone throws out against Helen; and to speak truth, there was fair scope for it, and it might naturally be expected. Her chief design was to render his new mistress suspected of meretricious arts, and make him apprehensive that she would hereafter be as ready to leave him for some new gallant, as she had before, perfidiously to her lawful husband, followed him."

Sometimes contradictory: thus, page 3, "Style (says he) is used by some writers as synonymous with diction, yet, in my opinion, it has rather a complex sense, including both sentiment and diction." Oppose to this, page 135. "As to concord, and even style, they are acquirable by most youth in due time, and by many with ease; but the art of thinking properly, and choosing the best sentiments on every subject, is what comes later."

And sometimes he is guilty of false criticism: as when he says, Ovid's chief excellence lies in description. Description was the rock on which he always split; "*Nescivit quod bene cessit relinquere,*" as Seneca says of him: when once he embarks in description, he most commonly tires us before he has done with it. But to tire no longer the reader, or the translator, with extended censure; as a critic, this gentleman seems to have drawn his knowledge from the remarks of others, and not his own reflection; as a translator, he understands the language of Ovid, but not his beauties; and though he may be an excellent schoolmaster, he has, however, no pretensions to taste.

IV.—SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE.

"*The Faerie Queene.* By EDMUND SPENSER. A New Edition, with Notes, Critical and Explanatory, by RALPH CHURCH, M.A., late Student of Christ Church, Oxon." In four volumes, 8vo.

IT is the remark of Boccalini, that a writer, whose works have passed through a number of editions after his decease, would hardly know his own performances again if he were to rise from the dead. Critics mistake his meaning, or are desirous of giving a new one of their own. Dunces interpolate the text, and printers, too, add their faults to swell the account: so that the poet at last, like a river which receives a new tincture from every soil through which it flows, makes a very different appearance from that with which he set out.[1]

[1] No modern British Classic has been a greater sufferer in this respect than Goldsmith himself.

Perhaps no writer confirms the truth of this remark more than Spenser; for, in proportion as the number of editions of the Faerie Queene have increased, the text has become more precarious; so that it was absolutely necessary to compare subsequent ones with that published by himself, and thus restore his meaning, where it had deviated from ancient correctness and simplicity. Mr. Church, in the edition in view, has completed this undertaking, and merits all the praise due to an exact and cautious editor. Here we see our old favourite rising once more from his faults, and borrowing all the helps of exact punctuation. We can now tread the regions of fancy without interruption, and expatiate on fairy wilds, such as our great magician has been pleased to represent them. There is a pleasing tranquillity of mind which ever attends the reading of this ancient poet. We leave the ways of the present world, and all the ages of primeval innocence and happiness rise to our view.[1] Virgil, and even Homer, seem to be modern, upon the comparison. The imagination of his reader leaves reason behind, pursues the tale, without considering the allegory, and upon the whole, is charmed without instruction.

It is, it must be owned, somewhat surprising, that Spenser, who was so well acquainted with Virgil, should not have adopted the Eneid of the Roman poet, rather than the *Romans* of the *Wises* and *Jongleurs*, his more immediate predecessors. It is true he has endeavoured to soften this defect, by forming his work into an allegory; however, the pleasure we receive from this species of composition, though never so finely balanced between truth and fiction, is but of a subordinate nature, as we have always two passions opposing each other; a love of reality, which represses the flights of fancy, and a passion for the marvellous, which would leave reflection behind.

However, with all his faults, no poet enlarges the imagination more than Spenser. Cowley was formed into poetry by reading him; and many of our modern writers, such as Gray, Akenside, and others, seem to have studied his manner with the utmost attention: from him their compounded epithets, and solemn flow of numbers, seem evidently borrowed; and the verses of Spenser may, perhaps, one day be considered the standard of English poetry. It were happy indeed, if his beauties were the only objects of modern imitation; but many of his words, justly fallen into disuse among his successors, have been of late revived, and a language, already too copious, has been augmented by an unnecessary reinforcement. Learning and language are ever fluctuating, either rising to perfection or retiring into primeval barbarity: perhaps the point of English perfection is already

[1] "After reading a canto of Spenser, two or three days ago, to an old lady between seventy and eighty years of age, she said that I had been showing her a gallery of pictures. I don't know how it is, but she said very right; there is something in Spenser that pleases one as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth. I read the Faerie Queene when I was about twelve, with infinite delight; and I think it gave me as much when I read it over about a year or two ago."—Pope, 1743-44. *Spence*, by *Singer*, p. 297.

by turns. Elegy may be distinguished into three different kinds, as either of them happens to prevail. It is Love, and not the poet, who speaks: like a true boy, he is easily enraged, and as easily appeased; now exulting with success, again melting into tears of disappointment; when angry, threatening impossibilities; when appeased, repenting his insolence with the most abject humility. But whatever the pretences of the moderns, or even of the Latins, may be to this beautiful species of poetry, the little poem before us bears away the prize, and is incontestably the finest production of the elegiac Muse, if we except that of Euripides, in his "Andromache." We shall not enter into a disquisition with the grammarians, whether it be an elegy or not, as it wants what they term the characteristic difference of this species of poesy; *viz.* an alternate succession of hexameters and pentameters: be it sufficient to observe, that it unites every charm that a beautiful passion can suggest, and though simple, yet it is *simplex munditiis.* Some modern critics, it is true, have asserted, that plaintive elegy should be entirely unornamented: it might be sufficient to answer, that the practice of the ancients is against them; but nature itself also opposes this doctrine. A despairing lover, it is true, has no occasion to be tricked out like a beau, but yet should be sufficiently beautiful to interest the spectators with favourable sentiments, sufficiently ornamented to seem still desirous of pleasing. Elegy should in some measure resemble the poet's mistress.

Purpureo jacuit semisupina toro
Tamque fuit neglecta decens.

"Stretched on this mountain thy torn lover lies;
Weep, queen of beauty! for he bleeds—he dies.
Ah! yet behold life's last drops faintly flow,
In streams of purple, o'er those limbs of snow!
From the pale cheek the perish'd roses fly;
And death dims slow the ghastly-gazing eye.
Kiss, kiss those fading lips, ere chill'd in death;
With soothing fondness stay the fleeting breath.
'Tis vain—ah! give the soothing fondness o'er!
Adonis feels the warm salute no more."

There is no species of poetry that has not its particular character; and this diversity, which the ancients have so religiously observed, is founded in nature itself. The more just their imitations are found, the more perfectly are those characters distinguished. Thus the pastoral never quits his pipe, in order to sound the trumpet; nor does elegy venture to strike the lyre. It is indeed passionate, but has nothing terrible; nor is there, in the wildest rage of a lover, aught that can excite a stronger emotion than pity.

"But streaming when he saw life's purple tide
Stretch'd her fair arms, with trembling voice she cry'd;
Yet stay, lov'd youth! a moment ere we part,
O let me kiss thee!—hold thee to my heart!

A little moment, dear Adonis! stay!
And kiss thy Venus, ere those lips are clay.
That last-left pledge shall sooth my tortur'd breast,
When thou art gone."———

Let it not be thought that emotion alone will suffice for making an elegy, and that love will make a greater poet than study and genius. Passion alone will never produce a finished piece; it may, indeed, furnish the most natural sentiments, if we attend its impulses; but it is art alone that must turn them to use, and join the graces of expression.

"Wretch that I am! immortal and divine,
In life imprison'd whom the fates confine,
He comes! receive him to thine iron arms;
Blest queen of death! receive the prince of charms.
Far happier then, to whose wide realms repair,
Whatever lovely, and whatever fair.
The smiles of joy, the golden hours, are fled;
Grief, only grief, survives Adonis dead."

As the philosopher asserted, that he learned the truest philosophy in Homer, so he who would write a perfect elegy, should study the performance before us with the closest application. From one example of this kind, he will learn more than from all the precepts critics have delivered on the subject. He will here perceive beauty in distress, borrowing the language of nature and passion, and adapting sentiments to the subject; the thoughts rising, as of their own accord, without being sought after; the verse flowing with various harmony; the whole combined by a concealed connection, yet seemingly without order: in short, our idea increasing, by just degrees, to the end of the piece; like those landscapes that rise upon the eye, till they seem to touch the skies.

"Thus Venus griev'd—the Cupids round deplore,
And mourn her beauty and her love no more.
Now flowing tears in silent grief complain,
Mix with the purple streams, and flood the plain.
Yet not in vain those sacred drops shall flow,
The purple streams in blushing roses glow,
And catching life from ev'ry falling tear,
Their azure heads anemonies shall rear.
But cease in vain to cherish dire despair,
Nor count thy sorrows to the desert air.
The last sad office let thy hand supply,
Stretch the stiff limbs, and close the glaring eye."

It is not thus that many of our moderns have composed what they call elegies: they seem scarcely to know its real character. If a hero or a poet happens to die with us, the whole board of elegiac poets raise the dismal chorus, adorn his hearse with all the paltry escutcheons of flattery, rise into bombast, paint him as at the head of his thundering legions, or reining

Pegasus in his most rapid career: they are sure to strew cypress enough upon the bier, dress up all the muses in mourning, and look themselves every whit as dismal and sorrowful as an undertaker's shop. Neither pomp nor flattery agrees with real affliction: it is not thus that Marcellus, even that Marcellus who was adopted by the emperor of the world, is bewailed by Propertius. His beauty, his strength, his milder virtues, seem to have caught the poet's affections, and inspired his affliction. Were a person to die in these days, though he was never at a battle in his life, our elegiac writers would be sure to make one for the occasion. Our lovers, too, if they are really in love, seem more solicitous to show their wit than their passion, adapt trifling ornaments to broad sentiments, and somewhat resemble the lawyer, who cared not whether he gained or lost his cause, provided he could make the court admire his eloquence.

> "Je hais ces vains auteurs, dont la muse forcée,
> M'entretient de ses feux, toujour froid, et glacée,
> Qui s'affligent par art, et foux de sens rassis
> S'érigent pour rimer en amoureux transit."—BOILEAU.

With respect to the present translation, from the instances already given, the reader need scarcely be informed, that it is very elegant, and tolerably correct. Several of the minor poets are as yet without translations: we hope than an hint will not be lost.

VI.—GOGUET ON THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF LAWS, ARTS, AND SCIENCES.

"*De l'Origine des Loix, des Arts, et des Sciences; et de leurs Progrès chez les Anciens Peuples.* Par M. le Président GOGUET."[1] 3 Vols. in 4to. Paris.

THERE is a prettiness, a neatness, and symmetry of parts in the plan of most French books, which we admire, even while we hold the abilities of the author in contempt. Their specious manner we often mistake for solid erudition, and the superficial elegance of a gentleman frequently passes for the depth, labour, and judgment of the scholar. Such is the happy genius of this lively nation, that the most profound speculations are treated by them with the freedom of a novel; and Descartes and Newton so refined and polished, as to make no ungraceful appearance in the drawing-room. This has its good as well as bad effects; it gives lustre to the other accomplishments of the man of fashion, but it banishes true science into cells and cloisters. We should gladly see their writers studied by our beaux, but less closely copied by our authors. It is the privilege of a Frenchman to usher his solemn trifles with the grave visage of philosophy. Their very

[1] Antoine-Yves Goguet, born at Paris, 1716; died there 1758.

bagatelles have in them something pleasing, that arrests the judgment, and leaves the reader in suspense whether most to applaud or condemn. This art we may admire, but never imitate. The British writer, who affects formality and method, without profound learning, betrays his ignorance and becomes ridiculous. Nor is he more successful in his attempts to be lively, without a native fund of humour. But the Frenchman, with no great share of either, is sure of being agreeable in both. Energy, accuracy, and industry would seem to characterise the one; beauty, and elegance of drapery, with a certain happiness of design, are the distinguishing marks of the other. By the former, a thought is scrupulously examined in every light; by the latter it is placed with little trouble in the most striking. The one separates, compares, and pursues his subject with pain; the other playfully skims over the surface, but with an eye so piercing, as, without removing the veil, seems at one glance to dive into the deeps of science. Here a writer is strained and tortured into all the distortions of the Pythian goddess, to utter what he knows; there he talks with a decisive dignity and a graceful eloquence, upon subjects of which he is totally ignorant; nay, he almost persuades us that his facility arises from his knowledge.[1] The author before us will, in some measure, illustrate the truth of these remarks.

M. Goguet appears to us rather a writer of genius than of erudition; yet by dint of the former we would imagine him possessed of the latter. He has spread his learning with so light and masterly a hand, that no part of the performance seems wanting, although in the aggregate it is little more than a shadow or phantom of knowledge. His subject requires depth, and his plan proposes it: but alas! in the execution we find only the skeleton, draught, and outlines of his design remaining to be filled up by some future artist. In three volumes octavo, Mr. President Goguet has comprised a subject, which, in the hands of some writers, would have swelled to ten times the number in folio. If it should please God to turn the heart of a certain learned gentleman to so useful an undertaking, we may soon expect to see Dr. Radcliffe's library replenished with much profound learning, and this stupendous monument of pride converted to better purposes than being the object of stupid admiration of every head as empty as its walls, that now visits *alma mater*.

Our author has here given a history of the rise and progress of science, which, as he justly observes, may be termed a history of the human mind from its infancy to its maturity, full growth, and perfection. When we first set about reading our historian, when we perused his preface, where he professes to give an accurate view of facts, as first principles; to trace the origin of laws, arts, and sciences, in the manner most agreeable to these principles; and lastly, to connect the variety of different objects in so regular a chain as at one glance to show their mutual influence, we doubted not but the wish of our great Lord Verulam was accomplished. But we reckoned

[1] We would here be understood to speak of the general characters of writers; which supposes numberless exceptions on both sides.—GOLDSMITH.

the translator adds, from himself, the epithet icy, to show that they are still colder:—a fine climax of frigidity!

"But Heaven, indulgent to my chaste desire,
Has wrapp'd (my husband safe) proud Troy in fire."

The reader may have already observed one or two instances of our translator's skill, in parenthetically clapping one sentence within another. This contributes not a little to obscurity; and obscurity, we all know, is nearly allied to admiration. Thus, when the reader begins a sentence which he finds pregnant with another, which still teems with a third, and so on, he feels the same surprise which a countryman does at Bartholomew-fair. Hocus shows a bag, in appearance empty; slap, and out come a dozen new laid eggs; slap again, and the number is doubled: but what is his amazement, when it swells with the hen that lays them!

"The Grecian chiefs return, each altar shines,
And spoils of Asia grace our native shrines.
Gifts, for their lords restor'd, the matrons bring
The Trojan fates o'ercome, triumphant sing;
Old men and trembling maids admire the songs,
And wives hang, list'ning, on their husbands' *tongues*."

Critics have expatiated, in raptures, on the delicate use the ancients have made of the verb *pendere*. Virgil's goats are described as hanging on the mountain side; the eyes of a lady hang on the looks of her lover. Ovid has increased the force of the metaphor, and describes the wife as hanging on the lips of her husband. Our translator has gone still farther, and described the lady as pendent from his tongue. A fine picture!

"Now, drawn in wine, fierce battles meet their eyes,
And Ilion's towers in miniature arise:
There stretch'd Sigean plains, here Simoïs flow'd;
And there old Priam's lofty palace stood.
Here Peleus' son encamp'd, Ulysses there;
Here Hector's corpse distained the rapid car."

"Of this the Pylian sage in quest of thee
Embark'd, your son inform'd his mother he."

If we were permitted to offer a correction upon the two last lines, we would translate them into plain English thus, still preserving the rhyme entire.

The Pylian sage inform'd your son embark'd in quest of thee,
Of this, and he his mother, that is me.

"He told how Rhesus and how Dolon fell,
By your wise conduct and Tydides' steel;
That doom'd by heavy sleep oppress'd to die,
And this prevented, a nocturnal spy!

"Rash man! unmindful what your friends you owe,
Night's gloom to tempt, and brave a Thracian foe.
By one assisted in the doubtful strife;
To me how kind! how provident of life!
Still throbb'd my breast, till, victor, from the plain,
You join'd, on Thracian steeds, th' allies again.

"But what to me avails high Ilium's fall,
Or soil continued o'er its ruin'd wall;
If still, as when it stood, my wants remain;
If still I wish you in these arms in vain!

"Troy, sack'd to others, yet to me remains,
Though Greeks, with captive oxen, till her plains,
Ripe harvests bend where once her turrets stood;
Rank is her soil, manur'd with Phrygian blood;
Harsh on the ploughs, men's bones, half buried, sound,
And grass each ruin'd mansion hides around.
Yet, hid in distant climes, my conq'ror stays;
Unknown the cause of these severe delays!

"No foreign merchant to our isle resorts,
But question'd much of you, he leaves our ports;
Hence each departing sail a letter bears
To speak (if you are found) my anxious cares.

"Our son to Pylos cut the briny wave;
But Nestor's self a dubious answer gave:
To Sparta next—nor even could Sparta tell
What seas you plough, or in what region dwell!

"Better had stood Apollo's sacred wall:
O could I now my former wish recall!
War my sole dread, the scene I then should know;
And thousands then would share the common woe:
But all things now, not knowing what to fear,
I dread; and give too large a field to care.
Whole lists of dangers, both by land and sea,
Are muster'd, to have caus'd so long delay.

"But while your conduct thus I fondly clear,
Perhaps (true man!) you court some foreign fair;
Perhaps you rally your domestic loves,
Whose art the snowy fleece alone improves.
No!——may I err, and start at false alarms;
May nought but force detain you from my arms.

"Urg'd by a father's right again to wed,
Firm I refuse, still faithful to your bed!
Still let him urge the fruitless vain design;
I am—I must be—and I will be thine.
Though melted by my chaste desires, of late
His rig'rous importunities abate.

in abundance. If, regardless of the present age, the author has not thought proper to adapt his rules to the differing modes of eloquence of different centuries, he has, nevertheless, been a faithful commentator upon the ancients, whom he appears to have studied, and whose languages he seems perfectly to have understood. We would not therefore be thought to object to the execution of the present performance, but to the choice of the subject; not to the lecturer's talents, but the inutility of his task.

Upon a former occasion we hinted our opinion, that eloquence is more improved by the perusal of the great masters, from whose excellences rules have been afterwards formed, than by an attendance on the lectures of such as pretend to teach the art by rule, more by imitation than by precept. We shall here, then, take the liberty of pursuing the thought; and as an extract from the work before us can (from the nature of the subject) neither excite the reader's curiosity nor awaken his attention, instead of offering anything from the author we shall fill up a page with a few observations of our own. We all would be orators: we live in an age of orators: our very tradesmen are orators. Were it not worth while to ask what oratory is?

Oratory is nothing more than the being able to imprint on others, with rapidity and force, the sentiments of which we are possessed ourselves. Thus sometimes even silence is eloquent, and action persuades when words might fail. We may be thus impressed, without being convinced; and our passions are often excited on the side of the speaker, though reason would resist their impulse. "Whatever," says Boileau, "we clearly conceive, we can clearly express; whatever we conceive with warmth, is expressed in the same manner:" when the emotion is strong, the words rise almost involuntarily, to give our feelings all the force of expression. The speaker who calmly considers the propriety of his diction cools in the interval; the spirit is fled, and, not being moved himself, he ceases to affect his hearers. Should we examine writers of genius on the most applauded parts of their performances, they would readily answer, that those parts have been most admired which they wrote with the greatest ease and the warmest enthusiasm. Thus we see, eloquence is born with us before the rules of rhetoric, as languages have been formed before the rules of grammar. Nature alone is mistress of the art, and perhaps every person who understands the language in which he speaks, who has great interest in the cause he defends, or is warmly attached to his party, must be an orator. This is the reason that the most barbarous nations speak in a style more affecting and figurative than others; they feel with passions unabated by judgment, and tropes and figures are the natural result of their sensations. These strong and vigorous emotions, therefore, can be nowhere taught, but they may be extinguished by rule; and this we find actually to have been the case: we find no Grecian orator truly sublime after the precepts of Aristotle, nor Roman after the lectures of Quintilian. Their precepts might have guarded their successors from falling into faults, but at the same time they deterred them from rising into beauty. Cool, dispassionate, and even, they never

forfeited their title to good sense; they incurred no disgust, and they raised no admiration.

But if rules in general of this kind are of such inutility, how much more must they lead us astray, when we cite the precepts given to the orators of one country to direct the pleadings of another; rules drawn from the ancients to direct a modern barrister, would make him thoroughly ridiculous; and yet this custom prevailed in Europe till about a century ago. A lawyer, who even then perceived the absurdity of the custom, hearing his adversary talk of the war of Troy, the beauteous Helen, and the river Scamander, entreated the court to observe, that his client was christened, not Scamander, but Simon.

In fact, those men who have taken so much pains to reduce what is properly a *talent* to an *art*, have but very little advanced the interests of learning: by their means, the mind, attentive to her own operations, mixes judgment with all her enthusiasms; and like a man who is ever reflecting on the danger of every hazardous enterprise, at last is satisfied with the advantages of safety, unconcerned about the rewards attending success.[1]

VIII.—MURPHY'S ORPHAN OF CHINA.

"*The Orphan of China; a Tragedy.* By Arthur Murphy, Esq."

When luxury has exhausted every mode of enjoyment, and is palled by an iteration of the same pursuits, it often has recourse even to absurdity for redress, and vainly expects from novelty those satisfactions it has ceased to find in nature. Like the Asiatic tyrant of antiquity, wearied of the old pleasures, it proposes immense rewards, and eagerly seeks amusement in the new. From the prevalence of a taste like this, or rather from this perversion of taste, the refined European has, of late, had recourse even to China, in order to diversify the amusements of the day. We have seen gardens laid out in the eastern manner; houses ornamented in front by zig-zag lines; and rooms stuck round with Chinese vases and Indian pagods. If such whimsies prevail among those who conduct the pleasures of the times, and consequently lead the fashion, is it to be wondered, if even poetry itself should conform, and the public be presented with a piece formed upon Chinese manners?—manners which though the poet should happen to mistake, he has the consolation left, that few readers are able to detect the imposture. Voltaire, than whom no author better adapts his productions to the colour of the times, was sensible of this prevalence of fashion in favour of all that came from China, and resolved to indulge its extravagance. He has accordingly embroidered a Chinese plot with all the colouring of French poetry; but his advances to excellence are only in

[1] This criticism is followed by a kind notice of Goldsmith's *Enquiry*.

proportion to his deviating from the calm insipidity of his eastern original. Of all nations that ever felt the influence of the inspiring goddess, perhaps the Chinese are to be placed in the lowest class: their productions are the most phlegmatic that can be imagined. In those pieces of poetry, or novel, translations, some of which we have seen, and which probably may soon be made public,[1] there is not a single attempt to address the imagination, or influence the passions; such therefore are very improper models for imitation: and Voltaire, who was perhaps sensible of this, has made very considerable deviations from the original plan.[2] Our English poet has deviated still further, and, in proportion as the plot has become more European, it has become more perfect. By omitting many of the circumstances of the original story, and adding several of his own, Mr. Murphy has given us a play, if not truly Chinese, at least entirely poetical. Perhaps it was the intention of this ingenious writer, to show the strength of his imagination in embellishing a barren plot, and, like the artist we have sometimes heard of, who was famous for dressing a pair of shoes into a fricassee, chose rather to have us admire his manner than his materials.

The first error in the plot of this piece is, that the pathos begins without a proper preparation of incident. The most poignant anguish begins in the second act, where Mandane, the only woman of the play, feels all the distress of passion, conflicting between a subject's duty and a mother's tenderness. When the poet thus attempts to move us before his time, the most he can do is to raise an equally moderate degree of pity through the whole, which all his art cannot raise into that fine agony of distress, so common among the great masters of his art. All enthusiasms are of short continuance; nor is it in the power of genius to keep our sorrows alive through five acts, unless it diversifies the object, or in every act excites some new and unforeseen distress; but neither of these the Chinese plot in view admits of.

[1] A specimen of this kind will probably appear next season at Mr. Dodsley's, as we are informed.—GOLDSMITH. In 1761, Dr. Percy published a translation of "Han Kiou Choaan, or the Pleasing History," a Chinese novel, containing a faithful picture of the domestic manners, habits, and characters of that extraordinary people.

[2] "The first specimen of a Chinese play was translated into French by the Jesuit Prémaire. Voltaire made his translation of the 'Orphan of Chaou' the groundwork of one of his best tragedies, 'L'Orphelin de la Chine:' it is founded on an event which occurred about a hundred years before the birth of Confucius. A military leader, having usurped the lands of the house of Chaou, is determined on exterminating the whole race. A faithful dependant of the family saves the life of the orphan and male heir, by concealing him, and passing off his own child in his stead. The orphan is brought up in ignorance of his real condition, until he reaches man's estate, when the whole subject being revealed to him by his tutor and guardian, he revenges the fate of his family on the usurper, and recovers his rights. In this plot, Dr. Hurd remarked a near resemblance, in many points, to the Electra of Sophocles, where the young Orestes is reared by his *pedagogus* or tutor, until he is old enough to enact summary justice on the murderers of his father Agamemnon."—DAVIS, *Chinese*, vol. ii. p. 191.

Shakspeare, Otway, and Rowe, seemed to have been perfect economists of their distress (if we may use the expression); they were so sensible of a necessary gradation in this respect, that their characters frequently make their first appearance in circumstances of joy and triumph. They well knew that we are apt to pity the sufferings of mankind, in proportion as they have fallen from former happiness. Othello, therefore, meets the mistress he must soon kill, in all the ecstacy of a happy lover. Acasto surveys the felicity of his family with the most unreserved degree of rapture; and the father of the Fair Penitent, who so soon is to be wretched indeed, begins in a strain of exultation, that forces us almost to envy his felicity.

We have been led into these reflections, from observing the effect the ingenious performance before us had upon the audience the first night of its representation. The whole house seemed pleased, highly and justly pleased; but it was not with the *luxury of woe*[1] they seemed affected: the nervous sentiment, the glowing imagery, the well-conducted scenery, seemed the sources of their pleasure; their judgment could not avoid approving the conduct of the drama, yet few of the situations were capable of getting within the soul, or exciting a single tear; in short, it was quickly seen, that all the faults of the performance proceeded from vicious imitation, and all its beauties were the poet's own.

And now we are mentioning faults (faults which a single quotation from the play will happily expunge from the reader's memory), the author has, perhaps, too frequently mentioned the word *virtue*. This expression should, in the mouth of a philosopher, be husbanded, and only used on great occasions; if repeated too often, it loses its cabalistic power, and at last degenerates into contempt. This was actually the case at Athens, so that their Πολυθρυλλητη ἀρετή, as it was called, became contemptible even among the most stupid of their neighbouring nations; and towards the latter end of their government they grew ashamed of it themselves. But, to do the writer ample justice, we will lay one scene against all his defects, and we are convinced that this alone will turn the balance in his favour. Works of genius are not to be judged from the faults to be met with in them, but by the beauties in which they abound.

Zamti, the Chinese high-priest, is informed, that his own son is going to be offered up as the orphan-heir of China; after a short conflict, his duty gains a complete victory over paternal affection: he is willing his son should die, in order to secure his king; but the difficulty remains to persuade his wife, Mandane, to forego a mother's fondness, and conspire also in the deceit.

Scene.—MANDANE, ZAMTI.[2]

Mandane. And can it then be true?
Is human nature exil'd from thy breast?
Art thou, indeed, so barbarous?—

[1] Goldsmith was fond of this expression and of the word *woe*, on which he has six rhymes in his short poem of *The Deserted Village*.

[2] Garrick played Zamti; Mandane was played by Mrs. Yates.

Zamti. Lov'd Mandane,
Fix not your scorpions here—a bearded shaft
Already drinks my spirits up.
Mandane. I've seen
The trusty Morat—I have heard it all.
He would have shunn'd my steps; but what can 'scape
The eye of tenderness like mine?
Zamti. By heav'n!
I cannot speak to thee.
Mandane. Think'st thou those tears,
Those false, those cruel tears, will choke the voice
Of a fond mother's love, now stung to madness?
Oh! I will rend the air with lamentations;
Root up this hair, and beat this throbbing breast;
Turn all connubial joys to bitterness,
To fell despair, to anguish, and remorse,
Unless my son ———
Zamti. Thou ever faithful woman,
Oh! leave me to my woes.
Mandane. Give me my child,
Thou worse than Tartar, give me back my son;
Oh! give him to a mother's eager arms,
And let me strain him to my heart.
Zamti. Heaven knows
How dear my boy is here. But our first duty
Now claims attention—to our country's love,
All other fondnesses must yield:
I was a subject ere I was a father.
Mandane. You were a savage, bred in Scythian wilds,
And humanising pity never reach'd
Your heart. Was it for this—oh! thou unkind one,
Was it for this—oh, thou inhuman father,
You woo'd me to your nuptial bed? So long
Have I then clasp'd thee in these circling arms,
And made this breast your pillow? Cruel, say,
Are these your vows? Are these your fond endearments?
Nay, look upon me. If this wasted form,
These faded eyes, have turn'd your heart against me,
With grief for you I wither'd in my bloom.
Zamti. Why wilt thou pierce my heart?
Mandane. Alas! my son,
Have I then bore thee in these matron arms,
To see thee bleed? Thus dost thou then return?
This could your mother hope, when first she sent
Her infant exile to a distant clime?
Ah! could I think thy early love of fame
Would urge thee to this peril? Thus to fall
By a stern father's will. By thee to die!
From thee, inhuman, to receive his doom!

Murder'd by thee! Yet hear me, Zamti, hear me—
Thus on my knees—I threaten now no more—
'Tis Nature's voice that pleads; Nature alarm'd,
Quick, trembling, wild, touch'd to her inmost feeling,
When force would tear her tender young ones from her.

Zamti. Nay, seek not with enfeebling fond ideas
To swell the flood of grief—it is in vain—
He must submit to fate.

Mandane. Barbarian! no—(*She rises hastily.*)
He shall not die—rather—I pri'thee, Zamti,
Urge not a grief-distracted woman: Tremble
At the wild fury of a woman's love.

Zamti. I tremble rather at a breach of oaths.
But thou break thine. Bathe your perfidious hands
In this life-blood. Betray the righteous cause
Of all our sacred kings.

Mandane. Our kings!—our kings!
What are the scepter'd rulers of the world?—
Form'd of one common clay, are they not all
Doom'd with each subject, with the meanest slave,
To drink the cup of human woe?—alike
All levell'd by affliction? Sacred kings!
'Tis human policy sets up their claim.
Mine is a mother's cause—mine is the cause
Of husband, wife, and child;—those tenderest ties!
Superior to your right divine of kings!

Zamti. Then go, Mandane, thou once faithful woman,
Dear to this heart in vain;—go, and forget
Those virtuous lessons which I oft have taught thee,
In fond credulity, while on each word
You hung enamour'd. Go to Timurkan,
Reveal the awful truth. Be thou spectatress
Of murder'd majesty. Embrace your son,
And let him lead in shame and servitude,
A life ignobly bought. Then let those eyes,
Those faded eyes, which grief for me hath dimm'd,
With guilty joy reanimate their lustre,
To brighten slavery, and beam their fires
On the fell Scythian murderer.

Mandane. And is it thus,
Thus is Mandane known? My soul disdains
The vile imputed guilt. No—never—never—
Still am I true to fame. Come, lead me hence,
Where I may lay down life to save Zaphimri;
But save my Hamet too. Then, then, you'll find
A heart beats here, as warm and great as thine.

Zamti. Then make with me one strong, one glorious effort,
And rank with those who, from the first of time,
In fame's eternal archives stand rever'd,

For conquering all the dearest ties of nature,
To serve the general weal.
Mandane. That savage virtue
Loses with me its horrid charms. I've sworn
To save my king. But should a mother turn
A dire assassin—oh! I cannot bear
The piercing thought. Distraction—quick distraction
Will seize my brain.—See there—my child—my child—
By guards surrounded, a devoted victim,—
Barbarians, hold! Ah! see, he dies!—he dies!
[*She faints into Zamti's arms.*
Zamti. Where is Arsace? Fond maternal love
Shakes her weak frame—(*Enter Arsace*). Quickly, Arsace, help
This ever tender creature. Wand'ring life
Rekindles in her cheek. Soft, lead her off
To where the fanning breeze in yonder bow'r
May woo her spirits back. Propitious heav'n!
Pity the woundings of a father's heart;
Pity my strugglings with this best of women;
Support our virtue:—kindle in our souls
A ray of your divine enthusiasm;
Such as inflames the patriot's breast, and lifts
Th' imprison'd mind to that sublime of virtue,
That even on the rack it feels the good,
Which in a single hour it works to millions,
And leaves the legacy to after-times. [*Exit, leading off Mandane.*

Even in so short a specimen the reader sees a strength of thought, a propriety of diction, and a perfect acquaintance with the stage. The whole is thus in action, filled with incident, and embellished with a justness of sentiment, not to be found even in Mr. Voltaire. The French poet, for instance, seems to speak without detestation of self-murder, and instances the neighbouring Japanese,[1] who find in it a refuge from all their sorrows. our poet more justly brands it as an usurpation of

Zamti. The dread prerogative
Of life and death, and measure out the thread
Of our own beings! 'Tis the coward's act,
Who dares not to encounter pain and peril—

---

[1] "L'homme était-il donc né pour tant de dépendance,
De nos voisins altiers imitons la constance;
De la nature humaine ils soutiennent les droits,
Vivent libres chez eux, et meurent à leur choix.
Un affront leur suffit pour sortir de la vie,
Et plus que le néant ils craignent l'infamie,
Le hardi Japonais n'attend pas qu'au cercueil,
Un despote insolent le plonge d'un coup-d'œil."
L'Orphelin de la Chine, acte v. sc. 5.

Be that the practice of the gloomy north.
Mandane. Must we then wait a haughty tyrant's rod,
The vassals of his will?—no—let us rather
Nobly break through the barriers of this life,
And join the beings of some other world,
Who'll throng around our greatly daring souls,
And view the deed with wonder and applause.
Zamti. Distress too exquisite!—Ye holy pow'rs,
If aught below can supersede your law,
And plead for wretches, who dare, self-impell'd,
Rush to your awful presence;—oh! it is not
When the distemper'd passions rage; when pride
Is stung to madness; when ambition falls
From his high scaffolding;—oh!—no—if aught
Can justify the blow, it is when virtue
Has nothing left to do;—when liberty
No more can breathe at large;—'tis with the groans
Of our dear country when we dare to die.
Mandane. Then here at once direct the friendly steel.
Zamti. One last adieu!—now!—ah! does this become
Thy husband's love! thus with uplifted blade
Can I approach that bosom-bliss, where oft
With other looks than those—oh! my Mandane—
I've hush'd my cares within thy shelt'ring arms?
Mandane. Alas! the loves that hover'd o'er our pillows
Have spread their pinions, never to return,
And the pale fates surround us—
Then lay me down in honourable rest;
Come, as thou art, all hero, to my arms,
And free a virtuous wife.
Zamti. It must be so—
Now then, prepare thee—my arm flags and droops,
Conscious of thee in ev'ry trembling nerve. [*Dashes down the dagger.*

This is finely conceived, and exquisitely executed. Subjoined to the play we find a letter, addressed, from the author to Voltaire, which we think might have been better suppressed; for though it is written with fire and spirit, and contains many judicious observations, it may subject Mr. Murphy to the censure of having made but an indifferent return to a man, whose sentiments and plan he has, in a great measure, thought proper to adopt. It may be indeed considered as a just retribution on a Frenchman, who had served Shakspeare in the same manner; that is, adopted all his beauties, and then reviled him for his faults. Voltaire is entitled to particular regard from our countrymen, notwithstanding the petulance with which he has treated them on some occasions; for he was certainly the first who opened the eyes of Europe to the excellences of English poetry.

the reply! Forcibly grasping the youth's hand, he softly said, 'See in what peace a Christian can die.'"[1]

As Dr. Young's manner of writing is peculiarly his own, and has already secured him an ample share of fame, we hope to see some succeeding man of genius do justice to the integrity of his life, and the simplicity and piety of his manners; for in this respect, not Addison himself was, perhaps, his superior. We would, in a word, be much better pleased to see the writers of the rising generation more fond of imitating his life than his writings; his moral qualities are transferable; his peculiarities, as a genius, can scarcely be imitated, except in their faults.

X.—FORMEY'S PHILOSOPHICAL MISCELLANIES.

"*Philosophical Miscellanies on Various Subjects. To which is prefixed an Account of the Author and his Works, by Himself.* From the Original of M. FORMEY,[2] Perpetual Secretary to the Royal Academy at Berlin." 12mo.

THIS volume of miscellanies is prefaced with the author's own account of himself. What he found in his life worthy of thus being made public, it is not easy to determine, since all its transactions are composed of his being bred a divine, his being made professor of eloquence in an university, secretary to a literary society, and having wrote a great many books. There is not, perhaps, in nature a being more fond of flattery than the professor in a college. Accustomed to adulation from their pupils, they expect it from the world; and when fame does not happen to blow the trumpet sufficiently in their praise, have been frequently found to strengthen the blast themselves. Though their whole lives may have passed away between the fireside and the easy chair, yet how have we seen the press sweat with the uninteresting anecdotes of men who did nothing! But let them pass. They write for minds congenial to their own.

This may serve as a sufficient intimation that Mr. Formey's taste does not entirely correspond with ours. It must be owned, his vanity has given some unfavourable impressions, and his eloquence has wiped none of these impressions away. 'Tis true, that by arraigning his gravity or his learning,

[1] "Tickell, in his excellent elegy on the death of Addison, alluded, in the following lines, as he told Dr. Young, to this moving interview with Lord Warwick:

'He taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.'"

—JOHNSON'S *Life of Addison.*

[2] "M. Formey, originally of a French family, was born at Berlin, in 1711, and died in 1797. Besides the above work, his "Ecclesiastical History," and his "History of Philosophy and Philosophers," were translated into English; the latter by Goldsmith himself, in 1763. *See*, "Life," ch. xiii.

we incur some danger from the resentment of our brother journalists, and that class of men who are prudently for ever in the right. A theologist, a German, a professor, a journalist, a secretary to an academy, who perhaps could class eight or ten letters to the end of his name; to arraign the talents of such a man; to say that with all his eloquence he is at best *metaphorically dull*, will perhaps be considered as heresy in the commonwealth of letters!

Yet let not his faults be confounded with those of his translator; for these are frequently almost too gross for conception. This gentleman talks of "awakening to a vigilancy," in the first paragraph; tells us of the "coction of the ventricles," by which we suppose is meant, in the original, the digestive faculty of the stomach: he translates the exit of the nerves from the medulla spinalis, by the "roots of the marrow." Whenever an English word does not come to his hand, he without further ceremony makes one of his own, such as somnolence, humectating, acrity, acridity, inflammative, machinal, and so forth; all which are delivered with great ease, and much appearance of learning. In short, our German frequently is made to talk unintelligibly, and is thus robbed of one half his reputation; and at best, heaven knows, he has not much to spare! It reminds us of a man, who, selling his horse, assured the buyer that he had but two faults; one was, that he was very hard to be caught, and the other fault—ay, what was that?—he was good for nothing when he had caught him.

The first treatise is entitled, an Essay on Sleep. He raises a controversy whether sleep, which gives rest to our voluntary actions and motions, does not augment the vital and involuntary? This dispute he is at great pains to determine; and Seneca and Boerhaave on one side, are marshalled against Gorter, Keil, and Dodart on the other. An acquaintance with modern discoveries in physiology would have prevented his doubts, and taught him to reconcile Keil with Boerhaave. The quantity of matter which goes off by perspiration, though it be sometimes greater, is frequently less than that which is absorbed from the circumambient atmosphere. Thus a man, who, after the fatigue and exercise of the day, weighs himself upon going to bed, will be found some pounds heavier the next morning. While we are awake and in action, we perspire more than we inhale. In that state, therefore, the blood is deprived of a greater quantity of its fluid than in a state of sleep; the more the blood is deprived of this fluid, the more its stimulus increases. By this means the pulse becomes quicker, and all the vital motions are accelerated. To replenish this waste of fluid, sleep therefore is requisite, which gives the blood a proper degree of fluidity, and regulates the machine.

He next proceeds to consider what it is that sleeps in us. And to this he peremptorily answers, that the cerebrum, which he regards as the source of all our voluntary motions, is at rest; while the cerebellum, by him supposed to be the source of vital motion, continues alive and active. His theory has been so often refuted already, that we must accuse either his candour or learning, in not perceiving the proper objections. Animals deprived of the cerebrum have been seen to perform many of the voluntary motions; a proof that it cannot be the source of such. But to dismiss this essay, let

it be sufficient to observe, that whenever the author attempts physiological explanations, he discovers no great share of knowledge or erudition.

His next essay is upon dreams, where his merit as a metaphysician is somewhat superior to his skill in physiology. In quality of the latter, however, he begins this dissertation with a confused account of the manner in which bodies operate upon the nerves; one time considering them as having a nervous fluid, and another, as being elastic springs, that vibrate to every external impression. However, it is sufficient for his purpose that they serve as conveyances from external objects to the thinking power. The nerves, at their origination from the brain, are supposed to be of much more vivid perception than they are at their extremities, which lie at such a distance from the common sensory. "Hence," continues he, "it is that arise all the acts of imagination during vigilancy; and nothing is more known, than that in persons of a certain habit of body, or who are given up to intense meditation, or agitated by violent passions, these acts of imagination are equivalent to sensation, and even hinder its effects; though otherwise the impression in itself be very far from faint. Those are the dreams of waking men, and there is a perfect analogy betwixt them and the dreams in sleep; both the one and the other depending on that series of inward concussions at the extremity of the nerves, which terminates in the brain; the whole difference is, that whilst awake, we can check this series, break the concatenation, alter the direction, and supersede it, by calling in real sensation; whereas dreams are independent of our will, and it is without the verge of our power either to continue an agreeable illusion, or disperse an hideous phantom. The imagination in a waking person is a policed republic, where the voice of the magistrate appeases confusion and restores order; the imagination in dreams is the same republic in a state of anarchy; and still the passions make frequent attempts against the legislator's authority, even whilst his prerogative is in its full force, and he is in a capacity of asserting his rights."

Our author is of opinion, that there is no period of sleep in which we do not dream, but the images are so confused and faint, as to leave not the least trace upon the memory. So that, properly speaking, the dream is no more than to have a recollection of our dreams. This is a controversy that has employed many to very little purpose. For if, with Mr. Locke, there be a time when the soul is quite insensible, it can never remember such a time, that interval of insensibility being considered as nothing in its period of existence, and consequently will not admit of reasoning about it.

The succeeding essays turn upon the value and neglect of the laws of conversation on the scale of beings; by which he means, that infinite gradation of beings, from the summit of perfection down to inanimate matter. On the order of nature. On the analogy between the nourishment of the soul and that of the body. On the principles of happiness and unhappiness in marriage. On moral liberty. On lending money at interest. The obligation of procuring ourselves the conveniences of life considered as a moral duty. The *nugis addere pondus* is very manifest in this author's

manner. Every subject is treated very scientifically, with a great show of argument, which proves nothing; he seems ever upon the wing, yet does not stir an inch. He very conscientiously and methodically divides his subject, surveys it round and round, and then leaves it without stripping off a single obscurity. Need it be added then, upon the whole, that it is one of those performances which generally serve to gain an author the praise of his acquaintance, and yet create no envy in cotemporary writers? The ill-natured must own there is no harm in it, and they who are more generous may, perhaps, allow that it reads *well enough*.

XI.—VAN EGMONT'S TRAVELS INTO ASIA.

"*Travels through part of Europe, Asia Minor, the Islands of the Archipelago, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Mount Sinai, &c.* By the Honourable J. ÆGIDIUS VAN EGMONT, Envoy Extraordinary from the United Provinces to the Court of Naples; and JOHN HEYMAN, Professor of the Oriental Languages in the University of Leyden. Translated from the Low Dutch." 2 vols. 8vo.

TRAVELS acquire one great part of their merit from being new. Every country seems like the pictures in a camera-obscura, continually altering their tints, though the outlines be still the same. A single age introduces new customs and manners, as well as inhabitants. Those who compare the accounts of the travellers of the fourteenth century with those of the moderns, will perceive that even Asia has altered its modes, the inhabitants of many places having almost changed their nature. From every new publication of travels, therefore, the reader has a right to expect recent information, that it at least excels all other accounts by giving, if not more authentic, at least more modern descriptions. In this respect, however, the purchaser of the book in question will find himself mistaken. These travels have been performed more than an age ago; and we have had several men of better abilities, who have visited and described those countries mentioned in the title-page, later than they. To what purpose, then, a new publication, which contains accounts neither so accurate or so modern as those which have preceded it? Really we know not, unless vainly to add to the number of such descriptions, already too voluminous.

One who sits down to read the accounts of modern travellers into Asia, will be apt to fancy that they all travelled in the same track. Their curiosity seems repressed either by fear or indolence, and all are contented if they venture as far as others went before them. Thus, the same cities, towns, ruins, and rivers, are again described, to a disgusting repetition. Thus, a man shall go an hundred miles to admire a mountain, only because it was spoken of in Scripture; yet what information can be received from hearing, that Ægidius Van Egmont went up such a hill, only in order to come down again? Could we see a man set out upon this journey, not with

an intent to consider rocks and rivers, but the manners and the mechanic inventions, and the imperfect learning of the inhabitants, resolved to penetrate into countries as yet little known, and eager to pry into all their secrets, with an heart not terrified at trifling dangers;—if there could be found a man who could unite thus true courage with sound learning, from such a character we might hope much information. Even though all he should bring home was only the manner of dyeing red in the Turkish manner, his labours would be more beneficial to society, than if he had collected all the mutilated inscriptions and idle shells on the coasts of the Levant.[1]

With respect to the gentlemen in view, we have no reason to doubt of their veracity: however, that circumstance alone will not compensate for dry accounts, and observations frequently true, but seldom striking. In copying the Greek inscriptions, they seem frequently to have mistaken the letters, unless this defect is to be attributed to an error of the press.

As the religion of the Druses in several parts of the East is not so generally known, we shall give as an extract, one part of the book, entitled, "The first part of the Mysteries of the proper worship of our Maoula."

"All ye," &c. * * * [Here follows a long extract of six pages.]

XII.—MONTESQUIEU'S MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

"*Miscellaneous Pieces of M. de Secondat, Baron de Montesquieu.*" 8vo.

SUCH of our readers as are not in possession of the last splendid French edition of the celebrated Montesquieu, will find this volume a valuable supplement to his other works, as the translation is executed with spirit, though seemingly inaccurate. There is a pleasure arising from the perusal of the very bagatelles of men renowned for their knowledge and genius; and we receive with veneration those pieces after they are dead, which would lessen them in our esteem while living. Sensible that we shall enjoy them no more, we treasure up, as precious relics, every saying and word that has escaped them; but their writings of every kind we deem inestimable. With what eagerness would all the literati of Europe pore over a half-defaced

[1] The admirable sense of this brief criticism is the best answer to Johnson's objection to Goldsmith's wish to travel in the East: "Of all men Goldsmith is the most unfit to go out upon such an enquiry [a knowledge of the arts of the East]; for he is utterly ignorant of such arts as we already possess, and consequently could not know what would be accessions to our present stock of mechanical knowledge. Sir, he would bring home a grinding barrow, which you see in every street in London, and think that he had furnished a wonderful improvement." That he would have written a delightful work, the result of his own accurate observation, there can be no doubt whatever.

fragment of Plato, Cicero, Homer, or Virgil! Even a trifling poem of Swift or Pope will make a whole edition of their works sell with rapidity, and we now would purchase a warranted original copy of the worst verses Milton ever wrote, at ten times the price which the original copy of the "Paradise Lost" brought him.

We love to pursue genius from its serious occupations to its lighter and more airy amusements, and to peruse their unformed sentiments, as well as their finished pieces. Seeing their thoughts rise without order, connexion, or art, and destitute of the embellishments of style, and ornaments of learning, is examining them more closely, entering more intimately into their acquaintances, and more strongly marking their original powers. In the one, they address us with the formal and distant air of the superior; in the other, with the ease and familiarity of the friend, where every thing is uttered as it occurs. Studying the outlines of any work of genius, is like watching the progress of infancy to maturity; we trace it growing under the hands of the artist; we imagine ourselves present at every addition and improvement, and congratulate ourselves as if we had been assisting to its final perfection. Where it is broken off unfinished, we lament it as a promising child cut off in the bloom of youth, to the disappointment of all our hopes and wishes.

Cicero observes, that we behold with transport and enthusiasm the little barren spot, or ruins of a house, in which a person celebrated for his wisdom, his valour, or his learning, lived. When he coasted along the shore of Greece, all the heroes, statesmen, orators, philosophers, and poets of those famed republics, rose in his memory, and were present to his sight: how much more would he have been delighted with any of their posthumous works, however inferior to what he had before seen! In just this manner did we receive pleasure from the volume before us. The detached pieces with which we are here presented fall greatly short of the merit of all his other performances; yet still they have the spirit of Montesquieu. His defence of the "Spirit of Laws" is close, cool, and judicious; sometimes rising to wit, often shrewdly sarcastic; but generally dry, barren, and of such a kind as indicates that the talents of this great man did not lie in controversy. This, perhaps, may be the reason why his elegant panegyrist, D'Alembert, has so slightly touched upon this piece. As to the "Temple of Gnidus," we must beg leave to dissent in opinion from that polite encomiast, who, we think, has extolled it greatly beyond its merit, and probably from that sympathetic veneration which men of genius ever feel for each other. In our mind, it proves little more than that Montesquieu, to his other great talents, annexed those of fancy and invention. Of the Essay on Taste we have spoken in our last Number, &c.

XIII.—THYER'S GENUINE REMAINS OF SAMUEL BUTLER.

"*The Genuine Remains, in Prose and Verse, of Mr. Samuel Butler.* Published from the Original Manuscripts, formerly in the possession of W. Longueville, Esq.; with Notes by R. THYER, Keeper of the public Library at Manchester." In two vols. 8vo.

WHEN we consider Butler merely as a poet, and a party poet too, and reflect that poets, in our own time, have been known to excel in one species of composition, and yet have been useless in all other purposes of life, and ignorant in all other pursuits of learning, we bewail, but we are not greatly surprised at, the indigence in which we are told he lived and died. But when we view him by the light in which this publication places him, we are struck with somewhat next to horror at the want of discernment, at the more than barbarous ingratitude, of his cotemporaries. When we see him join the humour of Lucian to the philosophy of Plato, and unite the virtue of Socrates with the wit of Aristophanes; when he displays an equal knowledge of men and books; when he adapts reading to reasoning, and all in the cause of liberty and religion, we are apt to bewail, not only the disgrace, but the loss, of our country, that could suffer such a person to be, in a manner, dead to society.

Till the pieces before us were published, Swift could, with some appearance of justice, have disputed with Butler the palm of wit, humour, and observation of life. But we are of opinion, that the question must be now, by the discerning and impartial part of the public, decided in Butler's favour. We cannot, however, say of all the pieces of this collection, as Ovid does of the chariot of the sun, "*Materiam superat opus;*" for here many of the materials are rich, but the workmanship is rough; they look like pieces of the most precious metal, when they first come out of a beautiful mould; but without the finishing and heightenings, that the hand and the tools of the artist can bestow. Many of them bear manifest indications of genius labouring, but not crushed, under indigence; while some of them have received all the polish that art and judgment can bestow.

The editor has performed his duty with great pertinency, yet modesty of observation; and this publication is far from being one of those catchpenny subscription-works, which, circulating from one good-natured friend to another, at last picks the pocket of the public. We are tempted to wish, however, that Mr. Thyer's studies had led him a little more than they seem to have done, into those piddling walks of pamphlet and polemical reading, from which alone can be drawn the illustrations of many dark passages of his admirable author; nor can we think he has been always happy in his conjectures.

Through great part of the two volumes before us, we perceive that Butler

was no friend to the Royal Society,[1] and the method of philosophising in fashion in his time; and, indeed, as Mr. Thyer observes with great truth, one must own, that the members of that learned body, at their first setting out, did justly lay themselves open to the lashes of wit and satire.

The first poem in this collection is entitled "The Elephant in the Moon," and is planned upon a humourous story of a mouse getting into a telescope, with which the virtuosos were viewing the moon, and which they instantly pronounced to be an elephant in the moon. The story, which is full of Butler's humour, is told at first in short, and then in long, verse, but generally in the same terms and terminations of rhyme.

The poem which follows is entitled, "A Satire upon the Weakness and Misery of Man," and bears the stamp not only of genius but virtue; with such characteristics of the latter as are impossible to be counterfeited: as for the former, they speak for themselves. In short, this is perhaps the finest and justest satire that any language can produce; and the whole of it has those marks of virtuous indignation, which prove that the poet speaks from the heart. This indignation is levelled equally against the court of Charles the Second as against the fanatics; and the reader is grossly mistaken if he imagines, that because Butler was the author of Hudibras, he favoured either the politics or the manners of the court, to which his writings were so serviceable in its distress.

The satire in question, in enumerating the outward circumstances that create the weakness and misery of man, has the following lines:

"Yet as no barbarousness beside
Is half so barbarous as pride,
Nor any prouder insolence
Than that, which has the least pretence,
We are so wretched, to profess
A glory in our wretchedness;
To vapour sillily, and rant
Of our own misery and want.
And grown vain-glorious on a score,
We ought much rather to deplore,
Who, the first moment of our lives,
Are but condemn'd, and giv'n reprieves;
And our greatest grace is, not to know
When we shall pay 'em back, nor how;
Begotten with a vain caprich
And live as vainly to that pitch.

---

[1] "The enemies of the Royal Society were for some time very numerous and very acrimonious; for what reason it is hard to conceive, since the philosophers professed not to advance doctrines, but to produce facts; and the most zealous enemy of innovation must admit the gradual progress of experience, however he may oppose hypothetical temerity."—JOHNSON'S *Life of Butler*.

"Our pains are real things, and all
Our pleasures but fantastical;
Diseases of their own accord,
But cures come difficult and hard;
Our noblest piles, and stateliest rooms
Are but out-houses to the tombs;
Cities, though ere so great and brave,
But mere warehouses to the grave;
Our brav'ry's[1] but a vain disguise,
To hide us from the world's dull eyes,
The remedy of a defect,
With which our nakedness is deckt;
Yet makes us swell with pride, and boast,
As if w' had gain'd by being lost."

After some other very fine reflections of the same caste, he concludes in the following noble and spirited strain:—

"That wealth, that bounteous fortune sends
As presents to her dearest friends,
Is oft laid out upon a purchase
Of two yards long in parish churches;
And those too happy men that bought it,
Had liv'd, and happier too, without it,
For what does vast wealth bring but cheat,
Law, luxury, disease, and debt,
Pain, pleasure, discontent, and sport,
And easy-troubled life, and short?[2]

---

[1] Finery.—GOLDSMITH *from* THYER.

[2] Though this satire seems fairly transcribed for the press, yet on a vacancy in the sheet opposite to this line, I find the following verses, which probably were intended to be added: but as they are not regularly inserted, I choose rather to give them by way of note:

"For men ne'er digg'd so deep into
The bowels of the earth below,
For metals that are found to dwell
Near neighbour to the pit of hell,
And have a magic pow'r to sway
The greedy souls of men that way;
But with their bodies have been fain
To fill those trenches up again;
When bloody battles have been fought
For sharing that, which they took not.
For wealth is all things that conduce
To man's destruction, or his use;
A standard both to buy and sell
All things from heaven down to hell."—GOLDSMITH *from* THYER.

"But all these plagues are nothing near
Those far more cruel and severe,
Unhappy man takes pains to find
T' inflict himself upon his mind;
And out of his own bowels spins
A rack and torture for his sins:
Torments himself, in vain, to know
That most, which he can never do;
And the more strictly 'tis denied,
The more he is unsatisfied:
Is busy in finding scruples out,
To languish in eternal doubt;
Sees spectres in the dark, and ghosts,
And starts, as horses do at posts,
And, when his eyes assist him least,
Discerns such subtle objects best:
On hypothetic dreams and visions
Grounds everlasting disquisitions,
And raises endless controversies
On vulgar theorems and hearsays:
Grows positive and confident
In things so far beyond th' extent
Of human sense, he does not know,
Whether they be at all, or no;
And doubts as much in things, that are
As plainly evident, and clear:
Disdains all useful sense, and plain,
T'apply to th' intricate and vain;
And cracks his brains in plodding on
That, which is never to be known;
To pose himself with subtleties,
And hold no other knowledge wise:
Although, the subtler all things are,
They're but to nothing the more near:
And the less weight they can sustain,
The more he still lays on in vain,
And hangs his soul upon as nice
And subtle curiosities,
As one of that vast multitude,
That on a needle's point have stood:
Weighs right and wrong, and true and false,
Upon as nice and subtle scales,
As those that turn upon a plane
With the hundredth part of half a grain;
And still the subtler they move,
The sooner false and useless prove.
So man, that thinks to force and strain
Beyond its natural sphere his brain;

In vain torments it on the rack;
And, for improving, sets it back;
Is ignorant of his own extent,
And that to which his aims are bent;
Is lost in both, and breaks his blade
Upon the anvil, where 'twas made;
For, as abortions cost more pain
Than vig'rous births, so all the vain
And weak productions of man's wit,
That aim at purposes unfit,
Require more drudgery, and worse
Than those of strong and lively force."

The satire that follows is, what the author calls, in long verse, and is upon the licentious age of Charles the Second, contrasted with the puritanical one that preceded it. In this satire, which is the sequel of the former, we have the following masterly lines:—

"For those, who heretofore sought private holes,
Securely in the dark to damn their souls,
Wore vizards of hypocrisy, to steal
And slink away, in masquerade, to hell;
Now bring their crimes into the open sun,
For all mankind to gaze their worst upon,
As eagles try their young against its rays,
To prove, if they're of generous breed, or base;
Call heaven and earth to witness, how they've aim'd
With all their utmost vigour to be damn'd."

Speaking of example—

"Example, that imperious dictator
Of all that's good, or bad to human nature;
By which the world's corrupted, and reclaim'd.
Hopes to be sav'd, and studies to be damn'd;
That reconciles all contrarieties,
Makes wisdom foolishness, and folly wise."

Then follows a satire upon gaming.

The satire that follows is, we dare say, addressed to Sir William Davenant,[1] whose name our editor has been so delicate as to suppress, and is a piece of sterling wit. Speaking of rhyme and sense, he says:—

"I, whom a lewd caprich, (for some great crime
I have committed) has condemn'd to rhyme,
With slavish obstinacy vex my brain
To reconcile 'em, but, alas! in vain,
Sometimes I set my wits upon the rack,
And when I would say *white* the verse says *black*;

* * * * * * *

[1] Rather Ned Howard. *See* next note.

When I would praise an author, the untoward
Damn'd sense, says Virgil, but the rhyme——." [1]

Speaking of the plague of rhyme, Mr. Pope has nothing in all his works more spirited and musical than the following lines:—

"Without this plague, I freely might have spent
My happy days with leisure and content;
Had nothing in the world to do, or think,
Like a fat priest, but whore, and eat, and drink;
Had past my time as pleasantly away,
Slept all the night, and loiter'd all the day.
My soul, that's free from care, and fear, and hope,
Knows how to make her own ambition stoop."

He concludes the epistle with the following lines:—

"Thou then, that see'st how ill I spend my time,
Teach me, for pity, how to make a rhyme;
And, if the instructions chance to prove in vain,
Teach ——— how ne'er to write again."

The next poem that follows, entitled "Repartees between Cat and Puss, at a Cater-wauling in the modern heroic Way," is levelled at the rhyme-plays of Dryden, (for we cannot think with Mr. Thyer, that Butler could throw his eye so low as upon Settle) and some other writers of otherwise good note; but it is supported with such exquisite humour, and with so just a spirit of ridicule, that it cannot admit of any quotations. Meanwhile, we think, that in this poem we can discover some seeds that were transplanted into "The Rehearsal," or from "The Rehearsal" into it.[2]

The satire that follows is upon our ridiculous imitation of the French, and is worthy of the author of Hudibras. The next poem is inscribed to the famous Ned Howard; and till now has always been given to Waller, and printed in his works. Then follows a palinody to the same gentleman, in the like vein of wit and humour. The conclusion of the next satire, which is upon drunkenness, is so inimitably fine, and so much in Butler's manner, that we must give it to the reader.

"So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on
The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
And all the passengers he bore,
Were on the new world set ashore,
He made it next his chief design
To plant and propagate a vine,
Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd
Far greater numbers, on dry ground,

---

[1] Ned Howard. The Hon. Edward Howard, brother of Sir Robert Howard, brother-in-law of Dryden; author of "The British Princes, an heroic poem," 1669, and of several plays, four of which are in print.

[2] Butler is said to have had a finger in "The Rehearsal."

Of wretched mankind, one by one,
Than all the flood before had done."

The poem that follows is entitled, "A Satire on Marriage;" but is, in fact, levelled against adultery. It is but crude, though charged with our author's spirit, as are the three following poems written in Pindaric ode measures; one upon an "Hypocritical non-conformist;" the next upon "Modern Critics;" and the third, "To the happy memory of the most renowned Du Val," the highwayman. This last had been published in the author's lifetime. We are sorry Mr. Thyer, in a note upon this ode, should have been so ill-informed, as to compare the fate of Maclean, the modern highwayman, to that of Du Val, in being beloved and lamented by the English ladies. We can assure him seriously, that the fact is false, and all the stories on that head were mere inventions. By-the-bye, Du Val was remarkably handsome, and Maclean was as remarkably ugly.[1]

The satire, by way of panegyric on Sir John Denham, and the many severe touches of our author in other parts of his works against that gentleman, must have been founded upon some personal quarrel or disgust, as Mr. Thyer rightly observes. Amongst other things, Sir John is accused of having bought his "Cooper's Hill," and of having borrowed "The Sophy." But charges of that kind, if not supported by some very strong facts, ought to be discouraged; as they tend to endanger or weaken every author's claim to reputation from his works. "Nuptiæ demonstrant prolem," is an established maxim with regard to the issue of our bodies; and a man's fathering a production, unless it is clearly proved to be illegitimate, ought to establish his claim to the issue of his brains.[2]

But the truth is, there are strong presumptions against the knight in point of plagiarism; for his works are so unequal, that some of them, to make use of Martial's expression to a plagiary, seem to say, *Fur es.* Butler might have reasons for his charge that we are ignorant of.

Amongst the several poems that follow, which we cannot particularise, there is a satire upon Plagiaries, which is finished, and in Butler's best manner.

We cannot agree with Mr. Thyer's conjecture, that Oliver Cromwell is meant in the ballad that begins, "*Draw near, good people, all draw near;*"[3] for though Mr. Thyer supports his conjecture by a caricatura of Cromwell's person, drawn by one of his professed enemies, yet we have a much better authority for believing that his face was far from being of the hideous form

[1] "The present age can match this French adventurer with an Irish one of equal fame, the celebrated Mr. Maclean, who came to the same ignoble end, by being a hero in the same way, and was, it is said, no less regretted of the fair sex."—BUTLER'S *Remains by Thyer*, i. 147; ed. 1759.

[2] "A report was spread, that the poem of 'Cooper's Hill' was not his own, but that he had bought it of a vicar for forty pounds. The same attempt was made to rob Addison of 'Cato,' and Pope of his 'Essay on Criticism.'"—JOHNSON, *Life of Denham.*

[3] Page 192.

and complexion there described. There is an original of Cromwell, by Cooper, extant; and it is attended with a whimsical anecdote which is well known to the virtuosi, and carries its own evidences along with it. For there are evident marks of creases in the canvas[1] of the painting, and a blue scarf about his armour is unfinished, which is said to have been owing to the usurper's impatience, when he called at Cooper's for the picture; for seeing the head finished, he hastily pulled the piece from the tenter, and clapping it into his pocket, flung into his coach. This painting is conformable to all the accounts of his face that we have from the most impartial hands; and represents it as manly, but somewhat stern, though far from being ugly, far less deformed and hideous, as Butler has painted the subject of this ballad. If we might hazard a conjecture, the poet might allegorically design to satirise some of the committees of parliament, that sat upon the estates of the king's party, and compounded with their owners. Those committees sat in different parts, not only of the kingdom, but of the city.

Amongst the fragments designed by Butler to be inserted in a second part of a satire upon the imperfection and abuse of Human Learning, one of them falls foul of Milton, for leaving the merits of the controversy between him and Salmasius, about king Charles's murder, and turning it into a war of words, by accusing Salmasius of writing false Latin. This put us in mind of an epigram of Milton's, beginning—

> "What made Salmasius, that French chattering pie,
> To aim at English and *Hundreda* cry!"

'Tis pity our author did not complete this design. His fragments, like the pieces of marble got together for rearing a building, are of the most exquisite beauty and workmanship. Amongst others, his description of a pedant is equally just and witty. Of pedantry, he says,—

> "For pedantry is but a corn, a wart
> Bred in the skin of judgment, sense and art,
> A stupified excrescence, like a wen,
> Fed by the peccant humours of learn'd men,
> That never grows from natural defects
> Of downright and untutor'd intellects;
> But from the over-curious and vain
> Distempers of an artificial brain."

Next follows a collection of verses, under the title of "Miscellaneous Thoughts," which are finely adapted to their subjects, and which had they fallen into the hands of a poetical trader, might have set him up, and as the saying is, "made a man of him for ever." It is extremely hard, if not disagreeable, to give anything as a specimen, where everything is equally so; but, as we must keep up to our plan, we shall give the first that comes to our hand of those detached verses:—

[1] Cooper was a miniature-painter, and never painted on canvas.

"The worst of rebels never arm
To do their king or country harm;
But draw their swords to do them good,
As doctors cure by letting blood."

"No seared conscience is so fell,
As that, which has been burnt with zeal;
For Christian charity's as well
A great impediment to zeal,
As zeal a pestilent disease
To Christian charity and peace."

"As thistles wear the softest down,
To hide their prickles till they're grown,
And then declare themselves and tear
Whatever ventures to come near:
So a smooth knave does greater feats
Than one, that idly rails and threats,
And all the mischief, that he meant,
Does like a rattle-snake prevent."

"When princes idly lead about,
Those of their party follow suit,
Till others trump upon their play,
And turn the cards another way."

"What makes all subjects discontent
Against a prince's government,
And princes take as great offence
At subjects' disobedience;
That neither th' other can abide,
But too much reason on each side."

"As when a greedy raven sees
A sheep entangl'd by the fleece,
With hasty cruelty he flies
T' attack him, and pick out his eyes;
So do those vultures use, that keep
Poor pris'ners fast like silly sheep,

"As greedily to prey on all,
That in their rav'nous clutches fall.
For thorns and brambles, that came in,
To wait upon the curse for sin;
And were no part o' th' first creation,
But for revenge a new plantation,
Are yet the fit'st materials
T' enclose the earth with living walls;
So jailers that are most accurst,
Are found most fit in being worst."

Having thus, we hope, given no unsatisfactory account of this curious collection, so far as regards the poetical part of it, we are obliged to defer

the prose part, in which Butler will appear with equal, if not superior, advantages to a future opportunity.

[Here, in September, 1759 (viii. 208) the Review recommenced :]—It is a doubt whether the writings of Butler, or the neglect he met with, be the greatest satire on the age in which he lived: certainly, no man was ever possessed of greater talents for ridicule than he; none had a greater fund of original sentiment, none a more thorough detestation of vice, and none a more ungrateful return from society. A modern French writer, who has translated a part of his works, has justly observed, that he has more thoughts than lines, and perhaps an exuberance of sentiment is his greatest defect: indeed, so closely do they follow each other, that the reader has neither time to relish what is past, nor prepare himself for what is to follow; as in other commodities, their value seems to be diminished by their profusion.

Of all our English poets, Butler was reckoned the most modest man: his confusion was such, upon a first introduction, that some men imagined him scarce removed from idiotism; when he warmed, however, in conversation, he then began to shine, and what before was pity in the audience, was now turned to admiration. Characters, however, of this kind, are perhaps not so well qualified as others for commencing authors. Impressed with too great a respect for the judgment of the reader, they imagine his sagacity equal to their own, and avoid repetition or explanation, as a tax upon his patience, or an imputation on his skill. In short, they write as Butler has actually written, pour out thought after thought, leave no interstice in the composition void of sentiment, nor even allow a pause for admiration. Such writing as this, and not the affected diffidence expressed in a preface, is the true characteristic of modesty. Here the writer, as in conversation, says but little, and that to the purpose. Butler's manner is, however, now pretty much worn out of use: most readers now take up books merely to be idle; men of this complexion must be met with smiles, instead of the severity of thoughtfulness. As long as the writer continues to divert, so long will they permit him to instruct them; but if he offers to become too concise for their indolence, he then becomes unintelligible: to what purpose, then, should a writer think deeply, when those whom he addresses will not be at the pains of thinking? In short, this sententious manner of the last age somewhat resembles gothic architecture, where the eye of the spectator is presented with a number of parts, each highly finished, and separately pretty, but which, however, diminish the effect of the whole.

If we read the histories of those great men who enlightened or adorned mankind, and, at the same time, perished like Butler by neglect, we shall find their misfortunes owing to the warmth of their friendships, or the virulence of their disgust. Thus Dante, Theodore Gaza, and Cassender, were soured by their distresses at last into misanthropy: it was just so with Butler; we find him, through this publication, pursuing his cotemporary

authors, whom he disliked or despised, either with open or concealed satire; he could not tamely bear to see men carry away all the rewards of admiration, because rich, nor set up as models of politeness, because hung round with titles. Sir John Denham, in particular, has found no quarter; he was one of those who owed most of his reputation to a combination of friends in his favour, and who was as much praised beyond his desert, as his antagonist before us was undervalued. Every wrong disposition of literary honours, Butler seems to have thought as a negative insult upon genius: he opposed the distribution with spirit, was tacitly approved, and left without a reward. How many plants of medicinal virtue do we not find growing among savages unacquainted with their effects!

The writing characters, as the editor remarks, was a kind of wit much in fashion in the beginning of the last century. Bruyère seemed to have led the mode, but, to confess the truth, has not been equalled by any succeeding imitator: he has the happy art of varying his manner; when the bare description of nature begins to disgust, he has recourse to a story, and when that has ceased to surprise, he finds refuge in a bon mot. The characters before us want that entertaining variety, and seem drawn rather after the designs of Theophrastus; and we must do our countryman the justice to own, that his sketches are not inferior to those of the refined Grecian.

His character of a small poet for instance, is as fine a piece of satire and criticism as we have seen united. To give the reader a specimen:—

"A small poet is one that would fain make himself that which nature never meant him; like a fanatic that inspires himself with his own whimsies. He sets up haberdasher of small poetry, with a very small stock, and no credit. He believes it is invention enough to find out other men's wit; and whatsoever he lights upon either in books, or company, he makes bold with as his own. This he puts together so untowardly, that you may perceive his own wit has the rickets, by the swelling disproportion of his joints. Imitation is the whole sum of him; and his vein is but an itch or clap, that he has catched of others; and his flame like that of charcoals, that were burnt before: but as he wants judgment to understand what is best, he naturally takes the worst, as being most agreeable to his own talent. You may know his wit not to be nature, 'tis so unquiet and troublesome in him: for as those that have money but seldom, are always shaking their pockets when they have it; so does he, when he thinks he has got something, that will make him appear. He is a perpetual talker; and you may know by the freedom of his discourse, that he came lightly by it, as thieves spend freely what they get. He measures other men's wit by *their* modesty, and his own by *his* confidence. He makes nothing of writing plays, because he has not wit enough to understand the difficulty. This makes him venture to talk and scribble, as chowses do to play with cunning gamesters, until they are cheated and laughed at. He is always talking of wit, as those that have bad voices are always singing out of tune; and those that cannot play, delight to fumble on instruments. He grows the unwiser by other men's harms; for the worse others write, he finds the more

encouragement to do so too. His greediness of praise is so eager, that he swallows any thing that comes in the likeness of it, how notorious and palpable soever, and is as shot-free against any thing that may lessen his good opinion of himself. This renders him incurable, like diseases that grow insensible."

Were such a number of original thoughts in the possession of a German commentator, what folios might not be the result of his speculations! In short, this performance might serve as a common-place book[1] for such as find more difficulty in thinking than expression; a hundred sentiments may be stolen from it, and yet the plagiary be never detected.

What can be more just than his character of a libeller, whom he describes as one whose whole works treat but of two things, his own malice and the faults of another!

"He is not much concerned whether what he writes be true or false; that's nothing to his purpose, which aims only at filthy and bitter; and therefore his language is, like pictures of the devil, the fouler the better. He robs a man of his good name, not for any good it will do him (for he dares not own it), but merely, as a jackdaw steals money, for his pleasure. His malice has the same success with other men's charity, to be rewarded in private; for all he gets is but his own private satisfaction, and the testimony of an evil conscience; for which, if it be discovered, he suffers the worst kind of martyrdom, and is paid with condign punishment, so that at the best he has but his labour for his pains. He deals with a man as the Spanish inquisition does with heretics, clothes him in a coat painted with hellish shapes of fiends, and so shows him to the rabble, to render him the more odious. He exposes his wit like a bastard, for the next comer to take up and put out to nurse, which it seldom fails of, so ready is every man to contribute to the infamy of another. He is like the devil that sows tares in the dark, and while a man sleeps, plants weeds among his corn. When he ventures to fall foul on the government or any great persons, if he has not a special care to keep himself, like a conjuror, safe in his circle, he raises a spirit that falls foul on himself, and carries him to *limbo;* where his neck is clapped up in the hole, out of which it is never released, until he has paid his ears down on the nail for fees. He is in a worse condition than a school-boy; for when he is discovered, he is whipped for his exercise, whether it be well or ill done; so that he takes a wrong course to show his wit, when his best way to do so is to conceal it; otherwise he shows his folly instead of his wit, and pays dear for the mistake."

[1] "I am informed by Mr. Thyer, of Manchester, that excellent editor of this author's Reliques, that he could show something like Hudibras in prose. He has in his possession the *common-place book*, in which Butler reposited not such events and precepts as are gathered by reading, but such remarks, similitudes, allusions, assemblages, or inferences, as occasion prompted, or meditation produced, those thoughts that were generated in his own mind, and might be usefully applied to some future purpose. Such is the labour of those who write for immortality!"—JOHNSON, *Life of Butler.*

At the end of these two volumes, for which the public are so much obliged to the editor, are subjoined thoughts upon various subjects, still superior to anything in the foregoing collection. In these the author's peculiar talent shines conspicuously, since his principal merit consists in the strength and justness of his sentiments, without any peculiar skill in arrangement. Had all his works been published, like those of Mahomet, which, as we are told, were delivered in single sentences, it is probable his fame would have suffered no diminution. To give an example of his talent this way:

"This age will serve to make a very pretty farce for the next; if it have any wit at all to make use of it."

"The preferment of fools and undeserving persons, is not so much an honour to them, as infamy and dishonour to those that raise them; for when a prince confers honour on those that do not deserve it, he throws it away out of his own stock, and leaves himself so much the less, as he parts with to those that want merit to pretend to it; and by that ill husbandry in time leaves himself none at all, to pay those to whom it is due."

"The worst governments are the best, when they light in good hands; and the best the worst, when they fall into bad ones."

"The vices of tyrants run in a circle, and produce one another, begin with luxury and prodigality, which cannot be supplied but by rapine. Rapine produces hate in the people, and that hate fear in the prince; fear, cruelty; cruelty, despair; and despair, destruction."

"It is both the wisest and safest way in the world to keep at a convenient distance with all men. For when men converse too closely, they commonly, like those that meet in crowds, offend one another."

"There is a kind of physiognomy in the title of books, no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other."

"Men of the greatest apprehension and aptest geniuses to anything they undertake do not always prove the greatest masters in it: for there is more patience and phlegm required in those that attain to any degree of perfection, than is commonly found in the temper of active and ready wits, that soon tire, and will not hold out; as the swiftest race-horse will not perform a long journey so well as a sturdy dull jade. Hence it is that Virgil, who wanted much of that natural easiness of wit that Ovid had, did nevertheless, with hard labour and long study, arrive at a higher perfection than the other, with all his dexterity of wit, but less industry, could attain to. The same we may observe of Jonson and Shakspeare; for he that is able to think long, and judge well, will be sure to find out better things, than another man can hit upon suddenly, though of more quick and ready parts; which is commonly but chance, and the other art and judgment."

How works of such merit have been so long suppressed as those before us, is indeed somewhat surprising; or how the author himself, in his needy hours, was never induced to turn them to profit, is what we cannot account for: perhaps the rewards of copy-money, as it is called, were not so high then as they are now, and fame might have been the only incentive to publication.

XIV.—MARRIOTT'S HORACE.

REPLY TO THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

"*The Twentieth Epistle of Horace to his Book, modernised by the Author of Female Conduct,* (THOMAS MARRIOTT, Esq.), *and applied to his own Book, and intended as an Answer to the Remarks on his Book, made by the writer of the Critical Review.*" 8vo. Owen. Price 6*d.*

IT was once a debate among casuists, which we could wish to see revived, whether the contempt offered to great men in disguise ought justly to be resented by them as injurious. After much reasoning upon the matter, Escobar[1] at length determined, that as men they have a right to resent; but as great men they are obliged to forgiveness. This last part of the argument is so applicable to our present purpose, that we cannot avoid urging it in the strongest manner, in expostulating with the great man with whom we are at present unhappily embroiled. We have a right to be forgiven, because we now at last acknowledge the dignity of him from whom (impressed with terror as we are) we ask forgiveness. A few months ago a poem entitled "Female Conduct" came from the press, published in the usual manner, without one single mark of the author's importance; and we, in our usual manner, found something in it to praise, and something to reprove.[2] At this time we knew very little of Mr. Marriott, and, in the sincerity of our hearts, wished his dull, well-meaning efforts, success. Soon, however, it was found, that in talking of him we were all in the wrong box, nor paid him half that deference which he claimed as his due. The pamphlet before us, written in all the fury of resentment, tells us all about him. By this we are informed, but, alas! too late for redress, that Mr. Marriott is tall; that he is rich; that he is thin and lean; that he laughs when the sun shines; and lastly, that he is the very man who took the two Gregories.[3] Why could he not have told us all this when he published his first pamphlet? No! he slips it out upon the world in obscurity, and, like Peter the Great, is resolved to quarrel with every creature that does not pay homage to his greasy greatness in disguise. Had he put but half what the present pamphlet contains into the preface of the former, it were easy to have clapped on a pair of prudential spectacles, and read his poetry into rhyme; for he may be convinced that we sooner would have eaten gunpowder, than have meddled with the author who took the two Gregories.

Though the performance was opened with a thorough resolution not to lose our temper upon the perusal, yet we find it so severe, that we kindle as

[1] A Spanish Jesuit, born at Seville in 1588, and died, while a missionary at Lima, in 1669. His works were printed in *twenty-six* folio volumes.

[2] *See* Article ii., p. 192.

[3] I am sorry I cannot explain this.

we read. It is all an orange stuffed with cloves: when fatigued with scolding in prose, he has recourse to rhyme, and when he has teased us sufficiently with English verse, he takes up the cudgels in Latin. All are alike to him, back-sword, single falchion, or quarter-staff; he wields them all with equal dexterity, and no favour. Now he calls us scribblers, anon minor critics, then dull critics, bad-hearted critics. This sure is not polite; yet all this might be borne, but who can be calm when he calls us Bavius? Yes, dear reader, he actually calls us Bavius! Ah, little did we think, that while we censured the writer of "Female Conduct," we were only raising the indignation of the author who took the two Gregories.

Yet shall it be left to his own breast, whether he deals candidly with us, or the public. He first writes bad verses, and next he tells the world he does not desire a reputation for poetry. This is very modest either way. Would not any one be induced from such a performance, and with such an invitation, to speak his sentiments without shrinking? In an evil hour we took the author at his word, pitied his performance, and gave him a discharge from Parnassus at his own request; and yet, oh ingratitude! here we have him in a violent passion for our pains. This author is surely a sly one. He invites us to a feast; tells us we are heartily welcome to fall to, and yet is violently angry with us for eating. Does this become the patron of virtue, this become the avowed champion of the fair sex? Does this become the man who has fought, and consequently vanquished, gamesters, methodists, and Bolingbroke? Oh, vartue, vartue! to what will this degenerate age at length arrive, when the very man who gives a morsel of bread with one hand, picks it from our teeth with the other!

By this time the reader, perhaps, desires to see how our poet treats us in rhyme; and though, by quoting him, we propagate our own disgrace, yet will we be just to him and the public. The Epistle in view is from the author to his own book. Let us suppose him sitting like the man in the primer in his arm chair, thus addressing the manuscript which he holds between his finger and thumb: "My little book," says he, "you have an eye or a mind to ———:" but take it in his own words:

"My book, you have an eye to Temple Bar
That you may trim in Owen's shop appear;
That you with gilded ornaments may shine,
Polish'd without, and delicate within.
You hate the close restraint of lock and key,
Which to a modest book would grateful be.
But go from me forewarn'd, this lesson learn,
When gone from me you never can return;[1]
When this shall happen, I (who in your ear
Instill'd good counsel which you would not hear)

[1] "We are assured there is a mistake here, being informed a large bale of this work was sent to Hillingdon for waste paper." *O——n Gregory, jun.*—GOLDSMITH. Marriott lived at Hillingdon, in Middlesex.

In your distress will scornful laugh at you.
Like him, who down a rock in anger threw
The ass, that would not his commands pursue.
Who'll strive against his will to save a fool
Whom friendly admonitions can't controul?"

The reader at length smokes the champion we have to deal with; he will observe what strength of thought and diction, and what a flow of poetry are here! A piddling reader, it is certain, might object to almost all the rhymes of the above quotation; but the less rhyme the more like blank verse, and all know that Milton wrote without such a restraint: but if any reader is for having the above quotation to be rhyme, he has nothing more to do than to read it poetically. Let *key*, for instance, be called *kee*, and then it rhymes with *be;* and let *fool* be called *fole*, and then it answers *control* in the next line. By this means the poetry, which our author, no doubt, meant for blank verse, may serve for either. We have here given but a taste of our bard's performance: those who are pleased with it may indulge themselves to satiety, in a publication, which he promises shortly, of several other modernised works of this kind. We shall beg leave, in all friendship only, to offer this unconquered champion the following motto to his future production,

Κην με φαγης επι ριζαν, ομως ετι καρποφορησω.

XV.—GUICCIARDINI'S HISTORY OF ITALY.

"*The History of Italy, written in Italian by Francesco Guicciardini, a Nobleman of Florence.* Translated into English by the Chevalier AUSTIN PARKE GODDARD, Knight of the Military Order of St. Stephen." In 10 vols. 8vo.

NOTHING can be more just than the character given of Guicciardini by Lipsius, "Inter nostros summus est historicus; inter veteres mediocris:" if compared to modern historians, he will be found superior; if with the ancients, he must be contented with a subordinate situation. It is indeed a little extraordinary why the ancients, particularly the Roman historians, should still remain the uncontested and unrivalled masters of historical excellence. Their experience was then much more confined than ours, since, to their wisdom we can add that of an intervening space of almost two thousand years. The politics of their princes was not so confined, as the law of nations was scarcely attended to; and war, which with us is little more than a treaty written in blood, was with them the removing of empires, and the enslaving of millions: still, however, with such limited experience, and in countries governed by such rude masters, Sallust and Tacitus wrote their histories, and left their successors models which they may endeavour to imitate; but if their future efforts be not attended with better success, cannot hope to rival.

That, since the revival of learning the Italians have excelled the rest of Europe in history, is a fact so well known, that it hardly deserves to be insisted upon. Barely to mention the names of Machiavelli, Davila, Nani, Muratori, and several others, will serve to silence opposition: the fact is notorious; the reason of their peculiar excellence is not equally so.

Italy is divided into a number of petty states, whose mutual security lies in their mutual jealousy and distrusts. Here then politicians are formed, and states governed in miniature; here a man may, and often has, exerted all the stratagems of war at the head of two hundred men, and exhausted all the chicanery of politics in the government of a petty corporation. This was the soil for an historian; here, as in a map, he perceived the excellence and the inconveniences of every species of polity; could point out, with precision, the ineffective attempts of democracy, or the headlong efforts of mistaken monarchy; this was a field for historical speculation; even he that ran might, if he pleased, be a reader.

In this country Guicciardini was bred, and at the time when its petty states might properly be said to be fermenting into form. He had all the advantages that could conduce to a thorough knowledge, both of the facts he relates, and the personages who were concerned in conducting them. He was at once (what seldom happens to be united in the same person), a scholar, a soldier, and a politician; and employed by his country at different times in all those three capacities, with advantage to it, and with honour to himself. His narrative is manly and grave, and his facts are made, as in a well-written play, to rise from each other. His impartiality appears manifest: even his own country, to which he owed so many obligations, is treated with historical justice, and its enemies treated with so much candour, that the reader can hardly say whether the author was of Florence or Pisa.

These are a part of his excellences; but it must not be concealed what critics have objected against him on the other hand. He is taxed with being tedious and particular; that he now and then indulges reflection, and retards the events, which, in history, should be ever hastening towards the catastrophe. "As for that part of his history," says Montaigne, "which he seems to be most proud of, I mean his digressions and discourses, it must be owned, that some of them have peculiar merit, and are adorned with eloquence and nature; but still he seems in love with them: for, desirous of omitting nothing, and his subject supplying him with more than sufficient matter, he becomes feeble by delay, and his history at length savours of pedantic trifling." Dr. Donne, when talking of the Creation, as delivered by Moses, objects the same faults to our author: "If the history of the beginning of the world," says he, "were written by so prolix an author as Guicciardini, not even the world itself would be able to contain the books written upon its own creation." Yet, notwithstanding the objections of so great men, his history can seem tedious to none but the indolent; and in this class, perhaps, we may rank the two great men now quoted, at least the former confesses himself to be so. There is, through the whole work,

especially the first five books, a preparation of incidents, that, instead of being prolix, the reader can scarce lay down the book without an ardent desire of knowing what follows next; and the worst that can be said of his speeches is, that they are fine political harangues, improperly placed.

There is an objection of another nature, which carries more weight, because it unfortunately happens to be true; namely, his representing all the actions of his personages as arising from bad motives. "E fu anche sempre inclinato," says a countryman of his, "à le peggiori, come apare nella sua spessa maledicenza di ciascheduno; la quale appresso alla vulgare malignità gli lià guadagnata estimazion di veridico." He was ever leaning to the worst side of a character, as appears by his giving nobody a good word, merely to appear in the eyes of the vulgar as a speaker of truth. Even the most enthusiastic admirer of Guicciardini must allow that this observation is just, since, in the representation of so many characters, he scarce describes one whose conscience is his motive to action. The persons who figure in his drama are almost all knaves or fools, politic betrayers, or blustering idiots. In short, the history before us may be styled a truly misanthropical performance. To a person inclined to hate the species, what ample matter will it not afford, both for ridicule and for reproach!

We see the history open with the account of a monarch immersed in pleasures, surrounded with flatterers, not only ignorant of the polite arts, but hardly acquainted with the figures of the letters, incapable of discovering merit, or what is as bad, incapable of directing it to its proper sphere. We see such a monarch—for so he represents Charles the Eighth of France—resolved to play the conqueror, and plunder kingdoms. Observe how pointed the ridicule is: imagine this man, with a body as deformed as his intellects were contemptible, of a very short stature, bandy-legged, of a puny constitution and detestable visage, equipped like a hero, clothed in complete steel, mounted upon a mettlesome courser, marching into every town at the head of his army, looking fiercely, with his lance on his thigh, and calling upon the obsequious crowd for homage. To make the picture still more poignant, imagine such a figure in love, and acting the gallant! who can forbear smiling at an account like this, unless his mouth be repressed by considering, that the affairs of his fellow-creatures were subjected to the caprice of such a diminutive idiot?

On the other hand, the Italians, whom he came to conquer, are drawn in circumstances even of greater debasement: they meet this army of France without head or conductor, with neither vigour, prudence, nor unanimity; they leave an easy conquest, without striking a blow in defence of their privileges. Yet, let not the reader imagine they were all this time unemployed; they were busily taken up with plots, treaties, politics, and poison. They were too rich or too cowardly, to be soldiers themselves; their armies were therefore composed of mercenaries, who, being a mixture of peasants, people in low life, subjects of different potentates, and entirely dependent on their captains, with whom they agreed for a salary, and in whose power it was to detain or dismiss them, they had neither natural nor acquired parts

to act gallantly. "The captains were very seldom the subjects of the prince they served, but had a different interest, and separate views: were full of piques and jealousies; their services not commonly limited to a certain time; and being entirely masters of their own companies, they seldom kept the number they were paid for complete." Such is the description of the Italian soldiery. No wonder, then, the country fell an easy prey to the first invader; for we may be assured, that that army will seldom fight well, which has nothing to lose by a defeat.

Yet, notwithstanding the noted cowardice of such troops, they pretended to more personal bravery than those of any other nation beside. Their condottieri, as an historian contemporary with Guicciardini relates, were a set of the most assuming fellows alive. One called himself Cut-head, another Bloody-bones, a third assumed some other frightful appellation: and yet these fellows would often refuse to be led up to a practicable breach, though guarded only by a few peasants, as timorous as themselves. But let us do them justice; for single combat they were lions, every one of them: cowards in the army, and duellists in peace. Guicciardini relates a combat between thirteen of these Italians and as many Frenchmen, who, as mentioned before, had over-run Italy without opposition. The reader may take the combat in the words of the translator, which will at once serve as a specimen of his language, and the misplaced abilities of the Italian soldiery.

"Upon the neck of these unlucky accidents" (some advantages gained by the Spaniards over the French), "happened another, which mightily checked the forwardness of the French, who had no cause to lay the blame on the malignity of fortune, since the event must be accounted the pure effect of true valour and resolution. The matter of fact was this: a French trumpet that was sent to Barletta, to treat about the ransom of some soldiers taken at Rubos, heard some Italian men-at-arms speak in terms reflecting on his countrymen. Of this he made a report at his return to the camp, which occasioned an answer to the Italians, and both parties were so heated as to kindle a general resentment, which had no way to vent itself; till it was at length agreed that, for the honour of their respective nations, thirteen French men-at-arms should enter the lists with as many Italians, in an open secure place, and combat till the victory was decided.

"Accordingly, there was a plain space of ground appointed, between Barletta, Andria, and Quadrata, to which the champions were conducted by a set number of their comrades; and for further security against ambuscades, each of the generals, with the greater part of his army, accompanied them half-way, animating them, and charging them that, as men selected from the whole army, they should be sure to answer, both in heart and hand, the expectations conceived of them, which ran so high, that in their hands, and in their valour, the honour of such noble nations was, by common consent, entrusted. The French viceroy animated his men, by reminding them, that those they saw before them were the very same Italians who had trembled at the name of the French, and had always taken care to get out of their

way, without giving them an opportunity of exercising their valour. How often had they traversed their country, from the Alps to the utmost part of Italy; that their adversaries had not acquired new spirits or vigour, nor were inspired with a fresh generosity of soul; but being in the pay of the Spaniards, and under their command, they had not the power to contradict the will of their masters, who were accustomed not to encounter their enemies with plain valour and open force, but to circumvent them by wiles and stratagems, and now intended to be idle spectators of the dangers of others: but, as soon as these Italians shall be brought into the field, and confronted with the arms and fierce looks of those who have always beaten them, their usual fright will return, and either they will have no heart to fight at all, or else will fight under such fear as to make them an easy prey; the lofty speeches and vain bravadoes of the Spaniards being but a poor foundation for raising the spirits, and a very frail buckler against pointed steel, and the fury of the conqueror.

"On the other side, Gonsalvo was heartening and stimulating his Italians with equally pungent motives. He recalled to their mind the ancient glory of their nation, and the honours acquired by their arms, which had rendered them masters of the world. It was, said he, in the power of those few brave men, who were not inferior in valour to their ancestors, to make it appear to all the world, that Italy, the conqueress of all nations, had, for a few years past, been over-run by foreign armies for no other reason but the imprudence of its princes, who, prompted by ambition, first fell out among themselves, and then called in foreigners, to enable them to get the better of one another. The French, he told them, had never obtained a victory in Italy by true valour, but under the conduct, or by the arms of the Italians themselves; or by the fury of their artillery, the dread of which, as an instrument of war unknown in Italy, and not the fear of their arms, opened them a passage into the country. But now they had an opportunity given them of fighting with sword and lance, body to body, where each of them had liberty to display his own personal valour, and be a glorious spectacle to the chief Christian nations; and before so great a number of noble persons of their own country, all of them, as well of one side as the other, were extremely desirous that they should get the victory. That they should remember that they were trained under the most famous captains of Italy, continually exercised in arms; and that there was not a single person of their number but had given proofs of his valour in various places, and much to his honour. For them, therefore, it was reserved, either by coming off conquerors to retrieve the honour of the Italian nation, and render its name glorious and formidable, as it had been, not only in the days of their ancestors but even in their own times; or else, if victory was not in the power of such hands as theirs, that there could be no room to hope for better times, but that Italy must for ever remain in a state of perpetual and ignominious servitude. The other officers and private soldiers of both armies were no less solicitous in stimulating their champions, and kindling their courage, charging them to show their

bravery, and to behave like themselves, and worthy of the confidence reposed in them, for augmenting, by their own proper valour, the glory and splendour of their nations.

"Thus charged and animated, the champions were conducted into the field, each one full of ardour and in high spirits, where both parties were enclosed within a list, opposite to each other. The signal being given, they ran furiously at each other with their lances, in which encounter, none seeming to have the advantage, they laid their hands to their other weapons with great force and animosity, each one exerting himself in so extraordinary a manner, as to beget in all the spectators a tacit confession, that no soldiers more valiant, nor more worthy to act so glorious a part, could have been selected out of both armies. But when they had combated a good while, and the ground was covered with pieces of armour, and blood had issued out of the wounds given on both sides, and the event was as yet uncertain, all the beholders keeping a profound silence, and being almost under as much anxiety and concern of mind as the combatants themselves, it happened that Guglielmo Albimonte, one of the Italians, was thrown from his horse by a Frenchman, who ran fiercely upon him with his horse to dispatch him; but Francesco Salamone running to assist his companion, fetched a full blow at the Frenchman, who, being intent on the slaughter of Albimonte, was not on his guard, which struck him dead on the spot. After this he and Albimonte, who had recovered himself, with Miale, who had also been wounded and dismounted, fell upon sticking the enemy's horses with long swords, which they had provided for that purpose, and killed several of them; by which means the Frenchmen began to have the worse of the combat, and at last some of the Italians took one, some another of them, till they were all made prisoners.

"The victors were received with joyful acclamations by their comrades, and treated by Gonsalvo, who met them half way, with all the expressions of gladness and respect, congratulating each man in particular, and all in general, as restorers of the Italian honour. They afterwards made their entry into Barletta in a triumphant manner with their prisoners, amidst the sound of drums and trumpets, and the noise of cannon, and accompanied with military shouts and huzzas.—How small (to usé the words of our author in another place) is the praise of cutting a figure in tournaments with a heavy lance! and how greatly does it differ from bravery, or from conduct!"

With respect to the present translation, as the gentleman has made an apology for his style in the beginning, we shall not take upon us the invidious task of selecting its faults. Be it sufficient to say, it is better done than could reasonably be expected from a person, a great part of whose life was spent in a foreign country. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, Cosmo the Third, had invited him to Italy, when but a boy, and there he resided for eighteen years. We could wish to encourage every attempt like this, which serves to make Italian learning better known in England, where it is more generally admired than understood.

XVI.—HAWKINS'S MISCELLANIES.

"*Miscellanies.* By WILLIAM HAWKINS,[1] M.A., Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford." In Three Volumes. 8vo.

IN this publication Mr. Hawkins appears under the character of a divine, a critic, and a poet; and in his triple capacity we shall beg leave to consider him.

His first tract in divinity is entitled, "a rational Enquiry into the Speculative and Practical Principles of the Christian Religion." A performance not without merit; but the author certainly might have done more, or at least better, had he attempted to do less. In a small tract like this, it was impossible to exhaust the whole subject of divinity, as he has endeavoured to do: it was impossible, in so short a compass, to silence the atheist, the deist of every denomination, the Arian, the Roman Catholic, and all the various sects and opinions among ourselves, which either idleness or ignorance has produced; it was a vain attempt, we say, to confine, in his scanty page, opinions that have already exhausted tomes of undecided controversy. In showing how far reason, unassisted by revelation, can lead us into the nature of Deity and ourselves, he has perhaps given our rational faculties greater sagacity than they merit, as he thinks that reason alone points out the immortality of the soul. His words are, "If man is a being compounded of body and spirit, which we have endeavoured to prove, there is in his nature a principle of existence. A mortal spirit is a contradiction in terms; for the essential difference between body and spirit is, that the latter is not subject to corruption. Without attributing this native principle of incorruption to spirit (if I may so say), we cannot prove the eternity of God, which is asserted by all who admit his existence: for God is not a corporeal being; he therefore exists as a spirit to and from all eternity." Thus he hangs the proof of the eternity of the godhead, *a parte post*, to speak with the schools, upon the same feeble support that he does that of the soul of man; and yet the one is capable of the strongest demonstration, while the other has scarce the shadow of reason to support it, and is obliged to fly to revelation to silence inquiry. The eternity of the godhead, *a parte post*, is proved thus: no being can lose its existence but by an act of power superior to its own; but no being has a power superior to the godhead: therefore he must be eternal. On the contrary, the soul of man may survive the body a thousand years; but what argument can be drawn from reason, that divine power may not then annihilate it? This difficulty ever stuck with the philosophers, nor did

[1] Son of the author of the "Treatise of the Pleas of the Crown," Poetry Professor at Oxford, rector of Little Casterton, in Rutlandshire; and at his death, in 1801, vicar of Whitchurch, Dorsetshire.

their reasonings ever proceed further than to prove the soul a more vivacious principle than the body. The reasoning of Plato on this head was excessively weak; and yet, perhaps, it was all that reason could do. "We see," says he, "different parts of the body after death, have different duration; the sinews last longer than the flesh: the bones still longer, and so forth; why then shall not the soul be of greater duration than either?" Thus spake unassisted reason; but revelation has brought our doubts into certainty, and surely it is taking from the latter to ascribe to reason what is not its due. Were our author's arguments enforced against deists or atheists only, we should heartily join issue; but he has chalked out a narrow path for faith to walk by, and sometimes declaims with heat, we had almost said virulence, against many opinions amongst Christians which are purely theoretical, mere speculations, which should serve as playthings to exercise the indolence of theology, rather than as brands to excite its rancour or reproach.

His next tract is, a review of a book entitled "A free and candid Examination of the Principles advanced in the Bishop of London's[1] Sermons, and in his Discourses on Prophecy; wherein the commonly received system, concerning the nature of the Jewish and Christian Dispensations is particularly considered," &c. The Burgosean controversy has not more divided our speculative divines, than the late broached dispute, whether the Jews had any notion of a future state, is likely to do. The Bishop of London, in his Sermons, assumes the affirmative: but he has had many opponents; and now the argument seems kindled up, nor perhaps will be extinguished, till some opinion more new rises, or revives, for awhile to attract the attention. Mr. Hawkins seems to be pretty confident in the advantage of his cause; and this we may venture to say, that he seems to be on the safe side, for he is on the Bishop's; and though he loses his cause, he may gain a vicarage. As for the controversy, so much has been said on both sides, that we must really acknowledge ourselves sceptics in the debate. It is probable, that the Jews were well acquainted with the doctrine of the soul's surviving after death, from its being a received opinion in Egypt, and in several nations round them. But how far this doctrine may be contained in the Old Testament, is what perhaps will never be determined, unacquainted as we are at this period with the strict meaning of the language in which it is written. The whole dispute must turn on the import of some Hebrew words; and who is there now alive capable of being a judge in such a controversy? We can know enough, and believe enough, without being acquainted with a syllable of the matter: we could wish our divines would therefore turn their arms against the common enemy; and while infidelity is at the gate, not waste the time at civil altercation.

The second volume contains Poetical Prelections, pronounced in the natural philosophy school, in the University of Oxford, of which seminary Mr. Hawkins was a member, and constituted professor of poetry there.

[1] Dr. Thomas Sherlock.

His design and method in this course of lectures are thus explained by himself:—

"De ratione vero, quâ in sequentibus prælectionibus usurus sum, quæ præfanda censui, quam paucissimis accipite. Ea igitur, &c."—"The method which I shall pursue in the following course of lectures, is briefly as follows. All I have had to say upon dramatic poetry, I have rather treated in a series of critical dissertations than reduced to a system, partly because I chose to deviate from the barren track, and partly because I know that those who are fond of poetry are seldom fond of having things treated with a philosophical dryness. One general rule is sufficient to regulate all poetry—a rule borrowed from nature, of which the poet is always an imitator; *let there be nothing monstrous.* If we strictly attend to this, it will be quite unnecessary to perplex you and myself with technical terms, and critical minutia; a subject which can neither inform the learner, nor please those who are acquainted with poetry. I am not ignorant that the drama is confined by the strictest laws; but I hope soon to be able to show, that we not only may sometimes infringe upon those laws, but that we even ought to do it, if we would ease the reader, and adhere to nature strictly. To be entirely explicit, those who follow the letter of the law must be often guilty of injustice, and sometimes commit faults more unnatural and unreasonable than those from which they profess to deter us.

"I am in the meantime perfectly sensible how invidious a task it must be to impugn doctrines established by time, and by Aristotle; a name which critics of a lesser order implicitly admire, a man whose orders they are ever ready to obey. They, however, who teach others are not to refute, but determine, and ever to have that maxim of Horace in their eye:—

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri."

"It is not the authority of any precept we are to esteem, but the reasons on which it is established. The authority of Aristotle, I will allow, justly stands in the highest among us of Oxford, yet it would be absurd to pay it upon all occasions an implicit obedience. There is no reason why he who is justly accused with error in other sciences, should be our only guide in poetry. However, if any should accuse me of audaciousness or arrogance, that resting upon my own authority alone, of which no man has a meaner opinion, I impugn the doctrines of critics of established reputation, let them know that vanity has been by no means my motive. I desire no fame for being the parent of new opinions; I only aim at defending our great countryman Shakspeare, and to show that what have been imputed to him as faults, are often the result of art and invention."

This pretty well serves to give a general idea of Mr. Hawkins's design; which he has treated with some learning, though but little conviction. The rules of the drama were not invented by Aristotle, but the Greek tragedians: those rules they adopted, because nature and the rules were the same; and in this whole performance we cannot see an objection to them, but that of

Shakspeare, and other English writers wrote well without being acquainted with them.

But let us hasten to his third volume, where, stript of his gown, and descended from the chair of Aristarchus, Mr. Hawkins endeavours to put his own precepts into practice, and enters the lists of fame, divested of those adventitious ornaments, sometimes the rewards of genius, but not unfrequently found the badges of stupidity.

The first performance here is called "The Thimble;" an heroic-comical poem in five cantos, illustrated with notes critical and explanatory by Scriblerus Secundus. There is nothing in the whole province of writing more difficult to attain than humour: the poet in other subjects walks a broad road, but here he seems to tread along a line, and the slightest deviation undoes him. Humour once missed, most effectually turns the author ridiculous; all the satire he would fondly level at others, is now pointed against himself; and as the tyrant of a tragedy, he is obliged to swallow the poison prepared for another. A disappointed humorist is indeed a most deplorable figure; somewhat like blockheads of vivacity in company, ever grinning without a jest. The whole plot of these five cantos is no more than a young lady happening to prick her finger with a needle. The gods and goddesses were resolved to make a thimble to prevent such disasters for the future. Vulcan accordingly made one, and Venus gave it to the lady's lover, and he brought it to his mistress, and so they were resolved to be married. This is a plot of genuine antique simplicity: however, it is illustrated with a match of shuttlecock and blind-man's buff by way of episode.

The next is "Henry and Rosamond," a tragedy which Mr. Garrick refused, because it was more like a poem than a play. Shakspeare, our author's favourite, seems principally imitated; the antiquated turn of his diction being sometimes erroneously preserved.

Then follows "The Siege of Aleppo,"[1] a tragedy refused at both

[1] 9th April 1778 (at Sir Joshua's). BOSWELL:—"It is very easy for you, Mr. Garrick, to talk to an author as you talked to Elphinston; you, who have been so long the manager of a theatre, rejecting the plays of poor authors. You are an old judge, who has often pronounced sentence of death. You are a practised surgeon, who have often amputated limbs; and though this may have been for the good of your patients, they cannot like you. Those who have undergone a dreadful operation, are not very fond of seeing the operator again." GARRICK:—"Yes, I know enough of that. There was a reverend gentleman (Mr. Hawkins), who wrote a tragedy, the 'Siege' of something, which I refused.' HARRIS:—"So the siege was raised!" JOHNSON:—"Ay, he came to me and complained; and told me, that Garrick said his play was wrong in the *concoction*. Now, what is the concoction of a play!"—(Here Garrick started, and twisted himself, and seemed sorely vexed; for Johnson told me, he believed the story was true.) GARRICK:—"I—I—I—said, *first* concoction." JOHNSON:—(smiling):—"Well, he left out *first*. And Rich, he said, refused him *in false English*: he could show it under his hand." GARRICK:—"He wrote to me in violent wrath, for having refused his play: 'Sir, this is growing a very serious and terrible affair. I am

houses,[1] like the former. This is, by many degrees, the best of Mr. Hawkins's productions, and is a work that really deserves applause; and it will be saying not much, not indeed enough, in its favour to aver, that several worse pieces have been of late accepted by the managers, and exhibited with success To quote from it would be to injure the author, since its greatest merit lies in the opposition of character, the variety of the distress, and the unexpected catastrophe. As in the former play, so here, he seems to have Shakspeare ever in his eye. There are many works more of our author in this publication, in all which we find something to praise. Be it enough to say in general, that Mr. Hawkins was not born a poet, or that imitation has spoiled him.

XVII.—MODERN NOVELS.

"*Jemima and Louisa; in which is contained several remarkable Incidents relating to Two Ladies of distinguished Families and Fortunes. In a series of Letters, by a Lady.*" 12mo.

THE female muse, it must be owned, has of late been tolerably fruitful. Novels written by ladies, poems, morality, essays, and letters, all written by ladies, show that this beautiful sex are resolved to be, one way or other, the joyful mothers of children. Happy it is, that the same conveyance which brings an heir to a family, shall at the same time produce a book to mend his manners, or to teach him to make love, when ripe for the occasion. Yet, let not the ladies carry off all the glory of the late productions ascribed to them: it is plain by the style, and a nameless somewhat in the manner, that pretty fellows, coffee-critics, and dirty-shirted dunces, have sometimes a share in the achievement. We have detected so many of these impostors already, that for the future it is resolved to look upon every publication that shall be ascribed to a lady, as the work of one of this amphibious fraternity. Thus by wholesome severity, many a fair creature may be prevented from writing, that cannot spell; and many a blockhead may be deterred from commencing author, that never thought. The plan of the work is as follows:—

Two misses, just taken home from the boarding-school, are *prodigious*

resolved to publish my play. I will appeal to the world; and how will your judgment appear?' I answered, 'Sir, notwithstanding all the seriousness, and all the terrors, I have no objection to your publishing your play; and, as you live at a great distance (Devonshire, I believe), if you will send it to me I will convey it to the press.' I never heard more of it! ha! ha! ha!"—*Boswell*, by Croker, p. 583. Hawkins in a letter to Garrick taxes him with having rejected his *Siege of Aleppo* "because it was 'wrong in the first concoction,' as you said, or on some such general consideration."—*Garrick Correspondence*,

[1] Drury lane and Covent-garden.

great friends, and so they tell each other their secrets by way of letter. It cannot be expected, and truly it would be out of nature, to suppose persons so young, and so very pretty, capable of writing proper English; so they transgress in this particular almost in every sentence, *you was*, and *they is*, being frequent expressions between them. In the first letter, Miss Jemima Courtly, or Mima, for shortness sake, lets her old and intimate friend know that her mother died when she was eight years old; that she had one brother and one sister; with several other secrets of this kind, all delivered in the confidence of friendship.

In the progress of this correspondence we find she has been taken home for carrying on an intrigue with Horatio, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, and by means of her sister's insinuations, for she happens to be her enemy, confined to her chamber, her father at the same time making an express prohibition against her writing love-letters for the future. This command Miss Mima breaks, and of consequence is turned out of doors; so up she gets behind a servant without a pillion, and is set down at Mrs. Weller's house, the mother of her friend Miss Fanny. Here then we shall leave, or rather forget her; only observing that she is happily married, as we are told in a few words towards the conclusion.

We are next served up with the history of Miss Louisa Blyden, a story no way connected with the former. Louisa is going to be married to Mr. Evanion; the nuptials, however, are interrupted by the death of Louisa's father, and at last broke off by means of a sharper, who pretends to be Miss's uncle, and takes her concerns under his direction. What need we tell *as how* the young *lovier* runs mad, Miss is spirited away into France; she at last returns; the sharper and his accomplices hang or drown themselves, her lover dies, and she—oh tragical! keeps her chamber? However, to console us for this calamity, there are two or three other very good matches struck up; a great deal of money, a great deal of beauty, a world of love, and days and nights as happy as heart could desire; the old butt-end of a modern romance.

XVIII.—HAWKINS'S REPLY TO THE CRITICAL REVIEW, &c.

"*A Review of the Works of the Rev. W. Hawkins, late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford: And of the Remarks made on the same in the Critical Review for August, and in the Monthly Review for September,* 1759. *In a Letter to the Author of both Reviews.*"

THE present Review of the Works of Mr. Hawkins is supposed to be written by a friend; but when we come to examine the performance, this friend appears pretty plainly to be no other than Mr. Hawkins himself. It seems his works, in three volumes, had passed in review before us, in our critical capacity, some months ago, and we thought them but

indifferent; paraded it a second time before the profound authors of the Monthly Review, and they thought them *indifferent;* they solicited the public attention in the usual methods of publication, and if we may judge by the success, there also they were thought but *indifferent:* so many witnesses in one story would probably have convinced any reasonable being of his own mediocrity. Mr. Hawkins, however, was not to be convinced; he has undertaken to review his own writings; has published a comment that almost nobody will read, upon writings that almost nobody has read; has surveyed himself on all sides, and thinks himself on every side invulnerable. "O te Bolane, cerebri felicem fecerunt Divi!"

A man who reviews his own works is indeed a curiosity, and the reader is undoubtedly impatient to hear in what manner he treats himself. Our reviewer, therefore, sets off with informing us, that "he is apt to believe the candid and judicious reader will acknowledge his style, whether Latin or English, in verse or in prose, to be pure, easy, fluent, manly, and eloquent. It is sometimes, perhaps, too voluble and diffusive; but, I think, seldom so as to be perplexed and unintelligible. In short, I presume, in this respect, Mr. Hawkins's Miscellanies are fit to be upon the same shelves with the works of the most celebrated modern writers, either in our own or the Latin tongue. It will be but justice to our author to add, that he sufficiently sustains the compound character both of a verse and prose writer; the merits of each are as distinct as may be; nor does the one seem to be a whit the worse for the other." The reader now sees the great difference between us and this gentleman: he is for putting his own works upon the same shelf with Milton and Shakspeare, and we are for allowing him an inferior situation; he would have the same reader that commends Addison's delicacy, to talk with raptures of the purity of Hawkins; and he who praises The Rape of the Lock, to speak with equal feelings of that richest of all poems, Mr. Hawkins's "Thimble."

But we, alas! cannot speak of Mr. Hawkins with the same unrestrained share of panegyric that he speaks of himself; and though we despise the crowd upon other occasions, yet we must join them in this instance, and leave this gentleman to his self-applauding singularity. We allowed him, indeed, some small share of merit in a former article; and this is most certain, that whatever he may say of our partiality, or our malevolence, the manner in which his works were treated then betrayed neither; but bore a greater share of indulgence than our duty to the public should, in strict justice, have permitted. In whatever pieces we were good-natured enough to make no objections, this gentleman has imagined we had nothing to object: we passed over the merits of his style in silence, and he has thought proper to regard this as a symptom of malevolence, which was in reality the strongest instance of our moderation.

After he has sufficiently *bedunced* us through several pages, he at last has the tenderness to answer to our particular objections, and that with sufficient perplexity. In this dispute, he at least has the advantage of being as

with legible respect, and titular dignity? What apartment from the base to the summit of our Palladian palace hath not been open for thy reception, and furnished for thy residence? When was *our* oval table unspread for thy repast; and when was our big-bellied bottle withheld from thy lips? Hast thou not sat down in *our* presence, even on *our* right hand, while poets have stood in waiting? And have *we* not in familiar-wise conversed with thee, while *we* have only nodded unto critics?'"

This *serene highness*, this *we*, is Mr. Faulkner, the printer,[1] who, if he speaks in this manner, must be no doubt an excessively facetious humorous companion, and well worthy not only the acquaintance of the poet and his lordship, but also of the public. A great part of the epistle is taken up with this speech; which, whenever the writer takes up the conversation himself, is every whit as humorous as the other. Hear him:

"But, alas! how will the sanguine hopes and expectations of the parties premised be rendered totally null and void, when the bellowing tribe of meagre bards and lank critics, like Pharaoh's ill-favoured and lean-fleshed kine, eat up my best-featured and fairest offspring! What can be wrought and finished with nicer art and ingenuity, than Arachne's lawn, suspended to the sublime ceiling of a spacious hall, as it were beyond the reach of inferior accidents? When, lo! some vile, unthrifty chamber-maid cometh with her anti-Christian Pope's-head brush, and sweepeth down the weaver and his web together.

"Such, I fear, will become the downfall and undoing of these my lofty lucubrations, disconcerted and broken by the callous and clumsy hands of witlings and word-catchers, who from damned poetry have turned their heads to foul criticism, as folks convert their cast coach-horses to dung-carts.

"Little will it avail me, that, independent of external aid, I have spun the materials out of my own brains, and laboured whole days and nights in bringing the work to perfection, when the delicate and tender texture, instead of standing the test, will not even abide the touch.

"The dung-carts and their criticisms may pass well enough together; and, lest they should object against this comparison of myself to an insect, as mean and creeping, let them hear what Pliny saith of such industrious and neat spinsters: 'Aranearum genus eruditâ operatione conspicuum.' The family of spiders are very notable for their curious housewifery. But in case they should spare the spider, they will arraign the retailer of this homely similitude for an arrant plagiary: to quash which indictment I can offer no fairer plea than an honest confession, that I borrowed the thought, with very little variation, from a voluminous Latin and English poem, written purely for the benefit of their fraternity many years ago, although not yet published. It is dedicated to your lordship, and must, I believe, pass for mine, till they can lay it before the door of a better father.

[1] George Faulkner, designated by Swift, "the prince of Dublin printers." He rose to eminence chiefly under Swift's patronage, and was the first who gave to the world a collected edition of his works. Died 1775.

"Here would I willingly halt, and spread a veil over the poet and spider, but murder and truth will at some odd time or other ebulliate. Much it irketh me to conceive any thing that might cast the least unsavoury note of aspersion on any member of our society. But what I am going to mention is rather a matter of compassion and pity, than reproach or shame; a distemper which frequently seizes the body poetical with sudden fits and starts, and, what is most extraordinary, the violence of the paroxysm, instead of heating, chills the whole mass of blood, ties the tongue, and sinks the spirits. Some naturalists have ascribed it to the malign influence of a planet, and look upon it as the consequent and concomitant effect of a versifying itch: but I should rather attribute it to mere sublunary causes; and such accidents will happen, while there are such unclassical things upon earth, as paltry debts, insolent writs, and rude bailiffs; for, although poets may take great licenses, yet, alas! Grub-street is no place of privilege."

Who could have thought, to speak sincerely, that such indifferent prose should come from the man who is author of many pretty poetical pieces, among which, this of "Lawson's Obsequies," is not the worst. The following lines, for instance, are not despicable:

"But should he fall? and shall the mighty muse
The tuneful tribute of her grief refuse?
Refuse to him her memorable tears
With whom she sported in his tender years?
While, yet unconscious of himself he stray'd,
Unsought, unnoticed, through the pensive shade;
With wealth unfavour'd, to no lordly line
Ally'd, but Pallas, and the sacred Nine,
I cull'd him out from all the sable crowd
Of Alma's tribes, indignant of the proud,
The pert, the vain, preferr'd his humble name,
And woo'd his friendship with a pious flame.
"We laugh'd at fops, fantastically gay,
The pomp of pride, and impotence of sway;
At scribblers vile, who blurr'd the blacken'd page
With fustian phrensy, for poetic rage;
We laugh'd with Johnson, of ungenerous heart,
Who well could act the candid critic's part;
From fruitful fancy start the happy hint,
Surprising, quick as flashes from a flint;
Maturely plan the regular design,
Mix wit with ease, and point the glowing line."

There runs, however, through the poem an affectation which it is not easy to excuse, as when the poet has "manful eloquence" for "manly eloquence," the "museful powers" for "the muses:" such errors, though trifling, give an air of vanity to the whole. The man who is bred at a distance from the centre of learning and politeness, must have a great deal of modesty or understanding, who does not give a loose to some vanities

which are apt to render him ridiculous everywhere but at home. Bred among men of talents inferior to himself, he is too apt to assume the lead, as well from the press as in conversation, and to over-rate his own abilities. His oddities among his friends are only regarded as the excrescences of a superior genius; among those who live beyond the sphere of his importance, they are considered as instances of folly or ignorance.[1] There is scarcely a trifling city or university in Europe which has not its great men; characters, who are taught by adulation to fancy themselves figuring in the republic of letters, and leaving monuments of their merit to remote posterity. If there should happen to be two of this character in the same city, the compliments they mutually bestow on each other are pleasant enough: they attempt to raise each other's reputation by mutual flattery, and establish their little dominion within the circle of all their acquaintance.

A traveller passing through the city of Burgos in Spain, was desirous of knowing who were their most learned men, and applied to one of the inhabitants for information. "What!" replied the Spaniard, who happened to be a scholar, "have you never heard of the admirable Brandellius, or the ingenious Mogusius? one the eye and the other the heart of our university, known all over the world?" "Never," cries the traveller; "but pray inform me what Brandellius is particularly remarkable for?" "You must be very little acquainted in the republic of letters," says the other, "to ask such a question. Brandellius has written a most sublime panegyric on Mogusius." "And, prithee, what has Mogusius done to deserve so great a favour?" "He has written an excellent poem in praise of Brandellius." "Well! and what does the public, I mean those who are out of the university, say of those mutual compliments?" "The public are a parcel of blockheads, and all blockheads are critics, and all critics are spiders, and spiders are a set of reptiles that all the world despises."

[1] Goldsmith is here unintentionally glancing at his own oddities, and the way they were afterwards thought of by friends, and by men like Walpole and Beauclerk.

CONTRIBUTIONS

TO

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

IN

1757 AND 1758.

The Monthly Review was conducted, during the period of Goldsmith's connection with it, 1757 and 1758, by its publisher, Ralph Griffiths. It is well known, however, that the publisher's wife had as much to do with it as the publisher himself, and that Goldsmith's own contributions were altered and interpolated by Griffiths and his wife (*Prior*, i. 222). The writers in the rival publication, *The Critical Review* (of which Smollett was then the Editor), make frequent allusions to female interference. In the same number of *The Critical* (that for November, 1757), in which Goldsmith's first article appeared, is a Letter "To the old Gentlewoman who directs the *Monthly*." When Griffiths asserted that the *Monthly Review* was not written by "physicians without practice, authors without learning, men without decency, or writers without judgment," Smollett replied, that "the *Critical Review* is not written by a parcel of obscure hirelings, under the restraint of a bookseller and his wife, who presume to revise, alter, and amend the articles occasionally. The principal writers in the *Critical Review* are unconnected with booksellers, unawed by old women, and independent of each other." (*Critical Review*, vii. 151). And appended to the notice of Goldsmith's *Enquiry*, in the number for April, 1759, is the following N.B. :

"N.B. We must observe, that against his own conviction, this author has indiscriminately censured the two Reviews,[1] confounding a work, undertaken from public spirit, with one supported for the sordid purposes of a bookseller. It might not become us to say more on this subject."

Our knowledge of the articles contributed by Goldsmith to *The Monthly Review* is derived from Griffiths's own copy of the work, once in the possession of Mr. Heber (*Prior*, i. 225), and now in the Bodleian Library.

---

[1] *See* vol. ii. p. 50.

CONTENTS.

	When and where published.			
	Year.	Month.	Vol.	Page.
I.—Professor Mallet on the Mythology and Poetry of the Celtes	1757	April	xvi.	377
II.—Home's Tragedy of Douglas	"	May	"	426
III.—Thornton and Colman's Connoisseur .	"	"	"	443
IV.—Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful . . .	"	"	"	473
V.—Smollett's History of England . . .	"	June	"	530
VI.—Charlevoix's History of Paraguay . . .	"	"	"	559
VII.—Cardinal de Polignac's Anti-Lucretius . .	"	July	xvii.	44
VIII.—Hanway's Eight Days' Journey	"	"	"	50
IX.—Memoirs of Madame de Maintenon . .	"	"	"	81
X.—Voltaire's Universal History	"	August	"	154
XI.—Wilkie's Epigoniad.	"	Sept.	"	228
XII.—Gray's Odes	"	"	"	239
XIII.—Wise's Enquiries concerning the First Inhabitants, &c., of Europe . . .	1758	Dec.	xix.	513
XIV.—Bayly's Introduction to Languages . . .	"	"	"	519
XV.—Burton's Greek Tragedies . .	"	"	"	523
XVI.—Cicero's Tusculan Disputations . . .	"	"	"	524

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

I.—MYTHOLOGY AND POETRY OF THE CELTES.

The following Paper was sent us by the gentleman who signs D, and who, we hope, will excuse our striking out a few paragraphs for the sake of brevity.

On "Remains of the Mythology and Poetry of the Celtes, particularly of Scandinavia, designed as a Supplement and Proof of the Introduction to the History of Denmark." By P. H. MALLET,[1] Copenhagen, 1756. 4to.

IF all the brilliancy of sentiment which so dry a subject may require to its support, and all the laborious assiduity which may be necessary in the solution of its intricacies, demand applause, Professor Mallet must deserve it, who has so happily united both. The learned on this side the Alps have long laboured at the antiquities of Greece and Rome, but almost totally neglected their own; like conquerors who, while they have made inroads into the territories of their neighbours, have left their own natural dominions to desolation.

The cause of this our author ascribes; first, to the disadvantageous idea we have conceived of the Celtes in general, an idea entirely groundless, and which offers no reason for not studying those antiquities to which our manners, our government, our laws, are continually calling us back. Secondly, to the few monuments of Celtic mythology which have reached our times. "To draw this subject from obscurity, we ought in some measure to give new life to those poetical mythologists, our ancestors; we should consult them, and attend, in the frightful gloom of their forests, to those mysterious incantations in which is concealed the whole system of their religion and morality."

In France, Spain, and England, the ravages of time, or of more destructive zeal, have left few remains of this sacred poesy. The countries of the north, who were more slowly converted from superstition, still preserve those valuable monuments. Here is to be found the "EDDA," first written in Iceland after the abolition of the Celtic religion there. This was a work

[1] Paul Henry Mallet, born at Geneva in 1731, died 1807.

designed for the use of those young Icelanders, who intended to become Scaldes or poets. Odin and Friga, genii and fairies, served as machinery to northern poetry then, as Grecian mythology does to ours now; and though they had abandoned the religion, yet the poets found it necessary to retain the knowledge of these fabulous divinities. The author of the Edda, therefore, has given his countrymen an abridgment of this mythology, with a poetical dictionary to explain words or metaphors that may be too sublime. A translation of this work M. Mallet now lays before the public. There were two books of this name: the first was composed by Sæmund Sigfusson, born in Iceland, about the year 1057; but being too voluminous and obscure in many respects, Snoro Sturleson, about a hundred and twenty years after, abstracted from the collection of Sæmund a system of poetical mythology, both easy and intelligible. The Celtic religion, as our author clearly evinces in the work preceding this, was at first extremely simple; yet even this did not long hold its simplicity. Though nothing can be more express than some passages in the Edda concerning the supreme government of ONE God, yet those intelligencers who are supposed to act by his commands receive in it too much veneration; their assistance seems nearer than that of a Deity, whose very name calls to our imagination the immense distance between him and his creatures: yet must we still remember (says M. Mallet), that the Edda is but a poetical mythology, in which the real opinions of those times are set off with all the luxuriance of a heated imagination.

A King of Sweden, says the Edda, named Gylfe, astonished at the respect his subjects paid to some people who had newly come from Asia, was resolved to travel to Asgard, habited like an old man, and under the fictitious name of Gangler, with intention to improve by the journey.

On his arrival there, he was introduced into a magnificent palace, where he had a long conference with three kings, Har, Jafnar, and Thredi, whom he found seated on thrones in one of the inner apartments. These conferences are comprised in thirty-three fables, of which the first part of the Edda is composed. There we see those remarkable passages already hinted at with relation to the Supreme Being. Gangler demands, "Who is the supreme of the gods?" Har replies, "Him whom we call Alfader, that is, Father of all." Gangler again asks, "What has he done to make his glory appear?" Har replies, "He lives eternally. He governs his dominions, and things great and little with great care." Jafnar adds, "He has made the heaven, the earth, and the air."—"He has done more than making an heaven, or an earth," continues Thredi; "He has made man, and infused into him a living soul, which, even after the body is reduced to dust and ashes, shall continue to live for ever."

The three first fables abound in allegories, as extraordinary as an imagination the most fruitful of wonders could possibly conceive, on the formation of the earth and the creation of man. Here may be perceived, however, striking resemblances of the doctrine of Moses, with respect to the luminous matter before that of the sun and moon; as also of the deluge, and the history of the giants spoken of in Genesis. Our author, in his notes,

takes care to point out these similitudes; and remarks, that of all the known systems, that of the ancient Persians most approaches the mythology of the Edda: an observation which greatly serves to confirm what several learned men have advanced, that anciently there was no difference between the Persians and Celtes.

The fourth fable describes Odin as father of gods and men, and who by his virtue has produced all things. Friga (or the earth) is his daughter, and wife, on whom he begat his son Thor. This doctrine of the union of the Deity with the earth, is of great antiquity. It has been generally received in all the Celtic nations; nay, the Greeks themselves adopted the same sentiments, as appears by the history of Saturn and Rhea. And here our author ingeniously remarks, that though in this mythology the concourse of Deity and matter produced the universe, yet there is a vast difference, according to the Celtes, in these two principles. The Supreme God was eternal. By him matter was made, and consequently had a beginning. The name also of Thor, their son, signifies, in the language of the north, thunder; and our Thursday even now is called by the Flemish, donderday, or the day of thunder.

Nothing, however, can be more ridiculous than the system of physics that runs through the whole Edda, particularly the sixth fable. A horse with his shining mane scatters light, and illuminates the earth and air. Two little children, with a pitcher suspended at the end of a stick, accompany the moon, and occasion its eclipses. The sun runs very swiftly; for two wolves, ready to devour him, continually follow. In this fable we have the origin of a custom received among us, the source of which seems to have been forgotten. The Edda gives the night pre-eminence over the day; it precedes, and out of it the day is produced. Hence we say, "this day se'nnight," for seventh night; "fortnight," for fourteenth night. Thus customs taken from forgotten opinions are often erroneously attributed to the effects of chance or caprice.

The eighth fable takes for its title, The Holy City, or the Residence of the Gods. In it we hear of Odin demanding a draught of the Fountain of Wisdom, but obliged to pawn one of his eyes for the grant. Thus, we see the father of heaven wanting an eye, which Mimis keeps as a pledge in his own possession, and every morning bathes it with hydromel. A strange allegory this; and, what is worse, we want the key for its solution. In this fable also we find a complete theory of Fairyism. "Three virgins whose names, as in the Celtic language, are past, present, and future, as fates, dispense the periods of man's life; but there are several who assist at his birth, and decide his future fortune." Fairies, according to the conjectures of our author, were deified prophetesses, for the Celtic women excelled in every sort of superstition, particularly in augury; and perhaps those who were most distinguished in this art, were raised to the rank of gods. The ninth fable treats of Thor, son to the father of the universe, who conquered the giants, who performed many wonderful exploits, and whose palace was called an asylum against fear. He too, like the Persian Mithras,

was the symbol of fire, and like him a merciful divinity, a mediator between God and man.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth fables, in the histories of Loke and Loup Fenris, we have the principle of evil characterised in the most perspicuous and striking manner. Loup Fenris is represented as a being educated by the gods, till they perceived, "that he every day most surprisingly increased in stature, and till the oracles had apprised them he should one day be their foe. Accordingly they united to bind him, and the execrations he then poured forth were most horrible; since when, the 'foam issues from his mouth in such abundance, that it forms a river called Vam, that is to say, vices; but this monster will break his chains at the twilight (crepuscule) of the gods, in other words, at the end of the world.'"

But the great event which the Edda never loses sight of, is the future destruction of the world; and the description of it, in the thirty-third and thirty-fourth fables, is to the last degree sublime and picturesque. Take an instance in the following sketch. "Loup Fenris advances, opening his enormous jaws, the lower of which descended to earth while the upper was lifted to heaven, and would have aspired even above the heavens, could it find room. Destroying flames burst from his eyes and nostrils; he vomits floods of poison, that overwhelm the air and the waters in the inundation. In the midst of this tumult the heaven divides, and the genii of fire come riding through the chasm." We are displeased to find Odin, the father of all, perish in the dreadful catastrophe. This contradicts his eternity; but we are not to expect precision in poetical mythology.

Vodar, his son, however, became at last victorious, and reduced all things to order. And, says the Edda, when this world shall be consumed by flames, again shall spring from the sea another earth, beautiful, pleasing, and clothed with landscapes of unceasing verdure.

The author, in a note at the end of the last fable, gives us the doctrine of the Edda, stripped of its poetical ornaments and its adventitious allegories: "And though," says he, "the Edda should have no other merit than that of informing us what the Celtes thought of futurity, even for this it might deserve to be saved from oblivion."

II.—HOME'S TRAGEDY OF "DOUGLAS."

"*Douglas, a Tragedy; as it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden.*" 8vo.

When the town, by a tedious succession of indifferent performances, has been long confined to censure, it will naturally wish for an opportunity of praise; and, like a losing gamester, vainly expect every last throw must retrieve the former. In this disposition, a performance with but the slightest share of merit is welcomed with no small share of applause: its prettinesses exalt us into rapture; and the production is compared, not with our idea of

excellence, but of the exploded trash it succeeds. Add to this, that the least qualified to judge are ever foremost to obtrude their opinions: ignorance exclaims with excess of admiration; party roars in its support; and thus the trifle of the day is sure to have the loudest voices and the most votes in its favour; nor does it cease to be "*the finest piece in nature*," till a newer, and consequently a finer, appears, to consign it to oblivion.

Do these men of applause, who can so easily be brought

"To wonder with a foolish face of praise,"

deserve our envy, or our censure? If their raptures are real, none but the ill-natured would wish to damp them; if fictitious, stupidity only can sympathise with their pretended felicity.

As in company, the loudest laugh comes generally from the person least capable of relishing the conversation,[1] so in criticism, those are often most easily pleased whose sensations are least exquisite in the perception of beauty. The glutton may like the feast, but the delicacy of the epicure alone can distinguish and enjoy the choice, the disposition, the flavours, that give elegance of spirit to the entertainment.

To direct our taste, and conduct the poet up to perfection, has ever been the true critic's province; and though it were to be wished that all who aim at excellence would endeavour to observe the rules he prescribes, yet a failure in this respect alone should never induce us to reject the performance.

A mechanically exact adherence to all the rules of the drama is more the business of industry than of genius. Theatrical lawgivers rather teach the ignorant where to censure than the poet how to write. If sublimity, sentiment, and passion, give warmth and life and expression to the whole, we can the more easily dispense with the rules of the Stagyrite; but if languor, affectation, and the false sublime, are substituted for these, an observance of all the precepts of the ancients will prove but a poor compensation.

We would not willingly have applied this last observation to the performance now before us; but when a work is obtruded upon us as the consummate picture of perfection, and the standard of taste,

"Ne quodcunque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi!"

Let candour allow this writer mediocrity now; his future productions may probably entitle him to higher applause.[2]

With respect to his present tragedy, we could, indeed, enter on a particular examen of the beauties or faults discoverable in the diction, sentiment, plot,

[1] "And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind."—*The Deserted Village.*

[2] "I am greatly struck with the tragedy of *Douglas*, though it has infinite faults: the author seems to me to have retrieved the true language of the stage, which had been lost for these hundred years; and there is one scene (between Matilda and the old peasant) so masterly, that it strikes me blind to all the defects in the world."—*Gray* (Mitford's Gray, iii. 160), 16th Aug., 1757.

or characters;[1] but, in works of this nature, general observation often characterises more strongly than a particular criticism could do; for it were an easy task to point out those passages in any indifferent author, where he has excelled himself, and yet these comparative beauties, if we may be allowed the expression, may have no real merit at all. Poems, like buildings, have their point of view, and too near a situation gives but a partial conception of the whole. Suffice it, then, if we only add, that this tragedy's want of moral, which should be the groundwork of every fable; the unfolding a material part of the plot in soliloquy; the preposterous distress of a married lady for a former husband, who had been dead near twenty years;[2] the want of incidents to raise that fluctuation of hope and fear which interest us in the catastrophe; are all faults we could easily pardon, did poetic fire, elegance, or the heightenings of pathetic distress, afford adequate compensation: but these are dealt to us with a sparing hand.

However, as we have perceived some dawnings of genius in this writer, let us not dwell on his imperfections, but rather proceed to show on what particular passage in his performance we have founded our hopes of his brightening, one day, into stronger lustre.

Those parts of nature, and that rural simplicity with which the author was, perhaps, best acquainted, are not unhappily described; and hence we are led to conjecture, that a more universal knowledge of nature will probably increase his powers of description. The native innocence of the shepherd Norval is happily expressed; it requires some art to dress the thoughts and phrases of the common people, without letting them swell into bombast, or sink into vulgarity: a fault generally charged upon the English authors, who are remarked by their neighbours of the continent to write too much above, or too much below, every subject they undertake to treat upon.

Glenalvon's character is strongly marked, and bears a near resemblance to Shakspeare's "Richard." It is thus delineated in the first act:—

"ANNA.

Why speaks my Lady thus of Randolph's heir?

---

[1] "The structure of the story somewhat resembles that of Voltaire's *Mérope*, but is as simple and natural as that of the French author is complicated and artificial. *Mérope* came out about 1743, and Mr. Home may therefore easily have seen it; but he has certainly derived his more simple and natural tale from the old ballad of Gil Morrice. In memory of this, the tune of Gil Morrice, a simple and beautiful air, is, in Scotland at least, always played while the curtain rises."—SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Misc. Prose Works*, vol. xix. p. 345, edit. 1835.

[2] "There is something overstrained in the twenty years spent by Lady Randolph in deep and suppressed sorrow; nor is it natural, though useful, certainly, to the poet, that her regrets should turn less on the husband of her youth, than upon the new-born child whom she had scarcely seen."—SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Misc. Prose Works*, vol. xix. p. 342.

LADY RANDOLPH.

Because he's not the heir of Randolph's virtues.
Subtle and shrewd, he offers to mankind
An artificial image of himself;
And he with ease can vary to the taste
Of different men, its features. Self-denied,
And master of his appetites he seems;
But his fierce nature, like a fox chain'd up,
Watches to seize unseen the wish'd-for prey;
Never were vice and virtue pois'd so ill,
As in Glenalvon's unrelenting mind.
Yet he is brave, and politic in war."[1]

The following passage is an oblique panegyric on the Union, and contains a pleasing gradation of sentiment. The lines marked in italics demand particular distinction.

"LADY RANDOLPH.

War I detest; but war with foreign foes,
Whose manners, language, and whose looks are strange,
Is not so horrid, nor to me so hateful,
As that with which our neighbours oft we wage.
A river here, and there an idle line
By fancy drawn divides the sister kingdoms.
On each side dwells a people similar,
As twins are to each other,—
Both for their valour famous through the world.
Yet will they not unite their kindred arms,
And if they must have war, wage distant war,
But with each other fight in cruel conflict;
Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
The battle is their pastime. They go forth
Gay in the morning, as to summer sport:
When evening comes, the glory of the morn,
The youthful warrior, is a clod of clay."

It may not be improper to observe, before we take our leave of this performance, that it was first acted with great applause in Edinburgh; but made its appearance in England under a peculiar disadvantage;[2] the commendation a man of taste[3] had bestowed on it, previous to its

[1] "Mrs. Siddons told me, that she never found any *study* (which, in the technical language of the stage, means the getting verses by heart) so easy as that of *Douglas*, which is one of the best criterions of excellence in the dramatic style."—MACKENZIE'S *Life of Home*, vol. i. p. 43. "The last character in which Mrs. Siddons appeared was that of Lady Randolph in Home's *Douglas*."—*Campbell's Life of Mrs. Siddons*, p. 361.

[2] *Douglas* came out at Edinburgh, December 14, 1756, and at Covent-Garden, March 14, 1757. It was refused by Garrick. Why is unknown.

[3] David Hume, the historian, who was outrageous in his praises of Home and Wilkie.

representation here, perhaps raised too much expectation in some, and excited a spirit of envy and critical prejudice in others. Possibly, indeed, that gentleman, in some degree, sacrificed his taste to his friendship. However, if this was the case, he will sustain no great loss with regard to his reputation, since he may gain as much on the one hand, as he can lose on the other; the worst that can be said amounting only to this, that the benevolence of his disposition prevailed over the rectitude of his judgment.

III.—THORNTON AND COLMAN'S "CONNOISSEUR."[1]

"*The Connoisseur.* By Mr. Town, Critic and Censor-General." 4 vols. 12mo.

When fate or fortune calls from us the friend whose society has contributed towards the pleasure or the happiness of our lives, how gladly do we substitute in his room all that remains of him! We find consolation in every pledge of friendship he has left behind, and cherish every relic that reminds us of our past satisfaction. The "Connoisseur" has taken leave of the public, and every admirer of good taste and good humour must regret his departure; but he here commits to their patronage a new edition of his late publications, and we doubt not their welcome reception of them will evince their regard to his memory.

The writer may be styled the friend of Society, in the most agreeable acceptation of the term; for he rather converses with all the ease of a cheerful companion, than dictates, as other writers in this class have done, with the affected superiority of an author. He is the first writer since Bickerstaff, who has been perfectly satirical yet perfectly good-natured; and who never, for the sake of declamation, represents simple folly as absolutely criminal. He has solidity to please the grave, and humour and wit to allure the gay: in a word, as the manners of the times which he represents differs from those of the preceding, so his method of treating them is different from that of former essayists. "Whatever objections," says our author, "the reader may have to the subjects of my papers, I shall make no apology for the manner in which I have chosen to treat them. The dread of falling into what they are pleased to call colloquial barbarisms, has induced some skilful writers to swell their bloated diction with uncouth phrases and the affected jargon of pedants. For my own part, I never go out of the common way of expression, merely for the purpose of introducing a more sounding word with a Latin termination; the English language is suffi-

[1] "The Connoisseur" was a weekly paper, conducted by the elder Colman and Bonnell Thornton. The first number appeared Thursday, January 31, 1754, and the last, Thursday, Sept. 30, 1756; in all 150 numbers. The Papers were collected, were in a sixth edition in the year in which Goldsmith died, and have since been properly included in the great body of British Essayists.

ciently copious, without any further addition of new terms; and the native words seem to me to have far more force than any foreign auxiliaries, however purposely ushered in,—as British soldiers fight our battles better than the troops taken into our pay.

"The subjects of my Essays have been chiefly such as I thought might recommend themselves to the public notice, by being new and uncommon. For this reason I purposely avoided the worn-out practice of retailing scraps of morality, and affecting to dogmatise on the common duties of life. In this point, indeed, the 'Spectator' is inimitable: nor can I hope to say anything new upon these topics, after so many excellent moral and religious essays, which are the powerful ornament of that work; I have therefore contented myself with exposing vice and folly, by painting mankind in their natural colours, without assuming the rigid air of a preacher, or the drowsiness of a philosopher; I have rather chosen to undermine our fashionable excesses by secret sapping, than to storm them by open assault. In a word, upon all occasions I have endeavoured to laugh people into a better behaviour; as I am convinced that the sting of reproof is not less sharp for being concealed, and advice never comes with a better force than when it comes with a laughing one."

IV.—BURKE ON THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.

"*A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful.*" 8vo. Dodsley.

THERE are limits prescribed to all human researches, beyond which if we attempt to explore, nothing but obscurity and conjecture lie before us, and doubts instead of knowledge must terminate the enquiry. The genius, not the judgment, of an author may appear in the too abstracted speculation; he may contribute to the amusement, but seldom to the instruction of the reader. His illustrations may perplex, but not enlighten the mind; and, like a microscope, the more he magnifies the object, he will represent it the more obscurely.

There is, perhaps, no investigation more difficult than that of the passions, and other affections resulting from them. The difference of opinion among all who have treated on this subject, serves to convince us of its uncertainty. Even the most eminent philosophers have sometimes taken novelty, not truth, for their conductor; and have destroyed the hypothesis of their predecessors without being able to establish their own. It often happens, indeed, that while we read the productions of such a philosopher, though we condemn the reasoner, we admire the writer. Yet still learning, taste, and perspicuity, can lay claim but to a subordinate degree of esteem, when they are employed in contradicting truth, or in the investigation of inextricable difficulties.

Our author thus, with all the sagacity so abstruse a subject requires; with all the learning necessary to the illustration of his system; and with all the genius that can render disquisition pleasing; by proceeding on principles not sufficiently established, has been only agreeable when he might have been instructive. He rejects all former systems, and founds his philosophy on his own particular feelings. He has divided the whole into sections, with the contents of each prefixed; a method peculiarly necessary in works of a philosophical nature; as such divisions serve for resting places to the reader, and give him time to recollect the force of the author's reasoning.

The Sublime and the Beautiful have, through inadvertency, or ignorance, been frequently confounded, and mistaken one for the other. What in its own nature is sublime, has the appellation of beauty; and what is beautiful, is often called sublime. This, as the author remarks, must necessarily cause many mistakes in those whose business it is to influence the passions: since by being unacquainted with the difference between the sublime and the beautiful, they cannot happily succeed, unless by chance, in either. The design of the work then is, to lay down such principles as may tend to ascertain and distinguish the sublime and the beautiful in any art, and to form a sort of standard for each.

The author first enquires into the affections of the sublime and beautiful, in their own nature; he then proceeds to investigate the properties of such things in nature as give rise to these affections; and lastly, he considers in what manner these properties act to produce those affections, and each correspondent emotion.

All our passions have their origin in *self-preservation* and in *society;* and the ends of one or the other of these they are all calculated to answer. The passions which concern self-preservation, and which are the most powerful of all the passions, turn mostly on pain or danger. For instance, the idea of pain, sickness, and death, fill the mind with strong emotions of horror; but life and health, though they put us in a capacity of being affected with pleasure, make no such impression by the single enjoyment.

When danger or pain immediately affect us, they are simply terrible, and incapable of giving any delight; but when the idea of pain or danger is excited, without our being actually in such circumstances as to be injured by it, it may be delightful, as every one's experience demonstrates. This pleasing sensation, arising from the diminution of pain, and which may be called hereafter *delight*, is very different from that satisfaction which we feel without any pain preceding it, which may be, in the sequel, termed *positive pleasure*, or simply pleasure. Delight acts by no means so strongly as positive pleasure; since no lessening, even of the severest pain, can rise to pleasure,[1] but the mind still continues impressed with awe; a sort of

[1] To prevent any interruption of the author's chain of reasoning, whatever remark may happen to occur to us, in the course of our epitome of his performance, we shall subjoin it as a note. Thus with regard to his distinction between delight and pleasure, we may here observe, that most of the real pleasures we possess, proceed from a

tranquillity shadowed with horror. When we have suffered from any violent emotion, the mind naturally continues in something like the same condition, even after the cause which first produced it has ceased to operate; as the fashion of the countenance and the gesture of the body, in those who have just escaped some imminent degree of danger, sufficiently indicate.

Whatever excites this delight, whatever is fitted in any sort to excite the ideas of pain and danger, without their actual existence, whatever is in any sort terrible, or is conversant about terrible objects, or operates in a manner analogous to terror, is the source of the sublime; that is, it is productive of the strongest emotion the mind is capable of feeling.[1]

The second head to which the passions are referred, in relation to their final cause, is society. There are two kinds of society; the first is the society of the sex, the passion belonging to which is called love; it contains a mixture of lust, and its object is the beauty of women. The other is the great society with man and all other animals; but this has no mixture of lust, though its object be beauty.[2] The passions belonging to the preservation

diminution of pain. Our author imagines, that positive pleasure operates upon us, by relaxing the nervous system; but that delight acts in a quite contrary manner. Yet it is evident, that a reprieve to a criminal often affects him with such pleasure, that his whole frame is relaxed, and he faints away: here, then, a diminution of pain operates just as pleasure would have done, and we can see no reason why it may not be called pleasure. To put our objections in another light—all wants that immediately affect us, are in some degree painful. If upon offering any enjoyment to the mind, it feels no consciousness of the want, no uneasiness for the fruition of the pleasure proffered, we may safely conclude it will find no great degree of pleasure in its possession. How vainly do delicacies solicit the appetite of him who feels not a want from hunger! What various methods are tried to create this pain, only that the voluptuous may enjoy a greater pleasure by its diminution! Hence, if what the author himself allows to be pleasures are increased by preceding pain, why may they not be produced from it? In fact, pleasure and pain may be found positively subsisting without relation to each other; but then they may also be found mutually to produce each other.—GOLDSMITH.

[1] Our author, by assigning terror for the only source of the sublime, excludes love, admiration, &c. But to make the sublime an idea incompatible with these affections, is what the general sense of mankind will be apt to contradict. It is certain, we can have the most sublime ideas of the Deity, without imagining him a God of terror. Whatever raises our esteem of an object described, must be a powerful source of sublimity; and esteem is a passion nearly allied to love: our astonishment at the sublime as often proceeds from an increased love, as from an increased fear. When, after the horrors of a tempestuous night, the poet hails us with a description of the beauties of the morning, we feel double enjoyment from the contrast. Our pleasure here must arise from the beautiful or the sublime. If from the beautiful, then we have a positive pleasure, which has had its origin, contrary to what the author advances in a diminution of pain. If from the sublime, it is all we contend for; since here is a description, which, though destitute of terror, has the same effect that any increase of terror could have produced.—GOLDSMITH.

[2] Self-interest, and not beauty, may be the object of this passion: it is not from

of the individual, which are capable of affecting us with the strong emotions of the sublime, turn wholly on pain and danger; but those of society, on our desire of enjoyment; hence, as the sublime had its rise in pain, so beauty has its source in positive pleasure.

The passion caused by the great and the sublime in *nature*, when these causes operate most powerfully, is astonishment; by which all the motions of the soul are suspended, with some degree of horror. Whatever also is terrible with regard to sight, is sublime, whether this cause of terror be endued with greatness of dimensions or not; for it is impossible to look to any thing as trifling, or contemptible, that may be dangerous. To heighten this terror, obscurity, in general, seems necessary. When we know the full extent of any danger, when we accustom our eyes to it, a great deal of the apprehension vanishes. Thus, in Pagan worship, the idol is generally placed in the most obscure part of the temple; which is done with a view of heightening the awe of its adorers. Wherefore it is one thing to make an idea clear, and another to make it affecting to the imagination. Nay, so far is clearness of imagery from being absolutely necessary to influence the passions, that they may be considerably operated upon, as in music, without presenting any image at all. Painting never makes such strong impressions on the mind as description, yet painting must be allowed to represent objects more distinctly than any description can do; and even in painting, a judicious obscurity, in some things, contributes to the proper effect of the picture. Thus, in reality, clearness helps but little towards affecting the passions; as it is, in some measure, an enemy to all enthusiasm whatsoever.[1]

beauty in the man, we cement friendships; it is not from beauty in animals, that we value and maintain them; nor from the beauty of vegetables, that we improve them by culture: were this the case, there would be no society betwixt the deformed of mankind; we should entertain an abhorrence of every ill-looking, though useful and inoffensive animal; receive the painted snake to our bosom, and the spotted panther into our dwelling. Even in vegetables, we prefer use to beauty: "alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur." Reason, not sensation, certainly suggests our ideas of this species of beauty, and from the dictates of reason it is we admit of new connections. The infant, new to the world, finds all beauty in colour: as he grows older, shape, smoothness, and several other adventitious ideas are superadded, which his reason, not his senses, have suggested. Some, even among the adult, have no idea of what is called beauty in animals with which they are not conversant, as the beauty of horses, dogs, &c.; but an acquaintance with these animals, and a knowledge of their fitness, by particular symmetries, &c., to answer their own or our purposes, soon discover to us beauties of which we could otherwise have had no conception. Hence a great part of our perceptions of beauty arises not from any mechanical operation on the senses, capable of producing positive pleasure, but from a rational inference drawn with an eye to self-interest, and which may, in many instances, be deduced from self-preservation. Therefore, some ideas of beauty have their origin in self-preservation.—GOLDSMITH.

[1] Distinctness of imagery has ever been held productive of the sublime. The more strongly the poet or orator impresses the picture he would describe upon his own mind,

All general privations are great, because they are terrible; as vacuity, darkness, solitude, silence. Greatness of dimension is a powerful cause of the sublime. Infinity is another source; though perhaps it may be resolved into magnitude. In all objects where no boundary can be fixed to the eye, as in the inside of a rotund, there must necessarily arise the idea of greatness. Another source of greatness is difficulty. When any work seems to have required immense force and labour to effect it, as in Stonhenge, the idea is grand. Magnificence, too, or a great profusion of any things which are splendid or valuable in themselves, is sublime.

With respect to colours, such as are soft or cheerful (except, perhaps, a strong red, which is cheerful), are unfit to produce great images. An immense mountain, covered with a shining green turf, as the author expresses it, is nothing in this respect to one dark and gloomy. The cloudy sky is more grand than the blue; and night more sublime and solemn than day; therefore, in historical painting, a gay or gaudy drapery can never have a happy effect: and in buildings, where an uniform degree of the most striking sublimity is intended, the materials should consist of sad and fuscous colours; and as darkness is productive of more sublime ideas than light, the inside should have all that gloom which may be consistent, at the same time, with showing the particular beauties of the architecture. Sounds also have a great power in producing the sublime: the noise of cataracts, raging storms, thunder; these overpower the soul, suspend its action, and fill all with terror. A sudden beginning also, or ceasing of sound, puts all our faculties on their guard. Low, tremulous, intermitting sounds, and the yelling of animals, all, as they inspire some degree of horror, conduce to exalt us into the sublime. Smells and tastes, particularly the ideas of excessive bitters or intolerable stenches, have some, though but a small share, in our ideas of greatness.

With respect to feeling, the idea of bodily pain in all the modes and degrees of labour, anguish, torment, is productive of the sublime; and nothing else in this sense can produce it. Hence, every cause of the sublime, with reference to the senses, evinces that the sublime is an idea belonging to self-preservation: that is therefore one of the most affecting we have; that its strongest emotion is an emotion of distress, and that no positive or absolute pleasure belongs to it.

the more apt will he be to paint it on the imagination of his reader. Not that, like Ovid, he should be minute in description; which, instead of impressing our imagination with a grand whole, divides our idea into several littlenesses. We only think the bold yet distinct strokes of a Virgil far surpass the equally bold but confused ones of Lucan. The term *painting*, in poetry, perhaps implies more than the mere assemblage of such pictures as affect the sight; sounds, tastes, feelings, all conspire to complete a poetical picture: hence, this art takes the imagination by every inlet, and while it paints the picture, can give it motion and succession too. What wonder, then, it should strike us so powerfully! Therefore, not from the confusion or obscurity of the description, but from being able to place the object to be described in a greater variety of views, is poetry superior to all other descriptive arts.—GOLDSMITH.

Beauty is that quality, or those qualities, of bodies, by which they cause love, or some passion similar to it. This idea cannot arise from proportion, since in vegetables and animals there is no standard by which we can measure our ideas of proportion; and in man, exact proportion is not always the criterion of beauty; neither can it arise from fitness, since then all animals would have beauty; for every one seems best adapted to its own way of living; and in man, strength would have the name of beauty, which, however, presents a very different idea. Nor is it the result of perfection, for we are often charmed with the imperfections of an agreeable object. Nor, lastly, of the qualities of the mind; since such rather conciliate our esteem than our love. Beauty, therefore, is no criterion of reason, but some merely sensible quality acting mechanically upon the human mind, by the intervention of the senses. I shall consider, therefore, says the author, in what manner these sensible qualities are disposed in such things as, by experience, we find beautiful, or which excite in us the passion of love, or some correspondent affection.

First, then, the qualities of beauty, as they are merely sensible qualities, are comparative smallness. Thus the diminutives of every language express affection. In the animal creation, exclusive of their own species, it is the small we are inclined to be fond of. Secondly, they must be smooth; a quality so essential, that few things are beautiful that are not smooth: in trees and flowers, smooth leaves are beautiful, smooth slopes in gardens, smooth streams in landscapes. Thirdly, to have a variety in the direction of parts. Fourthly, to have those parts not angular, but melted, as it were, into each other. Fifthly, to be of a delicate frame, without any remarkable appearance of strength. Sixthly, to have its colours clear and bright, but not very strong and glaring. Seventhly, or if it should have any gloomy colours, to have it diversified with others. In sounds, the most beautiful are the soft and delicate; not that strength of note required to raise other passions, nor notes which are shrill, or harsh, or deep. It agrees best with such as are clear, even, smooth, and weak. Thus there is a remarkable contrast between the beautiful and the sublime: sublime objects are vast in their dimensions; beautiful ones comparatively small. Beauty should be smooth and polished; the great, rugged and negligent. Beauty should not be obscure; the great ought to be dark and gloomy. Beauty should be light and delicate; the great ought to be solid, and even massive.

The author comes next to consider in what manner the sublime and beautiful are produced. As the sublime is founded on pain and terror, which are but different degrees of an unnatural tension of the nerves, whatever produces this tension must be productive also of the sublime; but how any species of delight can be derived from a cause so apparently contrary to it, deserves to be considered.

As the body, by inactivity, contracts disorders, so labour is necessary to prevent those evils. Labour is an exertion of the contracting power of the muscles, and as such resembles pain, (which consists in tension or contraction) in everything but degree. Thus, as common labour, which is a

mode of pain, is the exercise of the grosser, a mode of terror is the exercise of the finer parts of the system. In this case, if the pain or terror be so modified as not to be actually noxious, they are capable of producing delight, since they serve to put the machine into motion. In visual objects, the eye labours to take in their great dimensions; and by a parity of reasoning, we may extend this to every sense in its reception of sublimity. Darkness has, by general consent of mankind, and perhaps by its own painful operation on the sensory, been accounted terrible; too great a dilatation of the pupil of the eye, caused by darkness, may be offensive to the mind, as being primarily so to the organs of the body: and hence this sensation is so well fitted to produce sublimity.[1]

Beauty, as we may gather from the attitude of any person beholding a beautiful object, arises from a quite contrary cause to the sublime, namely, from an universal relaxation of the nervous system. Hence smoothness, which has no asperities to vellicate the parts, nor cause a sensation of pain, is beautiful. Sweets also, which, when reduced to their proper salts, assume a globular figure, and may be called the smooth in taste, must consequently relax, that is, be beautiful to the sense which they respectively affect. Smallness and colour may be accounted for on the same principles.

Thus have we given an abstract of the more material parts of a performance, which seems to have cost the author much study and attention; and which, with all the charms of style, is branched out more extensively on the subject than any modern work of this kind within our recollection. A writer who endeavours to penetrate beyond the surface of things, though he may be sometimes too minute, and at others even erroneous, will, however, clear the way for succeeding adventurers; and perhaps make even his errors subservient to the investigation of truth. If we have, in a very few instances, attempted to point out any mistake or oversight in this very agreeable author's principles, not a captious spirit of controversy, but a concern for truth, was the motive: and the ingenious enquirer, we are persuaded, is too much a philosopher to resent our sometimes taking a different course in pursuit of the game he has started.

[1] The muscles of the uvea act in the contraction, but are relaxed in the dilatation of the ciliary circle. Therefore, when the pupil dilates, they are in a state of relaxation, and the relaxed state of a muscle is its state of rest. In an amaurosis, where these muscles are never employed, the pupil is always dilated. Hence darkness is a state of rest to the visual organ, and consequently the obscurity which the author justly remarks to be often the cause of the sublime, can affect the sensory by no painful impression; so that the sublime is often caused by a relaxation of the muscles, as well as by a tension.—GOLDSMITH.

V.—SMOLLETT'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

"*A Compleat History of England, deduced from the Descent of Julius Cæsar to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle*, 1748. *Containing the Transactions of one thousand eight hundred and three years.* By T. Smollett, M.D." 4to. 4 vols.

When the Historian relates events far removed from the age in which he writes, when evidence is become scarce, and authorities are rendered doubtful, from the obscurities which time has thrown upon them, he ought, above all things, to be careful that his narration be as amply authenticated as the nature of his researches will allow. Strictly speaking, the eye-witness alone should take upon him to transmit facts to posterity; and as for the Historians, the Copyists, the Annotators, who may follow him, if possessed of no new and genuine materials, instead of strengthening, they will only diminish the authority of their guide: for, in proportion as History removes from the first witnesses, it may recede also from truth; as, by passing through the prejudices, or the mistakes of subsequent compilers, it will be apt to imbibe what tincture they may choose to give it. The *later* historian's only way, therefore, to prevent the ill effects of that decrease of evidence which the lapse of years necessarily brings with it, must be, by punctually referring to the spring-head from whence the stream of his narration flows; which at once will cut off all appearance of partiality or misrepresentation. As in law, the rectitude of a person's character is not alone sufficient to establish the truth of a fact, so in history, not merely the writer's testimony, be our opinion of his veracity ever so great, but collateral evidence also is required, to determine everything of a questionable nature. The fundamental materials for the general history of any country are the public records, ancient monuments, and original historians of that country; and in proportion as they are slighted by the compiler, these venerable originals themselves may fall into neglect, and possibly in the end, even into irretrievable oblivion: and when *they* are gone, in vain may we look for an enlightening ray to guide us through the darkness of antiquity: we must then be content with the uncertain gleam with which an erroneous or partial leader is pleased to conduct us.

There were of old, and still are, indolent readers, who turn to an author with the design rather of killing than improving their time; and who, scared at the serious face of instruction, are rather attracted by the lively, florid style of a Florus, than the more substantial disquisitions of a Polybius. With such readers, every step an historian takes towards determining the weight of evidence, or the degrees of credibility, is an excursion into the regions of dulness; but while the writer proceeds in his narrative, without reflection, they continue to read without reflecting, and his history enlightens them just as much as romance would have done; for they are equally unconcerned about truth in either.

Truth should be the main object of the historian's pursuit; elegance is only its ornament: if, therefore, we see a writer of this class plume himself upon his excelling in the last, and at the same time slighting the evidences that ought to ascertain and support the first, suspicion will naturally arise, and the author's credit will sink in proportion.

With respect to the History now before us, the compiler does not pretend to have discovered any hidden records, or authentic materials, that have escaped the notice of former writers; or to have thrown such lights upon contested events, or disputed characters, as may serve to rectify any mistaken opinions mankind may have entertained with respect to either. His care is rather to disburthen former histories of those tedious vouchers, and proofs of authenticity, which, in his opinion, only serve to swell the page, and exercise the reader's patience. He seldom quotes authorities in support of his representations: and if he now and then condescends to cite the testimony of former writers, he never points to the page, but leaves the sceptical reader to supply any defect of this kind, by an exertion of that industry which the author disdains; and thus on the veracity of the relator are we to rest our conviction, and accept his own word for it that he has no intention to deceive or mislead us.

That this author, however, has no such design, may be fairly presumed from his declining all attempts to bias by any remarks of his own. Determined to avoid all *useless disquisitions*, as his plan professes, he steers wide indeed of that danger, and avoids all disquisitions as useless. A brief recital of facts is chiefly what the public is to expect from this performance. But, with submission, we think the ingenious author might have afforded us something more. He has undoubted ability; and he well knows that a moderate interspersion of manly and sensible observations must have greatly enlivened his work, and would hardly have been deemed superfluous by such readers as have any turn for reflection.

With respect to the style of this historian, it is in general clear, nervous, and flowing; and we think it impossible for a reader of taste not to be pleased with the perspicuity and elegance of his manner. But what he seems principally to value himself upon, and what his patronizers chiefly mention in praise of his performance, are the Characters he has summed up at the close of every reign. Here, however, we cannot fall in with the ingenious Doctor's admirers:—but we forbear to enlarge, and shall therefore proceed to enable our readers, in some measure, to judge for themselves, by a few specimens, taken from such parts of the History as, we apprehend, the author's friends will think we do him no injustice in selecting. The character of James the First is thus drawn by our historian:—

"James was in his stature of the middle size, inclining to corpulency; his forehead was high, his beard scanty, and his aspect mean. His eyes, which were large and languid, he rolled about incessantly, as if in quest of novelties. His tongue was so large, that in speaking or drinking he beslabbered the bystanders. His knees were so weak, as to bend under the weight of his body. His address was awkward, and his appearance slovenly.

There was nothing dignified, either in the composition of his mind or person. We have, in the course of his reign, exhibited repeated instances of his ridiculous vanity, prejudices, profusion, folly, and littleness of soul. All that we can add in his favour is, that he was averse to cruelty and injustice; very little addicted to excess, temperate in his meals, kind to his servants, and even desirous of acquiring the love of his subjects, by granting that as a favour which they claimed as a privilege. His reign, though ignoble to himself, was happy to his people. They were enriched by commerce, which no war interrupted. They felt no severe impositions; and the Commons made considerable progress in ascertaining the liberties of the nation."

CHARACTER OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

"Such was the unworthy and unexampled fate of Charles the First, king of England, who fell a sacrifice to the most atrocious insolence of treason, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and in the twenty-fourth of his reign. He was a prince of a middling stature, robust, and well-proportioned. His hair of a dark colour, his forehead high, his complexion pale, his visage long, and his aspect melancholy. He excelled in riding and other manly exercises; he inherited a good understanding from nature, and had cultivated it with great assiduity. His perception was clear and acute, his judgment solid and decisive; he possessed a refined taste for the liberal arts, and was a munificent patron to those who excelled in painting, sculpture, music, and architecture. In his private morals he was unblemished and exemplary. He was merciful, modest, chaste, temperate, religious, personally brave; and we may join with the noble historian in saying, 'he was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian of the age in which he lived.' He had the misfortune to be bred up in high notions of the prerogative, which he thought his honour and his duty obliged him to maintain. He lived at a time when the spirit of the people became too mighty for those restraints which the regal power derived from the constitution; and when the tide of fanaticism began to overbear the religion of his country, to which he was conscientiously devoted. He suffered himself to be guided by counsellors who were not only inferior to himself in knowledge and judgment, but generally proud, partial, and inflexible; and from an excess of conjugal affection, that bordered upon weakness, he paid too much deference to the advice and desire of his consort, who was superstitiously attached to the errors of popery, and importuned him incessantly in favour of the Roman Catholics. Such were the sources of that misgovernment which was imputed to him during the first fifteen years of his reign. From the beginning of the civil war to his fatal catastrophe, his conduct seems to have been unexceptionable. His infirmities and imperfections have been candidly owned in the course of the narration. He was not very liberal to his dependents; his conversation was not easy, nor his address pleasing; yet the probity of his heart and the innocence of his manners won the affection of all who attended his person,

not even excepting those who had the charge of his confinement. In a word, he certainly deserved the epithet of a virtuous prince, though he wanted some of those shining qualities which constitute the character of a great monarch."

CHARACTER OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

"Oliver was of a robust make and constitution, and his aspect was manly, though clownish. His education extended no further than a superficial knowledge of the Latin tongue, but he inherited great talents from nature; though they were such as he could not have exerted to advantage at any other juncture than that of a civil war, inflamed by religious contests. His character was formed from an amazing conjunction of enthusiasm, hypocrisy, and ambition. He was possessed of courage and resolution that overlooked all danger and saw no difficulty. He dived into the characters of mankind with wonderful sagacity, while he concealed his own purposes under the impenetrable shield of dissimulation. He reconciled the most atrocious crimes to the most rigid notions of religious obligation. From the severest exercise of devotion he relaxed into the most ludicrous and idle buffoonery. He preserved the dignity and distance of his character in the midst of the coarsest familiarity. He was cruel and tyrannical, from policy; just and temperate, from inclination; perplexed and despicable in his discourse; clear and consummate in his designs; ridiculous in his reveries; respectable in his conduct: in a word, the strangest compound of villainy and virtue, baseness and magnanimity, absurdity and good sense, that we find upon record in the annals of mankind."

CHARACTER OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

"Charles the Second was in his person tall and swarthy, and his countenance marked with strong, harsh lineaments. His penetration was keen, his judgment clear, his understanding extensive, his conversation lively and entertaining, and he possessed the talent of wit and ridicule. He was easy of access, polite, and affable; had he been limited to a private station, he would have passed for the most agreeable and best-natured man of the age in which he lived. His greatest enemies allow him to have been a civil husband and obliging lover, an affectionate father and an indulgent master; even as a prince he manifested an aversion to cruelty and injustice. Yet these good qualities were more than overbalanced by his weakness and defects. He was a scoffer at religion, and a libertine in his morals; careless, indolent, profuse, abandoned to effeminate pleasure, incapable of any noble enterprise, a stranger to manly friendship and gratitude; deaf to the voice of honour, blind to the allurements of glory, and, in a word, wholly destitute of every active virtue. Being himself unprincipled, he believed mankind were false, perfidious, and interested; and therefore he practised dissimulation for his own convenience. He was strongly attached to the French manners, government, and monarch: he was dissatisfied with his own limited prerogative. The majority of his own subjects he despised or hated, as hypocrites, fanatics, and republicans, who had persecuted his father and

himself, and sought the destruction of the monarchy. In these sentiments he could not be supposed to pursue the interest of the nation; on the contrary, he seemed to think that his own safety was incompatible with the honour and advantage of his people. Had he been an absolute prince, the subjects would have found themselves quiet and happy under a mild administration; but harassed, as he was by a powerful opposition, and perplexed with perpetual indigence, he thought himself obliged, for his own ease and security, to prosecute measures which rendered his reign a misfortune to the kingdom, and entailed upon him the contempt of all the other powers in Europe. Yet that misfortune did not immediately affect the nation in its commercial concerns. Trade and manufactures flourished more in this reign than at any other æra of the English monarchy. Industry was crowned with success, and the people in general lived in ease and affluence."

We shall conclude with the following summary of the qualifications required in an historian. His learning, says Bayle, should be greater than his genius, and his judgment stronger than his imagination. In private life, he should have the character of being free from party, and his former writings ought always to have shown the sincerest attachment to truth. I ask several questions, says the same author, who the historian is? of what country, of what principles? for it is impossible but that his private opinions will almost involuntarily work themselves into his public performances. His style also should be clear, elegant, and nervous. And lastly, to give him a just boldness of sentiment and expression, he should have a consciousness of these his superior abilities. As to the first requisites, how far our author is possessed of them, his former productions will abundantly demonstrate; but in the last, he seems to have fallen short of none of his predecessors.[1]

[1] "It is said that this voluminous work, containing the history of thirteen centuries, and written with uncommon spirit and correctness of language, was composed and finished for the press within fourteen months; one of the greatest exertions of facility of composition ever recorded in the history of literature. Within a space so brief it could not be expected that new facts should be produced; and all the novelty which Smollett's history could present must needs consist in the mode of stating facts, or in the reflections to be deduced from them. In this work, the author fully announced his political principles, which, notwithstanding his Whig education, were those of a modern Tory, and a favourer of the monarchical part of our constitution. For such a strain of sentiment, some readers will think no apology necessary; and by others none which we might propose would be listened to. Smollett has made his own defence, in a letter to Dr. Moore, dated 2nd January, 1758. He says: 'I desire you will divest yourself of prejudice, at least as much as you can, before you begin to peruse it, and consider well the facts before you pass judgment. Whatever may be the defects of my work, I protest before God I have, as far as in me lay, adhered to truth, without espousing any faction, though I own I sat down to write with a warm side to those principles in which I was educated; but in the course of my inquiries, some of the Whig ministers turned out such a set of sordid knaves, that I could not help stigmatising them for their want of integrity and sentiment.'"—Sir WALTER SCOTT, *Misc. Prose Works*, iii. 148.

VI.—CHARLEVOIX'S HISTORY OF PARAGUAY.

"*Histoire du Paraguay, par le Père François Xavier de Charlevoix,*[1] *de la Compagnie de Jésus.*" Paris, 3 vols. 4to. 1756.

THE pleasure we find in modern history arises either from the accuracy and veracity of the historian, or from our being unacquainted with the country he describes. In this last respect we look upon the accounts of the traveller as new discoveries, and, in some measure, pardon any improbabilities, by considering the hazards he must have encountered, in procuring us any information whatsoever. Of all accounts, those of the missionaries, as they depart most from truth, stand most in need of this indulgence: the dangers they have undergone should be set in the opposite scale, against the improbabilities they relate; and though we cannot allow them the praise of having given us good accounts, yet it is some merit in them to have given at least *some* account. We are certainly obliged to them for bringing us acquainted with countries, which the badness of climate, the difficulty of access, or the unfavourable disposition of the inhabitants, would still conceal from those whose only motives to a knowledge of them were curiosity or avarice. But such is in general the credulity of those religious adventurers, or so much do they endeavour to impose upon ours, that we often wish they who pretend to teach others the truth, had been better acquainted with it themselves.

What has been said of the relations of the missionaries in general may with propriety be applied to the author of this performance: a work rather calculated to defend the Jesuit missionaries from the reproach of avarice, or of disaffection to their temporal sovereigns, than to give us a distinct view of a country hitherto so little known. It is hard to say, whether the natural or the civil history of Paraguay, as related by this author, most abounds with improbability. In the one, we are told of birds fighting with serpents, and, upon being wounded, having recourse to an herb, which immediately heals the wound, and gives them strength to renew the combat: also of serpents, who, having swallowed more than they can digest, turn their bellies to the sun, which rotting the skin, the birds light upon, and carry away the remains of the surfeit, and thereby restore health to the reptile. In the other, we hear of missionaries miraculously cured of mortal wounds, travelling twelve days' journey in less than one; bringing down rain; and routing armies at the word of command. Yet, in spite of all this absurdity, the subject is no less curious than uncommon; and some readers, no doubt, may be pleased with an extract from those parts of the history less chargeable with the idle tales above hinted at.

Paraguay (so called from a river of that name) is bounded on the north by the lake des Xarayes, and the provinces of Santa Cruz and Charcas; on

[1] A learned and industrious Jesuit, born at St. Quentin, in 1684, died 1761.

the south by the straits of Magellan; on the east by Brazil; and on the north by Chili and Peru. It must not be supposed (says the author) but that in a country of such vast extent, watered by an infinite number of rivers, covered with immense forests, and chains of mountains of an almost immeasurable length, some of which lift themselves above the clouds; in a country where valleys are all subject to inundations more extensive and lasting than are to be met with elsewhere, and which abounds in lakes and marshes, where the stagnating waters putrefying, corrupt the air; in fine, where the cultivated parts bear no proportion to those uncultivated;—in such a country, it must not be supposed that there can be a sameness of climate, or uniformity in the characters and manners of its inhabitants.

What may be said of this people in general is, that they are all, more or less, of an olive complexion; are rather above than below the middle size; have thick legs, large joints, and round flat faces. The men and women, especially in the warm climates, go all naked; and even the women cover only those parts which decency requires should be concealed. The inhabitants of every country, however, have different manners of adorning, or rather disfiguring, themselves; which often give them a shocking appearance. Some, notwithstanding, make caps, and other parts of dress, from the most beautiful feathers of birds, which have a fine effect. The author further informs us, that they are almost all naturally stupid, savage, perfidious, voracious, and addicted to drunkenness, without precaution or forecast, even with respect to the necessaries of life; that they are lazy, and indolent, to the last degree, except in some places; that pillage and revenge often render them furious, without making them brave; that they are generally cowards; and that even such of them as have preserved their liberty, owe it solely to those inaccessible parts of the country which they inhabit.

In those vast plains which extend from Buenos Ayres to Chili, and also very far southward, the horses and kine left there by the Spaniards, upon their first abandoning that settlement, have multiplied to such a degree, that in the year 1628 a good horse might have been purchased for two needles, and a cow in proportion; but at present the price is increased: however, no vessel, for thirty years past, has left the port of Buenos Ayres, without taking forty or fifty thousand skins on board. There are some hunters, who only bring away the tongues and the fat: the latter, in that country, serving instead of butter and oil.

How great soever our ideas of the increase of those animals may be, yet still they will be enlarged, if we consider the infinite number of dogs, lions, and tigers, which prey upon the wild cattle, and destroy incredible numbers of them. It is said that the lion does not wait the approach of danger, like the tiger, but hunts for his diversion, and after killing eight or ten, feasts only upon one. But the wild dogs destroy most; and yet, such is the stupid barbarity of the inhabitants, that they only reproach those who would attempt to lessen the number of these mischievous animals! The manner of hunting the wild cattle is singular enough: a number of hunters

assemble on horseback, in the midst of one of those large plains where there is the greatest store of game, and then separating, each cuts, with a hatchet, the hinder legs of every beast he overtakes; upon which the animal falls to the ground. The hunter continues the pursuit, cutting away to the right and left, as long as he finds cattle to pursue. Thus each hunter, it is said, can kill eight hundred in an hour; which, however, seems an exaggeration. Upon attempting to escape, the wounded animals only obstruct one another, so that their destroyers have often time to refresh themselves, and begin again. In fine, after some days spent in this violent exercise, they return by the road they came, and carry away all that they think convenient, of the animals they have slain.

The cotton shrub is a native of this country. Besides maize, manioc, and potatoes, which make the greatest part of the food of those Indians who do not lead a wandering life, there are several fruits and simples found here, unknown to the Europeans. No country abounds more with serpents of various kinds, and their apes are almost of human stature. Foxes are common in some provinces, and they have hares that are extremely tame, and whose skins are beautifully mottled.

Westward of the river of Paraguay (Rio de la Plata) lies the extensive province of Guaycurus, the greatest part of which is uninhabitable; for in the wet season the ground is so swampy, and in the dry so parched, that the soil opens in large fissures, and the inhabitants would perish for want of water, did they not retire to the neighbourhood of those lakes that never dry up; the waters of which are, however, extremely unwholesome.

Among the customs peculiar to this people, that of the children being held in the greatest dependence till they arrive at the age of fourteen, is one. Before that time, every person exercises authority over them; but at this age they are pierced with a certain instrument in several parts of the body: an operation which, though extremely painful, they demand with eagerness, and sustain with intrepidity; and then they receive their liberty, and their name.

Their discipline in war is extremely strict; and besides that which they continually wage with the Spaniards, they are generally embroiled every year with some of their neighbours. They never attempt to face the enemy in the open plain, but have a thousand stratagems to lead him into defiles, where they may fall upon him with advantage, as their only weapons are the arrow, the hatchet, and a cutlass made of bone.

In the kingdom of Tuccuman, farther west than Guaycurus, it is somewhat remarkable that those parts which approach the line are coldest, which is owing to their lying in the neighbourhood of exceeding high mountains. Those who inhabit the northern parts of this country are mostly subsisted by fishing; those who live more to the south, by hunting. In general, they are of small stature, and more stupid than the other Americans; and some of them have no other habitations than caves dug under ground, from whence they never stir till hunger obliges them. Their ordinary beast of burthen is a sheep, almost as big as a camel, and of surprising strength.

Lions and tigers infest the country, but the first are small, and not very dangerous; the latter are in no country so large or so fierce: the Indians set fire to the woods, and kill them with their arrows as they attempt to avoid the flames.

The country of Chaco is remarkably subject to inundations, which proceed from the melting of the snow on the great neighbouring mountains. These inundations are often so sudden, that the inhabitants are obliged to embark in their canoes or to climb trees, and remain there till the flood subsides. But these inconveniences are recompensed by the advantages which ensue; for scarcely has the deluge passed away, when the plains of Chaco put on the appearance of the most beautiful parterres, and, beheld from the mountains, form a prospect that, perhaps, nothing in nature can equal. To what advantage, continues the author, might all this turn, were the country inhabited by an industrious people, whose labours might correct the inconveniences to which it is subject, and who knew how to avail themselves of its natural advantages! But the inhabitants of Chaco are contented with slightly stirring the earth after it has been flooded: which, notwithstanding the little pains taken, affords all the necessaries of life in great abundance.

We are told of an amphibious animal which infests the country of Tapé, somewhat resembling a ram, but with the teeth and claws of a tiger, which it surpasses in ferocity. The Indians never behold these creatures without terror; and when they leave the lakes (which they often do in numbers) there is no other method of avoiding their fury than by climbing a tree; which, however, does not always afford protection; for this terrible animal sometimes roots up the tree, which, falling, delivers up the unhappy victim: or perhaps he waits at the foot of it, till the Indian, spent with hunger, can no longer support himself, but falls a prey to his merciless enemy.

The Jesuit missionaries, by a long succession of pretended miracles, by perseverance, by every stratagem that policy could suggest, have brought most of the inhabitants of this extensive country to embrace the Roman Catholic religion; have brought them from their forests and caves, into social communities; have induced the Indians, formerly poor, and who had hardly wherewith to maintain themselves, now to pay tribute, and support the luxury and grandeur of the king of Spain; and have centered out the country into little republics, as the author calls them, where the Jesuit and his assistant are generally absolute.

In short, if the accounts here given are to be believed, the Indians are now brought into the most civilised state, and have the necessaries and luxuries of life in almost as great plenty and elegance as the Europeans themselves.

The author, towards the end of the third volume, corrects a passage in the account of Anson's Voyage round the World, where it is affirmed, that the bay of St. Julian receives a very large river which issues from a great lake. In the said voyage are also given two plates of the bay. Father

Charlevoix, from a variety of observations, particularly those of Father Quiroga, who went round the bay, and examined it with the greatest exactness, affirms that it receives not even the smallest rivulet.

The greatest part of this performance affords little to engage the attention of the English reader. It is chiefly to be regarded as an ecclesiastical history, calculated rather for those countries which still retain the most bigoted superstition, than for the perusal of such as choose to examine into prodigies before they believe them. Yet, with all the absurdities with which it is replete, it will possibly have its desired effect; for it can sink the reputation of the Jesuits no lower than it is already sunk among the wise of all nations; and it may greatly exalt their character for holiness, among the ignorant and superstitious.

VII.—CARDINAL DE POLIGNAC'S "ANTI-LUCRETIUS."

"*Anti-Lucretius, of God and Nature; a Poem. Written in Latin by the* Cardinal De Polignac. *Rendered into English by the Translator of Paradise Lost.*"[1] 4to.

It is a doubt whether the Cardinal de Polignac be better known to the statesmen of Europe as a politician, or to the learned as a poet: it is certain, his talent of persuasion in both capacities was extraordinary; and it is somewhat surprising, that amidst such a multiplicity of state negociations, as might seem sufficient to engross all his attention, he found leisure for the intricate disquisitions of philosophy. As neither his editor nor our translator have mentioned what first gave rise to this poem, it may not be improper to mention it here: "A seeming chance," as we are told, "first put Polignac upon this undertaking. The author, in his return from Poland, made some stay in Holland, where, becoming acquainted with M. Bayle, he asked him, which of the sects in vogue he professed? Bayle eluded the question, by repeating some lines out of Lucretius; and being closer pressed, he made no other answer than that he was a true Protestant. The Abbé still urging him, he answered with some emotion, 'Yes, Sir, I am a true Protestant, and to the utmost extent of the word, for I protest against all that is said or done;' which was followed by another more energetic repetition from Lucretius. The Abbé finding that learned person far gone in the system of Epicurism, or at least of Scepticism, and that these notions were seducingly advanced in his celebrated Dictionary, immediately conceived a design of refuting those errors, and his two relegations (to the States) proved fortunate for the accomplishment."

Certainly nothing can be a more proper antidote than the "Anti-Lucretius" against the mischievous doctrines of the charming poet, but indifferent philosopher, here controverted by our author. It must be confessed

[1] John Dobson, of New College, Oxford, the translator into Latin verse of Prior's "Solomon" and Milton's "Paradise Lost."

Lucretius has more poetic enthusiasm, and more frequently amuses his reader with the glowing descriptions of a fine imagination. Our author, with greater severity, seems always in quest of truth, and never loses the philosopher in the poet. Lucretius strikes his reader with the brilliancy of his arguments: the demonstrations of Polignac operate more slowly, but then they are sure to carry conviction. The one aims at instruction merely to please; the other pleases merely to instruct. In short, the fictions of the disciple of Epicurus seem to acquire additional graces from poetry, while poetry receives new graces from his antagonist, by being employed in the service of truth.

Lucretius has long ago been translated into our language. This, in some measure, implied a necessity for translating his opponent also: and the first book of the Anti-Lucretius in English verse is here submitted, by the ingenious Mr. Dobson, as a specimen of his abilities for the whole. He certainly seems every way equal to the laborious undertaking, if we may be allowed to judge from this part of the performance now before us. He ever preserves the sense, and very seldom loses the spirit of his original. Sometimes, however, he seems inferior to him in strength; thus, line 32, in the original:

"Incute vim dictis, propriamque ulciscere causam,"

he translates less energetically thus:

" inspire
My song, and vindicate thy sovereign cause."

Where the poet rapturously cries out,

"O utinam, dum te regionibus infero sacris—"

the translator coolly says,

"Were mine the gift, as o'er the sacred clime—"

But that the reader may not rest solely upon our judgment, it may be proper to select a specimen or two of the original, to which, subjoining the translation, we shall leave him to determine for himself. The author thus addresses the atheist:

"Si virtutis eras avidus, rectique bonique
Tam sitiens, quid Relligio tibi sancta nocebat?
Aspera quippe nimis visa est? Asperrima certe
Gaudenti vitiis, sed non virtutis amanti.
Ergo perfugium culpæ, solisque benignus
Perjuriis ac fœdifragis, Epicure, parabas.
Solam hominum fæcem poteras devotaque furcis
Devincire tibi capita, indignæque patronus
Nequitiæ tantum scelerisque assertor haberi;
Cui tales animos viresque atque arma ministras.
Degener ille bonis etenim non ingruit horror
Quem perimis: sibi nec restingui Tartara poscunt,

Quos bene gesta satis tranquillant; ipsaque morum
Integritas, et parta quies moderamine casto
Vindicat à miserâ longæ formidine pœnæ.
His procul anguicomæ strident crepitantque flagellis
Eumenides; procul his æterna incendia fumant."

"Were you with ardent love of virtue fir'd,
And did you thirst for equity and truth,
Why should Religion's sacred laws offend?
She's too severe. Severe she is to those
Whom Vice delights, but not to Virtue's friends.
For Vice, then, Epicurus, you contriv'd
A friendly refuge, to each miscreant kind,
Each perjur'd wretch. Hence to your banners hie
In droves, the dregs and outcast of mankind.
Hence are you styl'd th' assertor of the base,
Patron of villains; whom you thus supply
With impious courage, and ignoble arms.
For that degen'rate fear you boast to quell
Damps not the virtuous; whose ingenuous deeds
Becalm their minds, and chaste integrity
Wraps in soft peace, unconscious of alarms.
From these far distant, hiss and clash their thongs,
The snake-curl'd Furies; distant far from these
Burn the relentless flames that never die."

"Quid si autem invenies quod credimus, ultima cum te
Sustulerit tenebrisque perennibus obruerit nox,
Nempe Deum ultorem, quem non cognoveris antè,
Vel potius notum famâ neglexeris? Eheu!
Horresco reputans: tibi luditur alea, Quinti,
Magna nimis. Quoquò te vertas, fit tua pejor
Conditio nostrâ. Neque enim, si fallimur, hujus
Erroris dabimus pœnas: sors æqua manebit
Nos omnes; uno simul involvemur inani:
Tu, si deciperis, contrà; sine fine futurus
Infelix. Cur tanta igitur discrimina tentas?"

"But should you find (what merits firmest faith),
When Death shall wrap thee in her sable shade,
Should you then find, with righteous vengeance arm'd,
That God you knew not once, or known, defied,
I shudder at the thought. Ah! Quintius, rash
Th' adventure; great the hazard you explore.
Shift as you please, in every light appears
Your state far worse than our's. What if we err?
That error no dread punishment attends.
One fate then all involves; we all shall sink
In one vast unessential void absorpt.
Err you? What fatal misery ensues!
Woe infinite!—Such perils who would prove?"

The Anti-Lucretius is not a refutation of Lucretius only, but of those in general who seem to have been favourers of Atheism. Democritus, Aristotle, Epicurus, Hobbes, and Spinosa, are confuted; and among the number of those whom he has opposed, we are sorry to find Newton, Locke, and Gassendus, whose opinions concerning a vacuum, &c., he has taken great pains to obviate; but his reasonings on natural subjects seem chiefly drawn from the stores of Des Cartes, in whose amusing systems our author had been early initiated; and it is but natural to controvert any opinions that tend to discover the futility of our former researches into nature. If the translator proceeds in this performance, (as we sincerely hope he will) some notes added in those places where the author erroneously controverts the great men already mentioned, would certainly be not less useful than pleasing to the English reader. His vacuums and his gravity of atoms, may be given up to Lucretius, while still our obligations will remain to the author for impugning the rest of his doctrines.

VIII.—HANWAY'S EIGHT DAYS' JOURNEY.

"*A Journal of Eight Days' Journey from Portsmouth to Kingston-upon-Thames; through Southampton, Wiltshire, &c. With Miscellaneous Thoughts, Moral and Religious; in Sixty-four Letters: addressed to Two Ladies of the Partie. To which is added, an Essay on Tea; considered as pernicious to Health, obstructing industry, and impoverishing the Nation: with an Account of its Growth, and great Consumption in these Kingdoms. With several Political Reflections; and Thoughts on Public Love. In Thirty-two Letters to Two Ladies.* By Mr. H * * * * *. The second Edition, corrected and enlarged."[1] 8vo. 2 vols.

Mr. Hanway, who has already obliged the public with an account of his travels into distant parts of the world, here presents the reader with the result of his travels nearer home. This journal was, perhaps, at first designed for the amusement of his friends, and by their too partial applause he might have been tempted to send it into the world; however, he can lose little reputation though he should not succeed in an attempt of such a nature as this; especially as he has already shown himself equal to subjects and undertakings that require much greater abilities. Novelty of thought and elegance of expression, are what we chiefly require in treating on topics with which the public are already acquainted; but the art of placing trite materials in new and striking lights, cannot be reckoned among the excellences of this gentleman; who generally enforces his opinions by arguments rather obvious than new, and that convey more conviction than pleasure to the reader.

[1] The first edition was printed about a year ago, and presented by the author to his friends only, but not sold.—Goldsmith.

The description of the places through which this journey of eight days was performed, takes up but a very little part of this performance. The reader will find that, in his present travels, the author's mental are much more frequent than his personal excursions; as, through the whole, he takes every opportunity (and sometimes forces one) to indulge his propensity to moralizing. In this capacity, indeed, he shows great goodness of heart, and an earnest concern for the welfare of his country. However, though his opinions are generally true, and his regard for virtue seems very sincere, yet these alone are not, at this day, sufficient to defend the cause of truth; style, elegance, and all the allurements of good writing, must be called in aid;[1] especially if the age be in reality, as it is represented by this author, averse to everything that but seems to be serious.

In these letters, which may with more propriety be styled essays, or meditations, the author informs the two ladies of his party concerning every thing that happened upon the journey (though it is supposed they wanted no information in that respect), and on every occurrence he expatiates, and indulges in reflection. The appearance of an inn on the road suggests to our philosopher an eulogium on temperance; the confusion of a disappointed landlady gives rise to a letter on resentment; and the view of a company of soldiers furnishes out materials for an essay on war. But he seems to reserve his powers till he comes to treat of Tea,[2] against which he inveighs through almost the whole second volume; assuming the physician, philosopher, and politician. To this plant he ascribes the scurvy, weakness of nerves, low spirits, lassitudes, melancholy, "and twenty different disorders, which, in spite of the faculty, have yet no names, except the general one of nervous complaints." Nay, (as the author exclaims) our very nurses drink tea! and, what is more deplorable still, they drink *run* tea, that costs not above three or four shillings a pound! The ladies spoil their teeth and complexions, and the men have lost their stature and comeliness, by the use of this pernicious drug: our time is consumed in drinking it; our morals injured by the luxuries it induces; our fortunes impaired in procuring it; and the balance of trade turned against us by its importation. To remedy these evils, the author, though he allows us to continue the use of our porcelain cups, and our sipping, would substitute in the place of tea, several very harmless herbs of our own growth, such as ground ivy, penny-royal, horehound, trefoil, sorrel, not forgetting cowslip

[1] "When Dr. Goldsmith, to relieve himself from the labour of writing, engaged an amanuensis, he found himself incapable of dictation; and after eyeing each other some time, unable to proceed, the Doctor put a guinea in his hand, and sent him away; but it was not so with Mr. Hanway: he could compose faster than any person could write."—PUGH's *Life of Hanway*, 8vo. 1787, p. 224.

[2] Johnson, "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker," (for so he describes himself) reviewed the "Eight Days' Journey" in *The Literary Magazine* for 1757, and was bitter on what he calls Jonas's "long and vehement invectives against tea." Hanway replied to Johnson in *The Gazetteer*, and Johnson returned to the onslaught in *The Literary Magazine*.

flowers, whose wine, he tells us, is a powerful soporific; and, truly, if this be the case, the infusion might have some good effects at many a tea-table.

"It is the curse of this nation," exclaims our author, "that the labourer and mechanic will ape the lord; and therefore I can discover no way of abolishing the use of tea, unless it be done by the irresistible force of example. It is an epidemical disease; if any seeds of it remain, it will engender an universal infection. To what a height of folly must a nation be arrived, when the common people are not satisfied with wholesome food at home, but must go to the remotest regions to please a vicious palate! There is a certain lane near Richmond, where beggars are often seen, in the summer season, drinking their tea. You may see labourers who are mending the roads drinking their tea; it is even drank in cinder carts; and, what is not less absurd, sold out in cups to hay-makers. He who should be able to drive three Frenchmen before him, or she who might be a breeder of such a race of men, are to be seen sipping their tea!

"Was it the breed of such as these,
That quell'd the proud Hysperides?"

Were they the sons of tea-sippers who won the fields of Cressy and Agincourt, or dyed the Danube's streams with Gallic blood? What will be the end of such effeminate customs extended to those persons who must get their bread by the labours of the field!

"From the pride of imitating their betters, and the habit of drinking this deluding infusion, nurses in general, in this part of the island, contract a passion for this bitter draught, which bears down all the duties of humanity before it! Nor are these alone distempered with this canine appetite for tea; you know it to be almost literally true in many instances; every mistress of a family knows it to be true of their servants in general, especially the females, who demand your submission to this execrable custom; and you submit as if the evil was irremediable; nay, your servants' servants, down to the very beggars, will not be satisfied unless they consume the produce of the remote country of China. They consider it as their Magna Charta, and will die by the sword of famine, rather than not follow the example of their mistresses. What would you say, if they should take it into their heads not to work without an allowance of French wine? This would not be thought a more extravagant demand now, than tea was esteemed forty years ago. Consider the tendency of these pernicious and absurd customs!

"Look into all the cellars in London, you will find men or women sipping their tea in the morning or afternoon, and very often both morning and afternoon: those will have tea who have not bread. I once took a ramble for two months, attended only by a servant: I strolled far into several parts of England, and when I was tired of riding, I walked, and, with as much decency as I could, often visited little huts, to see how the people lived. I still found the same game was playing, and misery itself had no power to banish tea, which had frequently introduced that misery. I have been told, that in some places, where the people are so poor that no one family possesses all the necessary apparatus for tea, they carry them to each other's houses, to the distance of a mile or two, and club materials for this fantastic amusement!

"What a wild infatuation is this! it took its rise from example; by example it is supported; and example alone can abolish the use of it. The suppression of this dangerous custom depends entirely on the example of ladies of rank in this country.

Tea will certainly be acknowledged a bad thing as soon as you leave off drinking it. No lady's woman, or gentlewoman's chamber-maid, will drink a liquor which her mistress no longer uses. Some indeed have resolution enough in their own houses, to confine the use of tea to their own table; but their number is so extremely small, amidst a numerous acquaintance, I know only of Mrs. T * * * *, whose name ought to be written out in letters of gold."

Thus we see how fortunate some folks are. Mrs. T. is praised for confining luxury to her own table: she earns fame, and saves something in domestic expenses into the bargain! But to be as much in earnest as Mr. Hanway himself seems to be,—this gentleman appears more desirous of saying every thing that may be said on every subject, than of only selecting all that can be said to the purpose; and by endeavouring to obviate every doubt that might still remain with his reader, he often uses a redundancy of argument, that rather serves to tire than convince us.

When he treats of tea in his assumed medical capacity, he speaks by no means like an adept in physic: indeed, it is not to be expected, that every gentleman can be acquainted with a science that requires so much time and industry in the acquisition, and therefore we may forgive his errors without pointing them out: but if to be unacquainted with the medical art indicates no want of general knowledge, perhaps it argues some want of prudence, to speak of subjects to which our acquirements are not adequate.

Yet after all, why so violent an outcry against this devoted article of modern luxury? Every nation that is rich hath had, and will have, its favourite luxuries. Abridge the people in one, they generally run into another; and the reader may judge which will be most conducive to either mental or bodily health: the watery beverage of a modern fine lady, or the strong beer and stronger waters of her great grandmother?[1]

[1] Speaking of Mr. Hanway, who published "An Eight Days' Journey from London," "Jonas," said he, "acquired some reputation by travelling abroad, but lost it all by travelling at home."—*Boswell*, by Croker, p. 217. His Travels *abroad* contain very curious details of the then state of Persia.

IX.—MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE MAINTENON.

"*Memoirs for the History of Madame de Maintenon, and of the last Age.* Translated from the French, by the Author of the Female Quixote."[1] 12mo. 5 vols.

UNACCOUNTABLE is the fondness of some French historians, for connecting the revolutions of an age with the Memoirs of persons who neither possessed sufficient power, nor were so deeply engaged in intrigue, as to influence any of its important events. We are at a loss in what class to place such amphibious productions; as they are generally an assemblage of truth and falsehood, in which history wears the face of romance, and romance assumes the appearance of history; where the writer's endeavours are equally exerted in rendering trifles important, and subjects of importance trifling. Who but must smile at accounts wherein some little personage, indebted to the historian, perhaps, for notice, takes the lead in a history of Europe, and connects its incidents! It brings to memory the courts of ancient kings, where a dwarf was generally employed as master of the ceremonies.

The work now under view consists, in the original, of fifteen volumes; the first six of which contain Memoirs of Madame de Maintenon, regularly connected, in the manner of a history; the next ensuing eight contain this lady's epistolatory Correspondence; and the last is made up of letters from the Bishop of Chartres, her spiritual director.

Fifteen volumes, relative to the history of Madame de Maintenon, who could ever have expected to see? But never was the republic of letters so copiously supplied from the press as at present: "Quo corruptior est status, eo plures sunt leges." We could with pleasure and emolument have accompanied the lady in her adventures through half a volume or so; but to be baited with the piety of a female devotee,[2] to be served up with the stale amours of an old monarch, battered with debauchery, through almost

[1] Mrs. Charlotte Lennox. *See* vol. i. p. 107. Johnson's partiality for this lady is well known. Here, however, is a fresh instance of it from a letter hitherto unpublished. "Lord Orrery has read over Charlotte's book (*Harriot Stuart*), and declares in its favour, though less ardently than we. He has spoken in its praise to Mr. Millar. It vexes me to think that scarcely any man when he enters upon a book gives himself up to the conduct of the author, but first imagines a way of his own, and then is angry that he is led from it."—Dr. JOHNSON to ——. Dec. 10, 1751.

[2] "If you have not got the new Letters and Memoirs of Madame de Maintenon, I beg I may recommend them for your summer reading. As far as I have got, which is but into the fifth volume of the Letters, I think you will find them very curious and very entertaining. The fourth volume has persuaded me of the sincerity of her devotion, and two or three letters at the beginning of my present tome have made me even a little jealous for my adored Madame de Sévigné."—HORACE WALPOLE to the Earl of Strafford, June 6, 1756.

fifteen long volumes! The historian may persuade us to pardon the failings of his heroine, but we can never forgive his prolixity in her defence.

The author makes many professions of veracity, and informs us he has rummaged several cabinets for authentic materials; yet still it must be acknowledged, he frequently forgets the historian in the novelist; often giving us speeches which are as unlikely to be genuine, as it is improbable that the speakers or hearers should ever divulge such conversation. He frequently contradicts truth, and as frequently himself; sometimes substitutes antithesis to thought, and seems more desirous of being smart than judicious. With all these imperfections, can we expect entertainment in such a writer? Yet, in spite of his defects, he certainly affords a great deal: his trifles are often made interesting, by an engaging manner; his reflections are always sprightly; and his style so peculiarly elegant (though in some places too much laboured), that we easily perceive the subject far beneath the writer's abilities, and though we see not in him much merit as an historian, he possesses many excellences as a writer. In short, such readers as like a great deal of amusement, with a little history and a little truth, will have their taste amply gratified, and their time agreeably spent upon the performance of M. Beaumelle.

We are at a loss to account for M. Voltaire's calling the present performance a romance; he, of all men, should have been cautious of thus stigmatizing a work which bears so strong a resemblance to "The Age of Louis the Fourteenth."

X.—VOLTAIRE'S UNIVERSAL HISTORY.

Universal History, &c. In a Letter "To the Authors of the Monthly Review," 1757.

THE number of surreptitious editions which have been published in M. Voltaire's name, would make us imagine that both his friends and the booksellers were alike combined against his fame and his property; these, by stealing his manuscripts, and those by publishing his immature productions. I really compassionate this gentleman for his want of discernment in the choice of friends; and their base treatment of him must surely excite the indignation of every lover of literature. It is the same indignation, no doubt, which has so often transported the author himself, even beyond the bounds of truth, and provoked him strenuously to disown some pieces which he afterwards found no difficulty in publicly reclaiming, when the production made its appearance somewhat more methodically. Had his friends stolen his manuscripts but once, or twice, we could have forgiven them; but to make a trade of it, as they have done!—our astonishment at their effrontery even exceeds our pity for the suffering author.

Our surprise is still increased when we consider, that manuscripts are a commodity in which thieves do not much care to deal. We know not what

veneration the thieves abroad may have for wit, but, among us, whole reams of poetry, history, and even divinity, would lie as safe in the public highways, as in the garrets of the composers, unless the price paid by the shops for waste paper should tempt the sons of industry to carry it off.

But the depriving an author of his property, or his fame, is not all the mischief that attends these surreptitious publications: the world may at least be brought to question everything that appears under his name, and, perhaps, even his genuine productions may, like the rest, be treated as imposture. Shall I repeat an old story? A lady who had heard much of the Marquis de Racan, became very desirous of a personal acquaintance with him, and sent him an invitation to her house: the overture coming to the knowledge of two facetious gentlemen of his acquaintance, they resolved to anticipate the favour intended for the marquis. Accordingly, two hours before the appointed time, one of them waited upon the lady, and confidently assumed the name of Racan. He was received with every demonstration of respect. On her part, the lady showed the best side of her understanding, talked over all her criticisms, displayed her wit, and was extremely brilliant. On the other hand, she was infinitely charmed with the conversation of the gentleman; who, however, thought proper to make this first visit but a short one. No sooner had he taken his leave, than his companion, who had waited for the opportunity, also assumes the marquis's name, and introduces himself with the utmost effrontery. The lady was a little discomposed at the imposture of her former visitant; but the protestations, and well counterfeited indignation of the new one, removing her chagrin, she recovered her good humour, rallied away, and was the best company in the world. The second false Racan had scarce left the well-pleased lady, enjoying all the triumphs of her own vivacity, when the marquis himself actually arrived. We shall not attempt to describe the confusion of both parties on this occasion. In short, the lady resolved not to hazard a third deception, and the real Racan was refused admittance. The application is obvious.

But, to come to the immediate occasion of this epistle: namely, a new publication of no less than seven octavos,[1] ascribed to M. Voltaire, which,

[1] "There is an addition of seven volumes of Universal History to Voltaire's Works, which I think will charm you. I almost like it the best of his works. It is what you have seen extended, and the Memoirs of Louis XIV. *refondus* in it. . . . . From mistakes in the English part I suppose there are great ones in the more distant histories; yet altogether it is a fine work. He is, as one might believe, worst informed on the present times. He says eight hundred persons were put to death for the last rebellion. I don't believe a quarter of the number were: and he makes the first lord Derwentwater—who, poor man! was in no such high-spirited mood—bring his son, who by the way was not above a year and-a-half old, upon the scaffold to be sprinkled with his blood. However, he is in the right to expect to be believed; for he believes all the romances in Lord Anson's voyage; and how Admiral Almanzor made one man-of-war box the ears of the whole empire of China!"—HORACE WALPOLE to the Earl of Strafford, July 4, 1757.

if one may be allowed to judge by the excellence of the performance, is not stolen into the world, though we have no other authority than the bookseller's word for its being genuine. This publication contains the Universal History, or a Survey of the Manners and Customs of all Nations, from the time of Charlemagne; the materials better methodised, more enlarged, and far more accurate, than in the former editions. With this history is connected that of the age of Louis XIV.; and the whole is continued down to the year 1756. The additions are very numerous, particularly in those parts relative to the manners of the East; though even here the author and the public have suffered, it seems, an irreparable loss, in that of the manuscript which contained the history of the Oriental Arts and Sciences; the materials of which, we are told, he was furnished with by a Greek of Smyrna, named Dadiki, interpreter to king George I. The history of the age of Louis XIV. is increased in this edition more than one-third, particularly in the anecdotes concerning that monarch's reign: and the history of the War of 1741, which in former editions reached no lower than the battle of Fontenoy, is now continued to the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle.

It would be superfluous to add our commendation of those pieces, which, even in their imperfect state, have deservedly gained the approbation of the public. Voltaire's beauties as a writer are many and obvious; his faults few, and those well concealed under the dazzle of his abilities. It is certain M. Voltaire often colours too strongly. Fond of characters and anecdotes that may serve to strike the reader, he generally raises or depresses both, as best suits the point of representation he has in view; and if he does not find his facts and personages sufficiently remarkable, or to his purpose, he generally makes them so. His maxims are commonly drawn from too small a number of instances, to be always true; and though as short and comprehensive as those of Tacitus, they are, by no means, so striking. The remarks of Tacitus seem to rise from the narration; those of Voltaire often proceed from the man. The partiality of which he so often accuses the English historians, he himself has not been able to avoid. In fine, he seems to confirm the remark of one of his countrymen, "that poets would make the best historians were they more attached to truth."

In that part of the work now before me, which gives the history of the late Rebellion in Scotland, M. Voltaire flourishes away, as follows:—

"In this war the kingdom of Great Britain was upon the point of experiencing such another contest as that of the White and Red Rose. Prince Charles-Edward, grandson to the unfortunate James II. of England, by the father's side, and to the great John Sobieski of Poland, by the mother's, attempted to ascend the British throne, by one of those enterprises of which we have very few examples, except among the English alone, or in the fabulous times of antiquity.

"On the 12th of August, 1745, he embarked in a little frigate, of eighteen guns, without apprising the court of France of his intentions; and provided only with seven officers, one thousand eight hundred swords, twelve hundred muskets, two thousand pounds in money, and not a single soldier,—for the conquest of three kingdoms.

"Escaping, however, all the dangers of his voyage, he landed on the south-east coast

of Scotland, and was received with every mark of homage by the inhabitants of Moydart, to whom he made himself known. 'But what can we do?' said they, falling at his feet, 'What can men do unfurnished with arms? Poor and helpless! we live on oat-bread and cultivate an ungrateful soil.'—'I will share your labours in its cultivation,' replied the Prince; 'your provisions shall be mine; I will partake of your poverty, and I will furnish you with arms.'

"The poor people, melted at his humility, yet encouraged by his resolution, took arms in his favour. The neighbouring clans flocked to his assistance; and a bit of taffety which he had brought with him, was displayed as the royal standard. As soon as he found himself at the head of fifteen hundred men, he directed his march to the city of Perth; took possession of it, and caused himself to be proclaimed Regent of England, France, Scotland, and Ireland, in the name of his father James III. Strengthened by the arrival of some Scottish lords, who repaired to his standard, he marched to Edinburgh, and took possession of that capital. The English Privy Council set a price upon his head, and thirty thousand pounds were offered to whoever should deliver him up dead or alive. He gave no answer to this, but gaining a complete victory, with his fifteen hundred mountaineers, over the English army, at Preston Pans, where he made as many prisoners as he had men. These highlanders are the only people of Europe who preserve the ancient military dress and buckler of the Romans; but with the dress, they had also the Roman courage, and wanted only their discipline to equal them. At this time the Kings of France and Spain remitted him some supplies of money; they wrote to him; honoured him with the title of brother; and between two and three hundred men of the royal regiment of Scots, with some piquets, were sent to him from France, and landed, after having passed through the midst of the English fleet.

"The young Prince conquered all before him, and proceeded even within thirty leagues of London; he was then at the head of about eight thousand men. A different general from that who commanded at the battle of Preston Pans, advanced from Scotland to oppose him; the Prince returned, in the midst of winter, attacked him at Falkirk, and a second time gained the victory.

"Now was the time to bring about a revolution. Part of the inhabitants of London were secretly attached to his interests, and ferment and confusion reigned through the capital. The Duke de Richelieu was upon the coasts of France, ready to bring ten thousand men to his assistance; but France being at that time unprovided with ships of war, the enterprise came to nothing, and all the efforts and victories of Charles were rendered fruitless. The Duke of Cumberland, at the head of a well-disciplined army, properly provided with cannon, routed those mountaineers, who had nothing to oppose to him but their courage. This battle, which was fought at Culloden, not far from Inverness, proved decisive, and the whole Scottish army was dispersed. The Prince, after such a calamity, experienced more afflicting adventures than those of Charles II. upon his defeat at Worcester; like him he wandered from place to place, sometimes with but two friends, companions of his distress; sometimes with but one only; and sometimes with not a creature to comfort or attend him; lurking in caverns by day, and making the forests his habitation by night; his clothes reduced to rags, and himself destitute of subsistence; seeking refuge among desolate islands; and pursued incessantly by those who sought his destruction, for the reward which was set upon his head.

"Having one day walked thirty miles on foot, being pressed with hunger, and ready to sink beneath the weight of his distress, he ventured to enter a house, the

master of which he well knew was attached to the opposite party. 'Behold,' said he, entering, 'the son of your king, who comes to ask a morsel of bread, and a coat to keep off the severity of the season! I know thou art my enemy, but I believe thou hast too much honour to take advantage of my distress, or abuse the confidence I repose in thee: take and preserve these rags that cover me; thou mayest return them to me one day, in the palace of the kings of England.' The gentleman, touched at his misfortunes, gave him all the succour his ability, in a country so desolate, would permit, and inviolably preserved the secret.

"After long wandering thus upon the coast of Lochaber, he finally escaped the pursuit of his enemies. A little vessel wafted him over to Bretagne; from whence he went to Paris, where he remained till the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle; by which the King of France was obliged, for the common good, to forbid him his dominions. This was the completion of the misfortunes of the unfortunate race of the Stuarts. Since that time the retreat of this Prince is concealed from the whole world."

We shall next give our readers an extract from our author's concise account of the present war:—

"In the midst of a peace which had its foundation in mutual jealousy and in warlike preparations, equally terrible to both parties, an unforeseen event has changed the whole political system of Europe, for the present, and time will give it a new appearance hereafter. A trifling quarrel between France and England, for certain savage lands, dependant on Canada, has inspired the sovereigns of Europe with new politics. This quarrel hath arisen from the negligence of the ministers who were employed in concluding the treaty of Utrecht, in 1712 and 1713. By this treaty, France had ceded to England the country of Acadia, in the neighbourhood of Canada: but the limits were not specified, for the ministers themselves were ignorant of them. Such errors are seldom committed in private contracts. Confusion was the necessary result of this omission. Did justice and philosophy enter into the disputes of mankind, they would shew that both sides disputed concerning a country to which neither had the least right; but principles like these seldom influence the affairs of the world. The English were for having the whole country, even to the frontiers of Canada, and for destroying the commerce of France in this part of America. They were far superior in North America, both in the riches and the number of their colonies, but still more so at sea, by their fleets; and having destroyed the marine of France in the year 1741, they had flattered themselves that nothing would be able to oppose them, either by land or sea, in that part of the world. They have, however, deceived themselves in all these respects, at least in what has yet happened.

"They began, in the year 1755, by attacking the French on the side of Canada; and, without any declaration of war, made prize of more than three hundred merchant ships belonging to France; they also took some vessels of other nations which were carrying French merchandise.

"The conduct of the King of France, on this occasion, was quite different from that of Lewis XIV. He at first contented himself with demanding justice, and even forbad his subjects to make the least opposition. Lewis XIV. had affected to talk with superiority in the courts of Europe; Lewis XV. made those courts perceive the superiority which was arrogated by the English; Lewis XIV. was reproached with ambitiously aiming at universal monarchy; Lewis XV. made the world perceive the real dominion which the English usurped, and actually exercised over the seas. And

hence, as Europe once desired the humbling of Lewis XIV., so they now wished to lower the pretensions of the English.

"In the meantime, Lewis XV. enjoyed a glorious and just revenge. His forces gained a most complete victory over the English in North America; and a formidable fleet issued from his ports, with design to invade the electoral dominions of the King of England.

"This invasion of Germany again threatened Europe with new commotions, the first sparks of which had been kindled in North America. This it was that gave rise to a change in the whole political system of Europe. The King of England intended to oppose to the French, in Germany, with an army of Russians, which the English were to keep in pay. The Empress of Russia was at this time in alliance with the Emperor, and the Empress Queen of Hungary. The King of Prussia had reason to fear lest the Russians, the Imperialists, and Hanoverians, should, with united forces, oppress him. Though he had a hundred and fifty thousand men in arms, he gladly came into an alliance with the King of England, to hinder, on the one hand, the Russians from entering Germany, and on the other, to prevent the French from doing the like on the opposite side. This fine stroke in politics had effects which were very disagreeable to the King of Prussia, and which were unexpected by all; it reconciled the houses of Austria and Bourbon! What so many treaties, so many marriages, could never bring to pass,—what none could hope for after the accession of Charles V. to the empire, was, at the end of two hundred years, brought about without any trouble, by the umbrage France had taken at a prince of the empire.

"But treaties were not all the means the King of France made use of toward obtaining revenge for the depredations of the English. He was supplied with all the money he had occasion for, by one of those resources which are to be found only in kingdoms so opulent as that of France. Twenty new places of farmers-general, and some borrowed money, sufficed to support the beginning of the war; while Great Britain was exhausted with exorbitant taxes.

"The coasts of England were menaced with a pretended invasion. These were not the times of Queen Elizabeth, who, with the powers of England alone, having Scotland to fear, and scarce able to restrain Ireland, bravely withstood the efforts of Philip the Second. The King of England, George the Second, thought it necessary to call over the Hanoverians and Hessians to defend the country. The English, who had looked for no such incident, murmured to see themselves over-run with strangers. The displeasure of some was changed into fright, and all trembled for their liberty."

The rest of the chapter is taken up with an account of the siege of Port Mahon; where we see the French performing prodigies of valour, scaling those walls, in the face of the enemy, which others would find the utmost danger in descending, even in cool blood. But Frenchmen can do or say anything.

In the anecdotes of Lewis XIV. the author presents his reader with some pieces written by that monarch. The following are part of the instructions which he delivered to his grandson, Philip V., upon his departure for Spain. They were penned in haste (as we are told), and with a negligence which discovers the genius and disposition of a writer much better than studied compositions would have done. In these we behold both the father and the king.

"Love the Spaniards and all other subjects of your crown, and servants of your

person. Prefer not those who flatter you most; esteem such as hazard your displeasure by pursuing what is right: such are your friends in reality.

"Endeavour to be yourself the happiness of your subjects; and, for this reason, make war only when you are forced to it; after having well considered and weighed with your council the motives which render it necessary.

"Endeavour to put your finances into good order. Let the Indies and your fleets be your chief concern. Keep commerce in your thoughts. Still maintain the strictest union with France: what can be more advantageous to the interests of both kingdoms than an union which nothing will be able to resist![1]

"If you are constrained to make war, command your armies in person.

"Endeavour to reinstate your troops in all quarters, but begin with those of Flanders.

"Never leave business for pleasure; but portion out set times for amusement as well as labour.

"There are few pleasures more innocent than hunting, or that of an agreeable country-house: provided neither be too expensive.

"Give great attention to those who address you upon business, and be very slow in deciding at the beginning.

"When you have received proper information, be mindful that it is you yourself who are to decide; however, though you are never so well experienced, always hear the arguments and advice of your council before you determine.

"Do all that lies in your power to find out those of the greatest merit, that you may be well served in all exigencies.

"Endeavour to have your governors and viceroys always natives of Spain.

"Use good manners to all the world. Never say any thing displeasing to any person whatsoever; yet pay peculiar distinctions to rank and merit.

"Testify your gratitude to the late king, and to all those who advised the making you his successor.

"Repose great confidence in Cardinal Porto-Carero, and let him see the pleasure his past conduct has afforded you.

"I think something considerable should be done for the Ambassador who first demanded you, and paid his homage as a subject.

"Forget not Bedmar; he has merit, and is capable of doing you service.

"Place entire confidence in the Duke de Harcourt; he has capacity, and he has honesty; all his advice will be intended for your good.

"Keep all the French within bounds.

"Use all your domestics well, but never indulge them in too many familiarities, nor ever depend too much upon them. As long as they behave prudently, employ them, but for the most trifling fault discharge them; and never take their part against the Spaniards.

"Keep no correspondence with the Queen-Dowager, but such as cannot be dispensed with. Oblige her to leave Madrid, but do not permit her to go out of Spain. Wherever she resides, observe her conduct, and endeavour to prevent her interfering in business; and such as maintain a close correspondence with her are to be suspected.

"Ever love your relations. Still remember the pain which they felt at your departure. Preserve a correspondence with them in trifles, as well as in things of more importance. Ask from us whatever you think proper, with which you

---

[1] It seems, however, he was deceived in this particular.—GOLDSMITH.

cannot be supplied in the country to which you go. We shall use the same liberties with you.

"Never forget that you are a Frenchman, and be ever on your guard against contingencies. When you have an assurance of the succession of Spain for your children, visit your kingdoms, go to Naples, to Sicily, to Milan, and to Flanders; thus you will have an opportunity of seeing us: you may visit in the mean time Catalonia, Arragon, and other parts of Spain. See what is to be done with respect to Ceuta.

"Throw some money among the populace upon your arrival in Spain, particularly on your entry into Madrid.

"Do not appear in the least disgusted at the extraordinary figures you will find among your subjects. Offer not to ridicule them, though they seem ever so absurd. Every country has its peculiar fashions; you will soon be familiarised to what at first appears monstrous.

"Avoid, as much as possible, the doing those a favour who endeavour to obtain it by a bribe. On proper occasions dispense your favours liberally, but receive no presents from others, or at least only trifles. If at any time you cannot well avoid the acceptance, after a few days have intervened, make more than an equivalent return.

"Reserve a particular cabinet for such things as you would keep secret from others; of which yourself must carry the key.

"I shall conclude with the most important part of my advice. Suffer yourself not to be governed. Assume the king; never keep a favourite, or a prime minister. Listen to, consult with, your privy council; but let none but yourself determine. God, who has made you a king, will also give you such lights as are requisite for government, while your intentions preserve their integrity."

M. Voltaire has made several additions to his memoirs of the French writers; for instance, those of the great Montesquieu appeared not in the former editions.

"Charles Montesquieu, president of the parliament of Bourdeaux, born in 1689, published, at the age of thirty-two, his 'Persian Letters,' a work of humour, abounding with strokes which testify a genius above the performance. It is written in imitation of the 'Siamese Letters' of Du Freny, and of the 'Turkish Spy;' but it is an imitation which shows what the originals should have been. The success their works met with was, for the most part, owing to the foreign air of their performances; the success of the 'Persian Letters' arose from the delicacy of their satire. That satire which in the mouth of an Asiatic is poignant, would lose all its force when coming from an European.[1] The genius which appeared in this performance, opened to M. Montesquieu the gates of the French Academy, even though it had been reflected upon by him. Yet at the same time, the liberty which he took in speaking of government, and the abuses of religion, induced Cardinal de Fleury to exclude him from the intended honour. However, the author took very politic measures for reconciling this minister to his interests. He published a new edition of this work, in which he retrenched, or softened, all that could be censured by that great man, either as cardinal or minister. The author carried the book, thus altered, to the cardinal; who, though he seldom read, looked over part of the performance. The

[1] How true of Goldsmith's own "Chinese."

air of confidence which appeared in the author upon presenting it, together with the instances of some persons of credit in his favour reconciled the cardinal; and Montesquieu was admitted into the academy.

"After this he published his treatise on the grandeur and decline of the Romans, a subject which, though trite, he rendered new, by fine reflection and exquisite colouring; it may be looked upon as a political history of the Roman empire. His last publication was that of 'The Spirit of Laws;' which appeared in the year 1748. He died at Paris in 1755, in his sixty-sixth year."

XI.—WILKIE'S EPIGONIAD.[1]

"*The Epigoniad. A Poem, in nine Books.*" 12mo. Edinburgh.

THIS poem, as the author informs us, "is called the Epigoniad, because the heroes whose actions it celebrates, have got the name of Epigones," (Epigoni, he should have said) "being the sons of those who attempted the conquest of Thebes in a former expedition."

When the poet carries his readers back into classic antiquity, he seems in a peculiar manner to bespeak the patronage of the learned; for them his labours appear to be calculated, and from them alone he must expect an adequate reward: but then, as he writes for the scholar, it is expected that he himself should be one of the number. Possessed of this advantage, the learned will regard him with fraternal tenderness; and though he may not obtain the highest applause, he is sure at least to meet with indulgence for slight defects. On the contrary, if he be detected of ignorance when he pretends to learning, his case, indeed, will deserve our pity: too antique to please one party, and too modern for the other, he is deserted by both, read by few, and soon forgotten by all, except his enemies.

The Epigoniad seems to be one of these *new old* performances; a work that would no more have pleased a peripatetic of the academic grove, than it will captivate the unlettered subscriber to one of our circulating libraries.

[1] For a very curious account of Wilkie, who was the son of a farmer near Edinburgh, and is said to have conceived the subject of his poem while he stood as a scarecrow against the pigeons in one of his father's fields of wheat, see a letter of Hume in his "Life" by Burton, ii. 25-9. "Wilkie," adds Hume at the close of his letter (dated 3rd July, 1757), "is now a settled minister at Ratho, within four miles of the town. He possesses about 80*l.* or 90*l.* a-year, which he esteems exorbitant riches. Formerly, when he had only 20*l.* as helper, he said that he could not conceive what article, either of human convenience or pleasure, he was deficient in, nor what any man could mean by desiring more money. He possesses several branches of erudition, besides the Greek poetry; and particularly is a very profound geometrician. . . . Yet this man, who has composed the second epic poem in our language, understands so little of orthography," &c.—*Forster's* Goldsmith, i. 110. Wilkie, the painter, a much greater man, was a native of Ratho, and counted kindred with the *Scottish Homer*, as some of his countrymen affected to call a very indifferent poet. Wilkie died in 1772.

"Tradition," says the author in his preface, "is the best ground on which a fable can be built, not only because it gives the appearance of reality to things that are merely fictitious, but likewise because it supplies a poet with the most proper materials for his invention to work upon." We might have expected from this remark, that he had not only taken tradition for the ground of his fable, but employed it also to guide him through the narration; nevertheless, unfortunately, he has not only forsook, but contradicted it, on almost every occasion; and given up the conduct of his poem to an invention barren of incidents, or at best productive of trifling ones.

Eustathius, in his commentary upon the fourth book of the Iliad, gives us a list of the nine warriors who were called the Epigoni; most of which our author never once mentions in this poem, but, instead of them introduces, not the descendants of those unfortunate heroes who fell before Thebes in a former expedition, but several of their cotemporaries, as Theseus and Nestor, who had no motives of revenge to prompt them to this undertaking. Theseus in particular was not there; for we find in the Suppliants of Euripides, that Theseus went upon a former expedition to Thebes, to procure funeral honours for the seven fathers of the Epigoni, who lay unburied before the walls of that city; and at the end of the same tragedy we are told, that the capture of the city was reserved for the Epigoni alone. Our poet also gives Theseus the conduct of the war, in contradiction to Diodorus Siculus, who affirms, that by the advice of the oracle of Apollo, Alcmæon was constituted generalissimo. He likewise makes Creon king of Thebes; but Creon had been dead four years before; and Eustathius positively says, that Laodamas was at that time their king.

The author's disregard of the traditions of the ancients, is not more flagrant than his neglect of their manners and customs: thus he introduces virgins as priestesses at the altar of Venus, talks of Styx as a river of fire, gives a nymph the conveyance of winged shoes; the caduceus of Mercury he calls his sceptre, and instead of the whistle which Virgil describes as pendant from the neck of Polyphemus, our author claps a bag on the giant's back,

> "—— around his shoulders flung,
> His bag enormous, by a cable hung."

Here is a large bag, and a very strong rope to tie it withal; but we cannot conceive what use the Cyclops had for such a bag, unles he chose to wear it as our physicians wear their swords, merely for ornament.

However, we must acknowledge, though he had been minutely exact, nor ever transgressed in any of the above-mentioned particulars, his subject is of such a nature as could at best have afforded us but small satisfaction, We speak with regard to our own particular feelings; and some may perhaps wonder when we assign as a reason of our disgust, our being conscious that the poet believes not a syllable of all he tells us. Poets, like flatterers, are only heard with pleasure when they themselves seem persuaded

of the truth of all they deliver. Boileau, to convince us that he believes what he writes, avers, that if he has any success beyond his cotemporary poets, it is wholly owing to his being superior to them in point of truth. We have no reason to doubt but Homer, who lived in an age of ignorance, and consequently of credulity, believed, or at least was thought to believe, what he relates; and Virgil, though he might not credit the story of Eneas, yet his countrymen gave credit to it. Witches and enchanters, too, made a part of the popish mythology (if we may so call it) in the days of Tasso: and the subject of Paradise Lost is reverenced with almost universal assent.

As we have nothing to commend in this author's plan, so we have little to praise with respect to his execution. He has, indeed, some good lines, and here and there something of the true spirit of poetry flashes out; but what can be said for such passages as the following?

> "The Gods *assembled met;* and view'd from far,
> Thebes and the various combats of the war.
> From all apart, the Paphian goddess sat,
> And *pity'd in her heart* her fav'rite state,
> Decreed to perish by the Argive bands,
> Pallas's art, Tydides' *mighty hands.*"

That the gods not only *assembled* but *met*, is truly marvellous; and as truly piteous is the distress of poor Venus:—but we are chiefly struck with the Broughtonian idea of Diomed's *mutton-fists;* which the author seems fond of displaying upon most occasions. Thus in another place, p. 13:

> "grasping in his *mighty hand*
> The regal staff."

Again, p. 67:

> "Andremon first, beneath his *mighty hand,*
> Of life bereft, lay stretch'd upon the sand."

The hands of Minerva, too, though a lady, were, it seems, cast in the same mould with those of her favourite Tydides—vide the prayer of Ulysses:

> "Great Queen of Arts! on thee my hopes depend:
> By thee my infant-arms were taught to throw
> The dart with certain aim, and bend the bow:
> Oft on my *little hands,* immortal maid!
> To guide the shaft, *thy mighty hands* were laid."

Our witty countryman, Butler, says, that

> "Rhyme the rudder is of verses,
> With which, like ships, they steer their courses."

And therefore,

> "Those who write in rhyme still make
> The one verse for the other's sake;
> For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
> I think's sufficient at one time."

Our *handy* poet seems to have profited by this observation; and therefore we need not wonder to see him, like a good steersman, so constantly keep his *hands* to the rudder; of which we have the following, among other instances:—

"grasping in his *mighty hand*,
The regal staff, the sign of high command." p. 13.

"in whose *superior hand*,
Consenting Princes plac'd their chief command." p. 14.

"the prince, whose *sov'reign hand*
Sways the dread sceptre of supreme command."

"Supine he fell amidst his native bands,
And wrench'd the fixed dart with *dying hands*." p. 30.

"*Only be men*, and make the Argive bands
Dread in succeeding times your *mighty hands*." p. 38.

"Their valiant Chief resign'd to *hostile hands*,
He thus aloud address'd the scatt'ring bands." p. 44.

"In the devoted line myself I stand,
And here must perish by some *hostile hand*." p. 53.

"Silent amidst th' assembled peers he stands,
And wipes his falling tears with *trembling hands*." [1] p. 78.

"Thebes on ev'ry side assembled stands,
And supplicates the Gods with *lifted hands*." p. 80.

"Now in full view before the guards they stand,
The priest displays his ensigns in his *hand*." p. 81.

"the princely band,
By turns presented each his *friendly hand*." p. 83.

"they soon shall feel my *hand*,
And rue that e'er they touch'd Trimacria's strand." p. 90.

"with his *weighty hand*,
Their flight oppress'd, and mix'd them with the sand." p. 92.

"Oblations vow'd, if, by his *mighty hand*,
Conducted safe, I found my native land." p. 99.

"These eyes beheld when, with a *ruthless hand*,
My wretched mates you murder'd on the strand." p. 101.

"If heav'n's dread sov'reign, to my *vengeful hand*
His wasting flames would yield, and forked brand." p. 102.

"Who still intent to catch it where it stands,
And grasps the shining meteor with his *hands*." p. 103.

"equity and public right demands,
That Thebes should fall by our *avenging hands*." p. 110.

---

[1] The imagery in this couplet being perfectly just, we are somewhat concerned that two such good lines should fall into such bad company.—GOLDSMITH.

"Now round the flaming hearth the assembly stands,
And Theseus thus invokes with *lifted hands*." p. 118.

"Any bold warrior of the Argive bands,
Against a Theban lifts his *hostile hands*." Ibid.

"The chief of Argos, warriors! first demands
Funereal honours from our *grateful hands*." p. 123.

"As when the sire of Gods, with *wrathful hand*,
Drives the swift lightning and the forked brand." p. 133.

"Him Tydeus lov'd, and in his *faithful hand*,
Had plac'd the sceptre of supreme command." p. 146.

"Never, obsequious to thy mad command,
Against the foe I'll lift a *hostile hand*." p. 150.

"The scourge of Thebes, whose *wide destroying hand*
Has thinn'd our armies in their native land." p. 171.

"That no bold warrior of the Theban bands,
This maid shall violate with *hostile hands*. p. 173.

"Whose feeble age the present aid demands,
And kind assistance of my *filial hands*." p. 179.

"by command
The captive violates with *hostile hand*." p. 181.

"with *vengeful hands*,
He dealt destruction 'midst the Theban bands." Ibid.

"the bow commands,
And arrows sacred, from his *mighty hands*." p. 189.

"round this heart the furies wave their brands,
And wring my entrails with their *burning hands*." p. 199.

"Obsequious for your last commands,
And tenders to your need his *willing hands*." p. 204.

"With an *unrelenting hand*,
Fix, in the bows beneath, a flaming brand." p. 209.

"If great Alcides liv'd, her tow'rs should stand,
Safe and protected by his *mighty hand*." p. 211.

"the forked brand,
Which for destruction arms thy *mighty hand*." p. 233.

"In his *mighty hand*,
Brandish'd with gesture fierce a burning brand." p. 243.

"Myself, my daughters, dragg'd by *hostile hands*,
Our dignity exchang'd for servile bands." p. 266.

"Such sacrifice Cassandra's ghost demands,
And such I'll offer with *determin'd hands*." p. 280.

"and stand,
A rampart to oppose my *vengeful hand*." Ibid.

"Creon in vain the desp'rate rout withstands,
With shart reproaches and *vindictive hands*." p. 286.

To the foregoing citations we could have added many others of the same sort; but these are more than sufficient to convince the critics at George's and the Bedford, that verses have *hands* as well as *feet*.

Our northern bard frequently seems, indeed, at some loss for a variety of language, which has led him into many disgustful repetitions. Thus, p. 13, Diomed charges Talthybius:

"to *convene* from tent to tent
The Kings to Eteon's lofty monument."

Where they meet accordingly, p. 15, and Tydides is exhorted

"to declare
What cause *convenes* the senate of the war."

Tydides thus replied:

"Princes! I have not now the host *conven'd*,
For secrets by intelligence obtain'd."

It is said this poem is a Scotch production; but p. 31, we meet with the following notorious Londonism:

"Presumptuous youth forbear,
To tempt the fury of my flying spear,
That warrior *there* was by my javelin slain."

That there, and *this here*, had, doubtless, their origin in Cheapside; but how they found their way down to Scotland, is a mystery which our poet is best able to unriddle. Elsewhere, however, our bard seems more strongly attracted towards the Hibernian shores; particularly where he makes Jupiter apprehensive lest fate should forget to be fatal, and, harlequin-like, jump down her own throat. To explain this enigma, we must give our author's own words; for no others can do him equal justice. Jove's messenger thus addresses Apollo, p. 74:

"Ruler of light! let now thy car descend,
So Jove commands, and night her shade extend,
Else Thebes must perish; and *the doom of fate*,
Anticipated, have an earlier date,
Than fate decrees: for like devouring flame,
Tydides threatens all the Theban name."

But it is no uncommon thing for this poet to employ his celestials in a manner somewhat incomprehensible to mere mortal understandings. Page 76, War, like a brawling brat, who cries and frets himself to sleep in his cradle, rocks *itself* to rest in much the same mood:

"the martial clangors cease,
And war *tumultuous lulls itself* to peace."

As contending countries and cities severally claimed the honour of having produced the author of the Iliad, so, we foresee, will various parts of the British empire contend for that of having given us the author of the Epigoniad. And as the authority of the review will, doubtless, be quoted, in support of the conjectures and proofs that shall in future times be advanced on this occasion, we have been careful to note our several observations with regard to this matter. England, Ireland, and Scotland, have been mentioned; but here comes a line that seems to vacate all their claims, and by its gurgling, or turkey-cock sound, to point out some other part of the world,—but whether Wales, or Germany, or the Cape of Good Hope, let the reader determine. Here it is, taken from p. 114, where Discord is described in her flight from hell:

"Gliding *meteorous*, like a *stream* of *flame*."

But if sometimes a rumbling line chance to offend the nicer ear, it will meet with more frequent opportunities of *lulling itself to peace*, by the help of many a soothing couplet, like the following:

"In ev'ry art, my friends! you all excel,
And each deserves a prize for *shooting well*."

"here, in doubtful poise, the battle *hings*,[1]
Faint is the host, and wounded *half*[2] the Kings."

Again:

"Rank above rank the living structure grows,
As settling bees the *pendent heap* compose,
Which in some shade or vaulted cavern, *hings*,
Woven thick with complicated feet and wings."

If bad rhymes are to be deemed, as some think they are, a capital defect, our author will be capitally convicted on many an indictment in the court of criticism. For instance, p. 242, we have the following strange couplet:

"*Graceful* the goddess turn'd, and with a *voice*,
Bold and superior to the vulgar *noise*,
O'er all the field commands."

The badness of the rhyme in the two first lines is, however, their smallest imperfection: Minerva, sure, will never pardon the *ungraceful* mention he has made of her goddess-ship's vociferation; which, according to the idea here raised, would even silence the loudest water-nymph in the neighbourhood of Thames-street.

But as it may, and not unreasonably, be urged, in our poet's favour, that a few single lines, or couplets, culled from different parts of his work, are by no means to be considered as a fair specimen of the whole: we shall conclude with his entire description of a swimming-match, which, though we have disapproved his choice of the sport, will show the author to

[1] What country word is this?—GOLDSMITH.
[2] Precisely half?—GOLDSMITH.

somewhat more advantage than, possibly, the reader may expect, from the samples already produced:

"With thirst of glory fir'd,
Crete's valiant monarch to the prize aspir'd;
With Sparta's younger chief; Ulysses came,
And brave Clearchus, emulous of fame,
A wealthy warrior from the Samian shore,
In cattle rich, and heaps of precious ore;
Distinguish'd in the midst the heroes stood,
Eager to plunge into the shining flood.

"His brother's ardour purpos'd to restrain,
Atrides strove, and counsell'd thus in vain:
Desist, my brother! shun th' unequal strife;
For late you stood upon the verge of life:
No mortal man his vigour can retain,
When flowing wounds have emptied ev'ry vein.
If now you perish in the wat'ry way,
Grief upon grief shall cloud this mournful day.
Desist, respect my counsel, and be wise,
Some other Spartan in your place will rise.
To change his brother's purpose thus he try'd,
But Menelaus resolute reply'd;
Brother, in vain you urge me to forbear,
From love and fond affection prompt to fear;
For firm as e'er before my limbs remain,
To dash the fluid waves, or scour the plain.

"He said, and went before. The heroes move
To the dark covert of a neighbouring grove;
Which to the bank its shady walks extends,
Where, mixing with the lake, a riv'let ends.
Prompt to contend, their purple robes they loose,
Their figur'd vests, and gold embroider'd *shoes;*
And through the grove descending to the strand,
Along the flow'ry bank in order stand.
As when in some fair temple's sacred shrine,
A statue stands, express'd by skill divine,
Apollo's, or the herald pow'rs, who brings
Jove's mighty mandates on his airy wings;
The form majestic awes the bending crowd:
In port and stature such the heroes stood.

"Starting at once; with equal strokes they sweep
The smooth expanse, and shoot into the deep;
The Cretan chief exerting all his force,
His rivals far surpass'd, and led the course;
Behind, Atrides, emulous of fame;
Clearchus next; and last Ulysses came.

And now they measur'd back the wat'ry space,
And saw from far the limits of the *race*.
Ulysses then with thirst of glory fir'd,
The Samian left, and to the prize aspir'd;
Who, emulous, and dreading to be last,
With equal speed the Spartan hero pass'd.
Alarm'd, the Cretan monarch strove with pain,
His doubtful hopes of conquest to maintain;
Exerting ev'ry nerve, his limbs he ply'd,
And wishing, from afar the shore descry'd:
For near and nearer still Ulysses press'd,
The waves he felt rebounding from his breast.
With equal zeal for victory they strove,
When gliding sudden from the roofs of Jove,
Pallas approach'd; behind a cloud conceal'd,
Ulysses only saw her form reveal'd.
Majestic by the hero's side she *stood*;
Her shining sandals press'd the trembling *flood*.
She whisper'd soft, as when the western breeze
Stirs the thick reeds, or shakes the rustling trees:
Still shall thy soul, with endless thirst of fame,
Aspire to victory in ev'ry game.
The honours which from bones and sinews rise,
Are lightly valu'd by the good and wise:
To envy still they rouse the human kind;
And oft, than courted, better far declin'd.
To brave Idomenëus yield the race,
Contented to obtain the second place.
The goddess thus: while, stretching to the land,
With joy the Cretan chief approach'd the strand;
Ulysses next arriv'd, and, spent with toil,
The weary Samian grasp'd the welcome soil.

"But, far behind, the Spartan warrior lay,
Fatigu'd and fainting in the wat'ry way.
Thrice struggling from the lake, his head he rear'd;
And thrice imploring aid, his voice was heard.
The Cretan monarch hastes the youth to save,
And Ithacus again divides the wave:
With force renew'd, their manly limbs they ply,
And from their breasts the whit'ning billows fly.
Full in the midst a rocky isle divides
The liquid space, and parts the silver tides;
Once cultivated, now with thickets green
O'erspread, two hillocks and a vale between.
Here dwelt an aged swain; his cottage stood
Under the cliffs, encompass'd by a wood.
From poverty secure, he heard afar,
In peace profound, the tumults of the war.

Mending a net before his rural gate,
From other toils repos'd, the peasant sat,
When first the voice of Menelaus came,
By ev'ning breezes wafted from the stream.
He rose ; and turning whence the voice was heard,
Far struggling in the deep, the youth appear'd.
Hast'ning, his skiff he loos'd, and spread the sail,
Some present god supply'd a prosp'rous gale :
For as the Spartan chief, with toil subdu'd,
Hopeless of life, was sinking in the flood ;
The swain approach'd, and in his barge receiv'd
Him safe, from danger imminent retriev'd.

"Upon a willow's trunk Thersites sat,
Contempt and laughter fated to create,
Where, bending from a hollow bank, it hung,
And rooted to the mould'ring surface clung ;
He saw Atrides safe ; and thus aloud,
With leer malign, address'd the list'ning crowd :
Here on the flow'ry turf a hearth shall stand ;
A hecatomb the fav'ring gods demand,
Who sav'd Atrides in this dire debate,
And snatch'd the hero from the jaws of fate.
Without his aid, we all might quit the field ;
Ulysses, Ajax, and Tydides yield :
His mighty arm alone the host defends,
But dire disaster still the chief attends :
Last sun beheld him vanquish'd on the plain ;
Then warriors sav'd him, now a shepherd swain.
Defend him still from persecuting fate !
Protect the hero who protects the state ;
Guard him amidst the dangers of the war ;
And when he swims let aid be never far !
He said, and scorn and laughter to excite,
His features foul he writh'd, with envious spite,
Smiling contempt, and pleas'd his ranc'rous heart
With aiming thus oblique a venom'd dart.
But joy'd not long ; for soon the faithless wood,
Strain'd from the root, resign'd him to the flood.
Plunging and sputt'ring, as his arms he spread,
A load of soil came thund'ring on his head,
Slipt from the bank : along the winding shore,
With laughter loud he heard the echoes roar,
When from the lake his crooked form he rear'd,
With horror pale, with blotting clay besmear'd :
Then clamb'ring by the trunk in sad dismay,
Which, half immers'd, with all its branches lay,
Confounded, to the tents he skulk'd along,
Amidst the shouts and insults of the throng."

If any should imagine that we have been rather severe upon this author, let it be observed in our excuse, that his presumptuous attack of so superior a character as that of the late Mr. Pope, has justly divested him of all title to favour: read the following extract from his preface:[1]

"The language (of the Epigoniad) is simple and artless. This I take to be a beauty rather than a defect; for it gives an air of antiquity to the work, and makes the style more suitable to the subject. The quaintness of Mr. Pope's expression, in his translation of the Iliad and Odyssey, is not at all suitable either to the antiquity or majestic gravity of his author, and contributes more to make his fable appear vain and absurd, than any circumstance that seems of so little moment could easily be supposed to do."

He must be a tasteless critic, indeed, who could remain unmoved, after perusing so dogmatical a sentence, pronounced by *such a poet*, upon SUCH A GENIUS![2]

XII.—GRAY'S ODES.

"*Odes.* By Mr. GRAY." 4to.

As this publication seems designed for those who have formed their taste by the models of antiquity, the generality of readers cannot be supposed adequate judges of its merit; nor will the poet, it is presumed, be greatly disappointed if he finds them backward in commending a performance not entirely suited to their apprehensions.[3] We cannot, however, without some regret behold those talents so capable of giving pleasure to all, exerted in efforts that, at best, can amuse only the few; we cannot behold this rising poet seeking fame among the learned, without hinting to him the same advice that Isocrates used to give his scholars, "*study the people.*" This study it is that has conducted the great masters of antiquity up to immortality. Pindar himself, of whom our modern lyrist is an imitator, appears entirely guided by it. He adapted his works exactly to the dispositions of his countrymen. Irregular, enthusiastic, and quick in transition,—he wrote for a people inconstant, of warm imaginations, and exquisite sensibility.

[1] This preface, however, upon the whole, shows the author to be a man of more reading and taste than his poem speaks him; and had he published that discourse without the Epigoniad, and committed the latter to the flames, his reputation would have sustained no loss on that account.—GOLDSMITH.

[2] The passage here so properly complained of was omitted in the second edition.

[3] "Even my friends tell me that they [the Odes] do not succeed, and write me moving topics of consolation on that head. In short, I have heard of nobody but a player (Garrick), and a doctor of divinity (Warburton), that profess their esteem for them."—*Gray to Dr. Hurd*, Aug. 25, 1757. "I yet reflect with pain upon the cool reception which those noble odes, 'The Progress of Poetry' and 'The Bard,' met with at their first publication; it appeared that there were not twenty people in England who liked them."—*Wharton to Mason*, May 29, 1781.

He chose the most popular subjects, and all his allusions are to customs well known, in his days, to the meanest person.[1]

His English imitator wants those advantages. He speaks to a people not easily impressed with new ideas; extremely tenacious of the old; with difficulty warmed; and as slowly cooling again. How unsuited then to our national character is that species of poetry which rises upon us with unexpected flights! where we must hastily catch the thought, or it flies from us; and, in short, where the reader must largely partake of the poet's enthusiasm, in order to taste his beauties! To carry the parallel a little farther: the Greek poet wrote in a language the most proper that can be imagined for this species of composition; lofty, harmonious, and never needing rhyme to heighten the numbers. But, for us, several unsuccessful experiments seem to prove that the English cannot have Odes in blank verse; while, on the other hand, a natural imperfection attends those which are composed in irregular rhymes;—the similar sound often recurring where it is not expected, and not being found where it is, creates no small confusion to the reader,—who, as we have not seldom observed, beginning in all the solemnity of poetic elocution, is by frequent disappointments of the rhyme, at last obliged to drawl out the uncomplying numbers into disagreeable prose.

It is by no means our design to detract from the merit of our author's present attempt: we would only intimate that an English poet,—"one whom the Muse has *marked for her own*,"[2] could produce a more luxuriant bloom of flowers by cultivating such as are natives of the soil, than by endeavouring to force the exotics of another climate: or, to speak without a metaphor, such a genius as Mr. Gray might give greater pleasure, and acquire a larger portion of fame, if, instead of being an imitator, he did justice to his talents, and ventured to be more an original. These two Odes, it must be confessed, breathe much of the spirit of Pindar; but then they have caught the seeming obscurity, the sudden transition, and hazardous epithet, of his mighty master; all which, though evidently intended for beauties, will, probably, be regarded as blemishes by the generality of his readers. In short, they are in some measure a representation of what Pindar now appears to be, though perhaps not what he appeared to the states of Greece, when they rivalled each other in his applause, and when Pan himself was seen dancing to his melody.

In conformity to the ancients, these Odes consist of the strophe, anti-

[1] The best Odes of Pindar are said to be those which have been destroyed by time; and even they were seldom recited among the Greeks, without the adventitious ornaments of music and dancing. Our Lyric Odes are seldom set off with these advantages; which, trifling as they seem, have alone given immortality to the works of Quinault.—GOLDSMITH.

[2] "And Melancholy mark'd him for her own."—*Gray's Elegy*. I may add (what Gray's editors do not mention), that the poet had here a passage in Izaak Walton in his eye: "But God, who is able to prevail, wrestled with him; *marked him for his own*; marked him a blessing," &c.—*Life of Donne*.

strophe, and epode, which, in each Ode, are thrice repeated. The strophes have a correspondent resemblance in their structure and numbers; and the antistrophe and epode also bear the same similitude. The poet seems, in the first Ode particularly, to design the epode as a complete air to the strophe and antistrophe, which have more the appearance of recitative. There was a necessity for these divisions among the ancients, for they served as directions to the dancer and musician; but we see no reason why they should be continued among the moderns; for, instead of assisting, they will but perplex the musician, as our music requires a more frequent transition from the air to the recitative than could agree with the simplicity of the ancients.

The first of these poems celebrates the Lyric Muse. It seems the most laboured performance of the two; but yet we think its merit is not equal to that of the second. It seems to want that regularity of plan upon which the second is founded; and though it abounds with images that strike, yet, unlike the second, it contains none that are affecting.

In the second antistrophe the Bard thus marks the progress of poetry.

II.

"In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
To cheer the shivering natives' dull abode.
And oft beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured Chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame."

There is great spirit in the irregularity of the numbers towards the conclusion of the foregoing stanza.

II. 3.

"Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rinths creep,
How do your tuneful Echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around:
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain,
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:

Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains,
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 2.

"Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
This pencil take, she said, whose colours clear,
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

The second Ode "is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward I., when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death." The author seems to have taken the hint of this subject from the fifteenth Ode of the first book of Horace. Our poet introduces the only surviving Bard of that country in concert with the spirits of his murdered brethren, as prophetically denouncing woes upon the conqueror and his posterity. The circumstances of grief and horror in which the Bard is represented, those of terror in the preparation of the votive web, and the mystic obscurity with which the prophecies are delivered, will give as much pleasure to those who relish this species of composition, as anything that has hitherto appeared in our language, the Odes of Dryden himself not excepted.

I. 2.

"On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of Woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air),
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
'Hark how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, O King; their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

"'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
The famished eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries——
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II. 1.

"'Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough,
The characters of hell to trace.'"—

When the prophetic incantation is finished, the Bard thus nervously concludes:

"'Enough for me: with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign.
Be thine despair, and sceptred care,
To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night."

XIII.—WISE'S ENQUIRIES CONCERNING THE FIRST INHABITANTS, LANGUAGE, RELIGION, LEARNING, AND LETTERS OF EUROPE.[1]

"*Some Enquiries concerning the First Inhabitants, Language, Religion, Learning, and Letters of Europe.* By a Member of the Society of Antiquaries in London. Printed at the Theatre, Oxford." 4to.

EVERY search into remote antiquity inspires us with a pleasure somewhat similar to what we feel upon the recollection of the earlier occurrences of our younger days: dark, indeed, and very confused the remembrance; yet still we love to look back upon those scenes, in which innocence and tranquillity bear, or seem to bear, so great a proportion. But how agreeable soever enquiries of this nature may prove in gratifying our curiosity, the advantage would be trifling if they rested only here. They are further useful in promoting the advancement of other kinds of learning; for, an acquaintance with the causes whence arts and sciences had their rise, will probably direct us to the methods most conducive to their perfection. Nor is the historian less than the philosopher indebted to the antiquarian. It is from that painful collection of opinions, and the seemingly tedious inductions of the last, that the first draws his materials for the ascertainment of truth, gathers order from confusion, and justly marks the features of the age.

It is true, however, that as researches into antiquity are beyond the abilities of the many, so are they calculated only for the entertainment and instruction of the few. The generality of readers regard investigations of this nature as an uninformed rustic would view one of the India warehouses; where he sees a thousand things, which, being ignorant of their uses, he cannot think convertible to any valuable purpose; and wonders why people travel so far, and run such hazards, to make so useless a collection. Experience would, however, convince him, that from such acquisitions as these, different artists take the materials of their different occupations; and that the mistake lay not with the collectors, but in the observer.

The more polite every country becomes, the fonder it seems of investigating antiquity; yet it happens somewhat unfortunately for this branch of science, that it is always cultivated to most advantage at those times when a people are just beginning to emerge from primeval obscurity. The first writers have the materials of many preceding ages to choose from, and all that remains for their successors is to glean what they have left behind. From hence, therefore, we may infer, the great indulgence that should be shown to a writer, who, in an age so enlightened as ours, continues to cultivate so laborious a part of learning. As his materials, in such a case, are

[1] Francis Wise, B.D. and F.S.A., many years fellow of Trinity College, Oxford; born 1695, died 1767.

not of his own choosing, he may often seem triflingly minute, many conjectures will be offered upon slight probabilities, and those opinions which he supposes peculiarly his own, may appear to be the repeated observations of former writers.

As to our author in particular, his learning is extensive, and his candour, good sense, and modesty, serve to adorn it. He professes himself not bigoted to any opinion, but willing to have his own examined, though not deserving of controversy: such talents cannot fail of rendering a search after truth pleasing, even though the enquiry should prove abortive.

He draws the origin of the inhabitants of Europe from the northern parts of Asia, anciently called Scythia; whose colonies spreading southward, settled near the Euxine Sea, under the general name of Cimmerians—by whom, in all probability, the other parts of Europe were afterwards peopled. The first Europeans whose history is transmitted to us are the Greeks, who had their original from Scythia, as appears from what Strabo relates, that the Greeks were anciently called Barbarians; but Scythia and Barbarian were synonimous terms, and consequently, how much soever that polite people might have been ashamed of their rude progenitors, they could be derived from no others. Their very gods, whom they seemed so fond of making natives of Greece, were probably of Scythian original: and it deserves notice, that some of the greatest nations, in all ages, have valued themselves upon being descended from Scythian conquerors. Thus the modern Moguls boast their descent from Tamerlane; almost all the royal families of Europe claim kindred with the Goths; and we may see by our own history, how careful the Saxon princes were to trace up their several pedigrees to Woden. The Greeks, Phœnicians, and Egyptians did the same, only with this difference, they would have it thought that the gods were natives of their respective countries; and there is no doubt but each had as good a right to them as the other. However, whether the Titans, or Gods, were originally Scythians, the posterity of Japhet, or whether they were Phœnicians, descendants of Ham, our author thinks it certain, that they were temporal sovereigns,—that they possessed large territories, and were otherwise greatly interested in the affairs of Europe: that probably, in their times, one common language prevailed over Europe; and that the remains of such a language are still to be found in different places, particularly such as have had no commerce with strangers. "Such," says he, "are the mountains of Biscay, the retreat of the old Cantabrian; which is still preserved entire, in spite of all the conquests that kingdom has undergone from Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, and Moors. The old Gallic gave way to the Teutonic, but is still spoken in Armorica, or Bass Bretany. The British sank under the Roman yoke, and would have been utterly extirpated by the Saxons, had it not taken refuge in Wales and Cornwall; in which last place it is now almost extinct. The Highlands of Scotland, and the numerous isles upon that coast, are so many barriers of this ancient language; and above all, Ireland, where it is thought to be preserved most uncorrupt."

To support his reasoning in this particular, the author gives us the

following anecdote, taken from his friend, the Rev. Mr. Reynolds, Fellow of Eton College, &c. "In my middle age, at a particular friend's house, I found a near relation of his, one Mr. Hutchins of Frome, just come into England out of Spain, from Bilboa, where he had belonged to the factory the better part of twenty years; who, among other things, told us that, while he was there, some time after the Protestants became entire masters of Ireland, there came over to Bilboa an Irish Roman Catholic priest, that knew neither English nor Spanish. When the person to whom he was recommended, being at a loss what to do, brought him to the English factory, to see if any one there understood Irish; but to no purpose; till some mountain Biscainers, that used Bilboa market, coming to the house where he lodged, and talking together, were perfectly understood by him, and on his accosting them in Irish, he was as well understood by them, to the great surprise of all that knew it, as well Spaniards as English." This, it is true, seems a confirmation of the affinity between those languages, that are evidently derived from the same source; *viz.*, the Celtic, which may be styled the universal language of the post-diluvian world, and a sister dialect of the Hebrew:—But the foregoing anecdote has been strongly contested, by a writer in one of the magazines,[1] who denies the fact; asserting, that there is no affinity between the Irish and Biscayan languages, and appealing to all who have any trade or intercourse with Biscay.

Our Enquirer goes on to give an account of the war of the Titans, and of the *Cabiric*[2] mysteries, which were by that means introduced. He dwells considerably upon this subject, as being the first known æra in the history of Europe, and therefore essential to an enquiry into its language and inhabitants. The result of his reasonings upon this head is, that Uranus, Saturn, and Jupiter were powerful princes, sovereigns over a vast empire, comprehending all Europe and great part of Asia; that this empire existed long before those petty kingdoms of Greece, that boasted such great antiquity; that the Titans were masters of all the knowledge derived from the

[1] "Gentleman's Magazine" for October, 1758, p. 482.

[2] "In the course of this visit, Johnson and I walked three or four times to Ellesfield, a village beautifully situated about three miles from Oxford, to see Mr. Francis Wise, Radclivian librarian, with whom Johnson was much pleased. At this place, Mr. Wise had fitted up a house and gardens in a singular manner, but with great taste. Here was an excellent library, particularly a valuable collection of books in Northern literature, with which Johnson was often very busy. One day Mr. Wise read to us a dissertation which he was preparing for the press, entitled 'A History and Chronology of the Fabulous Ages.' Some old divinities of Thrace, related to the Titans, and called the Cabiri, made a very important part of the theory of this piece; and in conversation afterwards Mr. Wise talked much of his Cabiri. As we returned to Oxford in the evening, I outwalked Johnson, and he cried out '*Sufflamina*,' a Latin word which came from his mouth with peculiar grace, and was as much as to say, '*Put on your drag-chain.*' Before we got home, I again walked too fast for him; and he now cried out, 'Why, you walk as if you were pursued by all the *Cabiri* in a body.'"—THOMAS WARTON, *Boswell*, by Croker, p. 89.

sons of Noah: that they had the same religion with the people of the East; that is, either worshipped one God, or, if more, the sun, moon, and stars; and that their descendants in the west were the first who set up the grosser idolatry of paying divine honours to their progenitors.

The Titan language, therefore, our author considers as the vehicle of the first knowledge which dawned in Europe; and supposes that whatever antiquity and learning the Egyptians might have pretended to, it was in all probability, derived to them from Scythia. The Egyptians pretended to no science till the time of Thoth, or Hermes Trismegistus, who does not appear to have been a native of Egypt; and if we may believe Sanconiathon's history, come no further off than from Phœnicia; "but I rather," says the Enquirer, "suspect he was a Scythian." We have no other certainty of the time when Thoth lived, than what is collected from the book fathered upon him, which calls Uranus and Saturn his ancestors, and from them our author supposes he derived his science. This he thinks antiquity sufficient, and that from this beginning the Egyptians became famous in the following ages, and in their turn were possessed of the learning then in being. Agreeably to the natural course of things, the arts had their periods: they flourished for a period in one country, and then sunk, and rose in another. The Greeks, to whom we owe all profane history, seemed to have lost their due reverence for it, and thought themselves beholden to other nations for their learning; but a little reflection might have taught them, that their country, from the first ages, was the seat of arts and sciences. Astronomy, for instance, had evidently its origin among the Europeans: the planets are distinguished by Titan names; Uranus, the father of the Titans, is represented as an observer of the stars; Hyperion, one of his sons, is said to have found out the motion of the planets. Atlas, son of Japetus, another Titan, is called the supporter of the heavens; and his brother, Prometheus, is acknowledged to be the founder of the Chaldean astronomy.

The author proceeds to prove, that the Barbaric sphere, so much disputed about by critics, was only the northern hemisphere, cultivated by the Scythians; and he thus concludes his reasonings upon this subject: "Should it be asked how and when the Greeks became ignorant in matters that so much concerned their honour and original, I answer, that their ignorance began to appear at a time when they prided themselves most upon their knowledge: this is often the case with particular persons, and custom and example make it more general. From the just use of reason, men took a pleasure and found their advantage in transmitting to posterity past transactions; at first by the help of memory, and then by some more lasting tokens, such as the setting up of rough stones, which was one of the most ancient methods. But when in time such marks could not be understood without tradition, and where that failed were of no further use, something more significative was required, which perhaps gave birth to sculpture and writing. These began upon stones or trees, with rude delineations of the things intended to be recorded; which by degrees were reduced to more contracted signs and characters, sufficiently intelligible to the learned of the several countries

where they were used. In this manner all knowledge was conveyed for many ages; witness the ancient learning of Egypt, and the living instance of the practice in China. When the Greeks had gained the more compendious method of expressing their sentiments by words in alphabetical letters, they soon grew weary of writing by characters, as well they might; and this means, perhaps, enriched their language, and made it so copious and harmonious as it appears at present. But they seem from that time to have forgot, as useless, what was contained in their former writings, or retained it but very imperfectly, and, as it were, by tradition."

As the Grecian and Roman languages increased, the Titan language proportionably decreased: though it kept its ground a considerable time in the western parts of Europe, where it might still have flourished in a great degree, had it not been continually exposed to irruptions from the north.

The author next proceeds to consider the Gothic language; a dialect very different from the Celtic, which probably had its origin in the more northern parts of Asiatic Scythia, and partook more of the northern idiom, as the Celtic had more of the eastern. The people in Crim Tartary, mentioned by Busbequius, as speaking the Gothic or Saxon language, seem to be the old Goths, from whom the language of England is partly derived.

Having thus settled the origin of the inhabitants, language, and learning of Europe, he proceeds to give an account of the origin of their letters also. The invention of these, he supposes, transcending human genius, can only be ascribed to God; from whom Moses first received them upon Mount Sinai: and that Cadmus, who was probably a Jew, conveyed the discovery into Europe. Our author's reasonings on this head are but slightly supported, nor have they even novelty to recommend them, as Mr. Anselm Bayly [1] and others, particularly those of the Hutchensonian caste, have pre-occupied the conjectures.

As our author has spoiled the Egyptians of their learning, so neither will he allow them an alphabet. Their books, being written in symbolic and hieroglyphic characters, were unintelligible to those nations who knew the use of an alphabet. The Latins, as all authors agree, received their letters from the Greeks, who, at different times, sent colonies into Italy, where they improved their old arts and gave birth to new ones. The Tyrrhenes, or Etruscans, were the first polite people in Italy; and in the early ages of Rome the Roman youth were instructed in the Etruscan language by way of accomplishment. But, adds our author, when a nation is arrived at a certain pitch of politeness, it often becomes a prey to another less civilised. This was the case, continues he, with the Etruscans and Romans. As the one increased in power, the other, who before were held to be the most accomplished nation, sunk in esteem; as is usual with a conquered people.

"The Etruscan language (a species of corrupt Greek) being at length extinct, the materials designed to preserve it were soon destroyed or buried

[1] See the next ensuing article. Mr. Bayly's book was published before these Enquiries.—GOLDSMITH.

in ruins; the too common fate of monuments, wherever ignorance prevails. Here they underwent a long night of oblivion, till the revival of true learning, which is always accompanied with a veneration for antiquity. These monuments, as time and chance brought them to light, were carefully preserved by persons of curiosity; who, though they understood them not, yet judged that hereafter they might be intelligible to others, and therefore worth preserving. It is more than a century since some of these inscriptions have been made public, and in this last age a new scene of literature has been opened by their means; whole volumes have been filled with Etruscan sculptures and inscriptions, and attempts have been made to illustrate and explain them."

It does not appear what letters the most ancient Celtæ used in writing; the remains of their language now to be found in works being written in the common character of the country where their descendants lived. The author thinks it may be taken for granted, that they made use of hieroglyphics only, as we said before of the Scythians in general. But the Goths are an exception; for they had an alphabet peculiar to themselves, consisting formerly of sixteen letters, which is thought to be just the number in the Greek and Phœnician alphabets. In short, as all languages, says he, were derived from one, so it is but reasonable to think the same of all alphabets; and their affinity with each other serves to prove that they had all the same source; *viz.*, the Hebrew, or Cadmean.

Thus we see through what regions of conjecture, doubt, and palpable obscurity, our truly inquisitive author has explored his way. He catches every gleam of light that an extensive acquaintance with the ancients can afford him; but he often, however, seems to have a favourite hypothesis in view, by which, we doubt, he is biassed somewhat from that truth he professes to investigate. It can no way affect the interests of our religion, though we should not admit the Jewish nation to be that fountain of learning and letters from whence the rest of mankind have been supplied: which would be allowing them greater marks of honour than their best writers ever arrogated to themselves. This way of thinking appears to have been most warmly embraced by Eusebius, and other Christian writers, through a laudable though perhaps mistaken zeal for a cause of which they were the champions. But it is more our business to exhibit the opinions of the learned, than to controvert them.

XIV.—BAYLY'S INTRODUCTION TO LANGUAGES.

"*An Introduction to Languages, Literary and Philosophical; especially to the English, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew: exhibiting, at one view, their Grammar, Rationale, Analogy, and Idiom.* In three parts. By ANSELM BAYLY, LL.B." 8vo.

SCALIGER assigns the man he would have completely miserable, no other employment than that of composing grammars and compiling dictionaries;[1] perhaps with reason, as there is not, in the whole Encyclopædia, a more laborious, yet a more unthankful study, than that bestowed on the rudiments of language. The labour employed in other parts of science may be great, but it is also apparent: in this, as in the mine, it is excessive, yet unseen. This consideration may probably have been the cause that few good essays upon language are to be found among us: men whose talents were equal to such an undertaking, choosing to employ them on more amusing studies; and those who were unequal to the task, showing only by their unsuccessful attempts how much a well-executed performance of this kind was wanting. To echo back the rules of former grammarians, to translate Latin grammars into English, or English grammars into Latin, requires but small abilities, and has been the practice of many late writers in this species of erudition. But to trace language to its original source, to assign reasons for the justness of every rule in grammar, to show the similitude of languages, and at the same time every distinguishing idiom of each, was reserved for the ingenious writer before us.

In the first and second parts of his work we have the rudiments of the four languages referred to in the title, explained with the utmost precision and brevity; those rules which serve for one language being adapted, with very little variation, to the other three. Here no technical term is used, till it be first made plain by a definition; and reasons are always assigned for the peculiarities of languages and usages in syntax.

The third part contains four Dissertations; in which, as these are calculated for entertainment as well as instruction, our author often indulges some peculiarities, ingeniously supported, though very liable to be controverted.

The first treats of the possible number of simple sounds in speech, of which he presents us with an alphabet; by these sounds alone he would have children taught to read, being of opinion, that they might learn by this method in a few months, what they are years in acquiring by the other, now in use among us. The author is led from his inquiry concerning the origin

[1] "When an objection, raised against his (Pope's) inscription for Shakspeare, was defended by the authority of Patrick, he replied, *horresco referens*, that 'he would allow the publisher of a Dictionary to know the meaning of a single word, but not of two words put together.'"—*Johnson's Life of Pope.*

of simple sound, into an examination, whether language is the natural result of man's own industry, or whether communicated to him by some superior power. "If," says he, "in the ordinary course of things, language is transmitted in a constant series from parents to children, we must go back till we arrive at some point of time, wherein the first of the human species, whether one, two, or a thousand, could not receive language in this channel; but it must have been derived to them in as extraordinary a manner as their existence, from the same fountain that gave them their being. We cannot help apprehending but that the first man's creator must be his instructor in languages as well as duty, teaching him how to form articulate sounds and words, giving him knowledge of things, their attributes, actions, and relations, as well as the power of assigning them their names." To the same origin our author attributes the use also of alphabetical writings, and is of opinion, as we have hinted in the preceding article, that the alphabet was first given by God to Moses on the mount. His reasoning on this head is curious, if not satisfactory; however, we must decline the particulars for want of room.

The second dissertation treats of the changes of sounds in pronunciation; how far they may be imitated in writing; and the chief causes of the variation in words. As we have seen some modern innovations in our language, with regard to spelling, Mr. Bayly may be an useful monitor, to warn writers against such affectation. "Language," says he, "by following pronunciation in writing, may be so altered from itself as to become new, and rendered so vague in its meaning, that books written even but a hundred years past, have the appearance of being barbarous, and to the surviving generation are scarce intelligible. Pronunciation might be left to take its course, vary ever so much and ever so often; but writing, as being the only preservative of a language, ought to be kept to some standard. Orthography should be steady, be made the guide to orthoepy, or at least a check upon it, and not orthoepy be the guide to orthography. Had such a rule as this, founded in reason and the nature of things, been attended to in all writings, though it is easy to see that it required a knowledge equal to divine to be able to write words truly in the first language, posterity would not have found so much difficulty as they now do, in understanding them; the etymology and meaning of words would have been more determinate, and the streams of knowledge traced with more certainty up to their fountain head."

The subject of the third dissertation is style, or the art of just writing; that of the fourth, elocution, or the art of speaking: both contain rules that may be useful, hints that are new, and ingenious observations. Upon the whole, the author attempts to give a rational and universal view of language, from its elements through its several combinations and powers, in writing and speaking. He is possessed of learning to examine his subject minutely, and good sense to avoid incurring the imputation of pedantry; so that his book will be found equally useful to the student and entertaining to the critic.

XV.—BURTON'S GREEK TRAGEDIES.[1]

"*Pentalogia; sive Tragediarum Græcarum Delectus.*" 8vo. Oxford.

Dr. Burton, whose former productions in the learned languages are more than sufficient proofs of his abilities for an undertaking of this nature, has here presented the public with an edition of five Greek tragedies, indisputably the best in that language; and we may venture to add, superior to all that were ever composed in any other. Three of these are the Œdipus Tyrannus, the Œdipus Coloneus, and the Antigone of Sophocles; the first peculiarly excellent for its fine complication of terror and distress, especially towards the catastrophe; the second, for its pathetic opening, which Milton has so happily imitated in his Samson Agonistes; the third, also a master-piece, for what is called by Aristotle the Των επεισοδιων οικονομιαν, the just disposition of incidents. The other tragedies in this book are the Phœnissæ of Euripides, and the Septem ad Thebas of Æschylus, which, though inferior to those of Sophocles, have, however, with great propriety, a place in this edition. They are introduced with intention to show, (as our author expresses it) "in materia consimili ingeniorum dissimilium concertatio," the efforts of different geniuses in the same species of composition.

This edition, as we are informed, was long since undertaken; but the death of a young gentleman, who was principally instrumental in forwarding it, occasioned its being for some time discontinued: and it had perhaps been totally suppressed, but for the assistances given the editor by Dr. Markland and Mr. Heath, and the advantage of printing at the expense of the fund bequeathed to the university by Mr. Rolle, for purposes of this nature.

The work is a performance of much less ostentation than use; not being calculated to amuse the critic, but to advance the learner. The notes annexed contain no minute philological disquisitions, which are often still more obscure than the text, and counteract their intention, by increasing that labour which they profess to lessen. Here we have the conduct of the drama laid open, the grammatical difficulties explained, the different readings exhibited, and the text receiving proper light from a just punctuation. Notwithstanding this, the learned author seems sensible of one objection that may be raised against the present performance; namely, that he has given no Latin translation of the text, as is usual in most editions of the Greek classics. This objection he has taken some pains to obviate. The idioms of the Greek and Latin languages, as he observes, are so different as to render a translation very difficult, if not impossible; but though such a labour were actually effected, it would rather obstruct than promote the end

[1] Dr. John Burton, born, 1696, at Wombworth, in Devonshire, died 1771.

it seems intended to answer. He who, in learning Greek, has continual recourse to a translation for assistance, is insensibly drawn into a disuse of his grammar and lexicon, the proper guides for introducing him to an intimacy with the language he desires to be acquainted with. "Opibus alieni adjustus nihil de suo promet; nihil demum marte proprio sibi elaborandum esse censebit: et velut in regione ignota hospes inelegans, ducem secutus aliquando falsum sæpe fallacem, huc illuc temere circumvagabitur: et cum Græciam universam itinere rapido peragraverit, nihil fere de Græcia, nihil vere Atticum aut quovis modo memorabile, domum reportabit." We should in this respect imitate such as first revived Greek learning in the West; who, without translations, instructed those that afterwards became so eminent for their skill in this enchanting language.

The assistances, however, which are denied in a translation, are amply recompensed here, by the explications of every material difficulty in the text, in notes at the bottom of each page; by a separate phraseology, and by a lexicon of the uncommon words subjoined to the whole. These are the helps offered to the scholar, and we will venture to assert, that the learner who will be at the pains of reading Sophocles with only the assistance here offered him, will know more of the real beauties of the original, and the true structure of the language, than if he spent double the time in poring over a faulty Latin version. The translations hitherto published of Sophocles, will be more apt to lead the scholar astray, than to direct him to the meaning or spirit of the original; for, whether through ignorance of the language they attempted to translate, or through an awkward affectation of elegance, certain it is they are almost always mistaking the meaning of their author.

Though much may be said in commendation of the design and usefulness of the edition now before us, there is room for some objection to the method which our commentator has thought proper to pursue. Not content with the illustrations at the bottom of each page, he adds, by way of appendix, his δευτεραι φροντιδες, or Scholia, which are the result of more mature deliberation. These second thoughts, which were not entered upon, as we are informed, till the other parts of the work were printed off, are not only a further comment upon the original, but sometimes corrections of his former annotations, which they frequently profess to contradict, amend, and explain. This ingenuous way of confessing one's faults, though it should serve to show a man's modesty, may, it is feared, rather lead to prejudice his reputation in other respects. Some may be apt to remark, that criticisms which could, upon a review, want so much amendment, were prematurely inserted: they may say, that it would have been most prudent in our editor to have kept his work by him till repeated amendments had rendered a palinodia unnecessary. And we may add, though second thoughts are generally allowed the preference, yet our annotator, it must be confessed, often corrects himself where there seems very little occasion for correction. As to the edition, upon the whole, it may be numbered among the most correct productions of the British press, some few faults in the

accenting excepted. The book is certainly well calculated for the use of schools; and deserves all the encouragement due to the best performances of this kind.

XVI.—CICERO'S TUSCULAN DISPUTATIONS.

"*The Tusculan Disputations of Marcus Tullius Cicero.* In five Books. A new Translation. By a Gentleman."[1] 8vo.

THE panegyric upon Cicero, which Erasmus hath left us, at the same time that it does justice to the merits of the philosopher, reflects honour on the taste of his encomiast. "I am incapable of determining," says that judicious critic, "whether or not my judgment be improved by time, but certain it is, Cicero never so much pleased me in youth as he now does in my old age. I am now at a loss whether most to admire, the divine felicity of his style, or the purity of his heart and morals. His influence upon me rises almost to inspiration; and I always feel myself a better man upon every perusal. I make no scruple, therefore, to exhort our youth to spend their hours in reading and retaining his works, rather than in the vexatious disputes, and ill-mannered controversies which at present perplex mankind. For my own part, though I am now in the decline of life, yet as soon as my present undertakings are completed, I shall think it no reproach to seek a renewal of my acquaintance with my Cicero, and an increase of that intimacy which has been for many years interrupted."

How differently does Montaigne express himself on the same subject, when he gives us to understand, that though he finds much entertainment in Seneca or Plutarch, he could never gain any from Cicero. "For," says the Frenchman, "instead of beginning to talk upon the subject proposed, he blunts the edge of curiosity by superfluous divisions; and the time that should be employed in argument is wasted in adjusting preliminaries."

The truth is, Montaigne was, during his whole life, what Erasmus was in his early youth, incapable of thinking connectedly; so that this celebrated essayist only exposed the defects of his own understanding by attempting to detract from the reputation of Cicero. The concurrent testimony of all antiquity, and of modern times, sufficiently confutes him; it being universally agreed, that no philosopher has more forcibly recommended all those generous principles that tend to exalt and perfect human nature.

From hence, therefore, we may infer, how much the public is bound to acknowledge every judicious attempt to translate any part of the works of a writer so admired as Cicero. If the translator succeeds in so difficult an undertaking, the motives to virtue acquire a more universal diffusion, and our language makes a valuable acquisition: should he fail in the execution, the great difficulty of the work may, in some measure, plead his excuse, and the usefulness of the design should soften the rigour of censure.

[1] A new edition of this very indifferent translation appeared in 1823.

It is not without reason that this elegant Roman has been thought the most difficult to be translated of all the classics. The translator must not only be master of his sentiments, but also of his peculiar way of expressing them. He must have acquired a style correct without labour, and copious without redundancy. The difficulty is not so much to give his sense, as to give it in such language as Tully himself would have spoken, had he been an Englishman. To follow him in a verbal translation, is to catch his words only, and lose his spirit.

This literal timidity, if we may so express it, where the translator cautiously moves from word to word, for fear of going astray, is still the more unpardonable, as Cicero himself has given us directions to the contrary. "Nec tamen exprimi verbum e verbo necesse erit, ut interpretes indiserti solent." His example, also, as well as his precept, teaches us to avoid this error. What liberties does he not take with Plato, Euripides, and others! Their sentiments remain their own, but their language is always expressed in the manner of Cicero. The translator before us has fallen into the error of which we have been complaining; so that Cicero appears in this English dress, not unlike some disguised hero in romance who, though concealed in the garb of a peasant, still moves with an air of superior dignity.

These Tusculan disputations were composed by Cicero when, under the dictatorship of Cæsar, he was excluded from any share in the administration; at which time, as he informs us, he was obliged to substitute retirement and study, for scenes of more active employment. The work is divided into five books; the first of which teaches us how to contemn the terrors of death, and to look upon it as a blessing rather than an evil. The second, to support pain and affliction with a manly fortitude. The third and fourth, to moderate all our complaints and uneasiness under the accidents of life. The fifth, to evince the sufficiency of virtue to make man happy. It was Cicero's custom, in his leisure hours, to take some friends with him into the country, where (to use the words of this very incompetent translator) "he used to order one to propose something which he would have discussed. I disputed (says Tully) on that either sitting or walking. I have compiled *the schools*, as the Greeks call them, of five days, in as many books; it was in this manner. When he who was the hearer had said what he thought proper, I disputed against him. To give you a better notion of our disputations, I will not barely give you an account of them, but represent them to you as they were carried on."

Perhaps there never was a finer or more spirited dialogue, conducted with greater ease, or managed with more impartiality than this, in the original. After having silenced the objections which his antagonist had brought against his doctrine, of death's being no evil, Cicero finally establishes it, with that spirit and energy which his present translator has very impotently endeavoured to preserve: let the reader judge for himself, from the following specimen.

"Should it indeed be our case to know the time appointed by God for us to die, let us prepare ourselves for it with a pleasant and grateful mind, as

those who are delivered from a jail, and eased from their fetters, to go back to their eternal and (without dispute) their own habitation; or to be divested of all sense and trouble. But should we not be acquainted with this decree, yet should we be so disposed as to look on that last hour as happy for us, though shocking to our friends; and never imagine that to be an evil, which is an appointment of the immortal Gods, or of Nature, the common parent of all. For it is not by hazard, or without design, that we have a being here; but doubtless there is a certain power concerned for human nature, which would neither have produced nor provided for a being, which, after having gone through the labours of life, was to fall into an eternal evil by death. Let us rather infer, that we have a retreat and haven prepared for us, which I wish we could make for with crowded sails; but though the winds should not serve, yet we shall of course gain it, though somewhat later."

The exordium of the third book is, in the original, one of the finest passages in all antiquity. Let us see how it reads here. "What reason shall I assign, Brutus, why, as we consist of soul and body, the art of curing and preserving the body should be so much sought after, and the invention of it, as being so useful, should be ascribed to the immortal Gods: but the medicine of the soul should neither be the object of inquiry, whilst it was unknown, nor so much improved after its discovery, nor so well received or approved of by some, disagreeable, and looked on with an envious eye by many others? It is because the soul judges of the pains and disorders of the body, but we do not form any judgment of the soul by the body? Hence it comes that the soul never judgeth of itself, but when that by which itself is judged is in a bad state. Had nature given us faculties for discerning and viewing herself, and could we go through life by keeping our eye on her our best guide, no one certainly would be in want of philosophy or learning. But as it is, she has furnished us only with some few sparks, which we soon so extinguish by bad morals and depraved customs, that the light of nature is quite put out. The seeds of virtue are connatural to our constitutions, and were they suffered to come to maturity, would naturally conduct us to a happy life; but now, as soon as we are born, and received into the world, we are instantly familiarised to all kinds of depravity and wrong opinions; so that we may be said almost to suck in error with our nurse's milk. When we return to our parents, and are put into the hands of tutors and governors, we imbibe so many errors, that truth gives place to falsehood, and nature herself to established opinion. To these we may add the poets, who, on account of the appearance they exhibit of learning and wisdom, are heard, read, and got by heart, and make a deep impression on our minds. But when to these are added the people who are, as it were, one great body of instructors, and the multitude who declare unanimously for vice, then are we altogether overwhelmed with bad opinions, and revolt entirely from nature; so that they seem to deprive us of our best guide, who have ascribed all greatness, worth, and excellence, to honour, and power, and popular glory, which indeed every excellent man aims at: but whilst

he pursues that only true honesty which nature has in view, he finds himself busied in arrant trifles, and in pursuit of no conspicuous form of virtue, but a shadowy representation of glory. For glory is a real and express substance, not a mere shadow. It consists in the united praise of good men, the free voice of those who form true judgments of excellent virtue: it is as it were the very echo of virtue, which being generally the attendant on laudable actions, should not be slighted by good men. But popular fame, which would pretend to imitate it, is hasty and inconsiderate, and generally commends wicked and immoral actions, and taints the appearance and beauty of the other, by assuming the resemblance of honesty. By not being able to discover the difference of these, some men, ignorant of real excellence, and in what it consists, have been the destruction of their country, or of themselves. And thus the best men have erred, not so much in their intentions, as by a mistaken conduct."

The classical reader will perceive that the spirit of the original is, in a manner, totally extinguished in this translation. Indeed, such is the "*gentleman's*" obscurity in some places, such are his mistakes of his author's meaning in others; such is the meanness, affectation, and impropriety of his language throughout, that it is really matter of surprise to us, how such a work came into print; especially when we take the poetry into the account, which is below all criticism, and even contempt.

In short, the present performance is so totally destitute of every kind of merit, which might serve to qualify our censure, that we cannot avoid concluding with Cicero, upon another occasion: "Obsecro, abjiciamus ista, et semi-liberi saltem simus; quod assequemur et tacendo et latendo."

EXTRACTS

FROM

AN HISTORY OF THE EARTH

AND

ANIMATED NATURE.

BY

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

These extracts (exclusive of *the Preface* reprinted in vol. iii.) contain all the really good and original passages to be found in the eight octavo volumes of compilation to which Goldsmith lent his name. They contain also some most delightful matter—showing the poet and the prose writer in his happiest mood. I am not aware of any edition of Goldsmith in which extracts from his *Animated Nature* have been before included.

AN

HISTORY OF THE EARTH.

BURNET'S THEORY OF THE EARTH.

The first who formed this amusement of earth-making into system was the celebrated Thomas Burnet, a man of polite learning and rapid imagination. His *Sacred Theory*, as he calls it, describing the changes which the earth has undergone, or shall hereafter undergo, is well known for the warmth with which it is imagined, and the weakness with which it is reasoned, for the elegance of its style, and the meanness of its philosophy.

DR. WOODWARD.

The next theorist was Woodward, who, in his Essay towards a Natural History of the Earth, which was only designed to precede a greater work, has endeavoured to give a more rational account of its appearances; and was, in fact, much better furnished for such an undertaking than any of his predecessors, being one of the most assiduous naturalists of his time. His little book, therefore, contains many important facts, relative to natural history, although his system may be weak and groundless.

WHISTON.

So much for Woodward; but of all the systems which were published respecting the earth's formation, that of Whiston was most applauded, and most opposed. Nor need we wonder; for being supported with all the parade of deep calculation, it awed the ignorant, and produced the approbation of such as would be thought otherwise, as it implied a knowledge of abstruse learning, to be even thought capable of comprehending what the writer aimed at. In fact, it is not easy to divest it of its mathematical garb; but those who have had leisure, have found the result of our philosopher's reasoning to be thus.

BUFFON.

After so many theories of the earth, which had been published, applauded, answered, and forgotten, Mr. Buffon ventured to add one more to the

number. This philosopher was, in every respect, better qualified than any of his predecessors for such an attempt, being furnished with more materials, having a brighter imagination to find new proofs, and a better style to clothe them in. However, if one so ill qualified, as I am, may judge, this seems the weakest part of his admirable work; and I could wish, that he had been content with giving us facts instead of systems; that, instead of being a reasoner, he had contented himself with being merely an historian.

ENGLISH MOUNTAINS.

Even among us in England, we have no adequate ideas of a mountain-prospect; our hills are generally sloping from the plain, and clothed to the very top with verdure; we can scarce, therefore, lift our imaginations to those immense piles whose tops peep up behind intervening clouds, sharp and precipitate, and reach to heights that human avarice or curiosity have never been able to ascend.

We, in this part of the world, are not, for that reason, so immediately interested in the question which has so long been agitated among philosophers, concerning what gave rise to these inequalities on the surface of the globe. In our own happy region, we generally see no inequalities but such as contribute to use and beauty; and we, therefore, are amazed at a question enquiring how such necessary inequalities came to be formed, and seeming to express a wonder how the globe comes to be so beautiful as we find it. But though with us there may be no great cause for such a demand, yet in those places where mountains deform the face of Nature, where they pour down cataracts, or give fury to tempests, there seems to be good reason for enquiry either into their causes or their uses. It has been, therefore, asked by many, in what manner mountains have come to be formed; or for what uses they are designed.

VARIETY OF MOUNTAINS.

It need scarce be said that, with respect to height, there are many sizes of mountains, from the gently rising upland, to the tall craggy precipice. The appearance is in general different in those of different magnitudes. The first are clothed with verdure to the very tops, and only seem to ascend to improve our prospects, or supply us with a purer air: but the lofty mountains of the other class have a very different aspect. At a distance their tops are seen, in wavy ridges, of the very colour of the clouds, and only to be distinguished from them by their figure, which, as I have said, resembles the billows of the sea.[1] As we approach, the mountain assumes a deeper colour; it gathers upon the sky, and seems to hide half the horizon behind it. Its summits also are become more distinct, and appear with a broken and perpendicular line. What at first seemed a single hill, is now found to be a chain of continued mountains, whose tops, running along in ridges, are embosomed in each other; so that the curvatures of one are

[1] Lettres Philosophiques sur la Formation, &c., p. 196.—GOLDSMITH.

fitted to the prominences of the opposite side, and form a winding valley between, often of several miles in extent; and all the way continuing nearly of the same breadth. Nothing can be finer, or more exact than Mr. Pope's description of a traveller straining up the Alps. Every mountain he comes to he thinks will be the last; he finds, however, an unexpected hill rise before him; and that being scaled, he finds the highest summit almost at as great a distance as before. Upon quitting the plain, he might have left a green and a fertile soil, and a climate warm and pleasing. As he ascends, the ground assumes a more russet colour; the grass becomes more mossy; and the weather more moderate. Still as he ascends, the weather becomes more cold, and the earth more barren. In this dreary passage, he is often entertained with a little valley of surprising verdure, caused by the reflected heat of the sun collected into a narrow spot on the surrounding heights. But it much more frequently happens that he sees only frightful precipices beneath, and lakes of amazing depths; from whence rivers are formed, and fountains derive their original. On those places next the highest summits, vegetation is scarcely carried on; here and there a few plants of the most hardy kind appear. The air is intolerably cold; either continually refrigerated with frosts, or disturbed with tempests. All the ground here wears an eternal covering of ice, and snows that seem constantly accumulating. Upon emerging from this war of the elements, he ascends into a purer and a serener region, where vegetation is entirely ceased; where the precipices, composed entirely of rocks, rise perpendicularly above him; while he views beneath him all the combat of the elements; clouds at his feet; and thunders darting upward from their bosoms below.[1] A thousand meteors, which are never seen on the plain, present themselves. Circular rainbows;[2] mock suns; the shadow of the mountain projected upon the body of the air;[3] and the traveller's own image, reflected as in a looking-glass, upon the opposite cloud.[4]

SCHAFFHAUSEN.

Of this kind are the cataracts of the Rhine; one of which I have seen exhibit a very strange appearance; it was that at Schaffhausen, which was frozen quite across, and the water stood in columns where the cataract had formerly fallen.

SOME OF THE HAPPINESSES OF ENGLAND.

Thus, whatever quarter of the globe we turn to, we shall find new reasons to be satisfied with that part of it in which we ourselves reside. Our rivers furnish all the plenty of the African stream, without its inundation; they have all the coolness of the Polar rivulet, with a more constant supply; they may want the terrible magnificence of huge cataracts, or extensive lakes, but they are more navigable, and more transparent; though less deep and rapid than the rivers of the torrid zone, they are more manageable,

[1] Ulloa, vol. i.—GOLDSMITH.
[2] *Ibid.*—GOLDSMITH.
[3] Phil. Trans. vol. v. p. 152.—GOLDSMITH.
[4] Ulloa, vol. i.—GOLDSMITH.

and only wait the will of man to take their direction.[1] The rivers of the torrid zone, like the monarchs of the country, rule with despotic tyranny, profuse in their bounties, and ungovernable in their rage. The rivers of Europe, like their kings, are the friends, and not the oppressors of the people; bounded by known limits, abridged in the power of doing ill, directed by human sagacity, and only at freedom to distribute happiness and plenty.

EDUCATED MAN AND THE SAVAGE.

Man is the lord of all the sublunary creation; the howling savage, the winding serpent, with all the untameable and rebellious offspring of Nature, are destroyed in the contest, or driven at a distance from his habitations. The extensive and tempestuous ocean, instead of limiting or dividing his power, only serves to assist his industry, and enlarge the sphere of his enjoyments. Its billows, and its monsters, instead of presenting a scene of terror, only call up the courage of this little intrepid being; and the greatest danger that man now fears on the deep, is from his fellow-creatures. Indeed, when I consider the human race as Nature has formed them, there is but very little of the habitable globe that seems made for them. But when I consider them as accumulating the experience of ages, in commanding the earth, there is nothing so great or so terrible. What a poor contemptible being is the naked savage, standing on the beach of the ocean, and trembling at its tumults! How little capable is he of converting its terrors into benefits; or of saying, behold an element made wholly for my enjoyment! He considers it as an angry deity, and pays it the homage of submission. But it is very different when he has exercised his mental powers; when he has learned to find his own superiority, and to make it subservient to his commands. It is then that his dignity begins to appear, and that the true Deity is justly praised for having been mindful of man; for having given him the earth for his habitation, and the sea for an inheritance.

THE GREAT PLAGUE.

In that great plague which desolated the city of London, in the year 1665, a pious and learned schoolmaster of Mr. Boyle's acquaintance, who ventured to stay in the city, and took upon him the humane office of visiting the sick and the dying, who had been deserted by better physicians, averred, that being once called to a poor woman who had buried her children of the plague, he found the room where she lay so little that it scarce could hold any more than the bed whereon she was stretched. However, in this wretched abode, beside her, in an open coffin, her husband lay, who had some time before died of the same disease; and whom she,

[1] The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow:
Without the worm in Persian silks we shine;
And without planting drink of every vine.

WALLER. *Panegyric on Cromwell.*

poor creature, soon followed. But what showed the peculiar malignity of the air thus suffering from animal putrefaction, was, that the contagious steams had produced spots on the very wall of their wretched apartment: and Mr. Boyle's own study, which was contiguous to a pest-house, was also spotted in the same frightful manner. Happily for mankind, this disorder, for more than a century, has not been known in our island; and, for this last age, has abated much of its violence, even in those countries where it is most common. Diseases, like empires, have their revolutions; and those which for a while were the scourge of mankind, sink unheard of, to give place to new ones, more dreadful, as being less understood.

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.[1]

I have ever found it a vain task to try to make a child's learning its amusement; nor do I see what good end it would answer were it actually attained. The child ought to have its share of play, and it will be benefited thereby; and for every reason also, it ought to have its share of labour. The mind, by early labour, will be thus accustomed to fatigues and subordination; and whatever be the person's future employment in life, he will be better fitted to endure it: he will be thus enabled to support the drudgeries of office with content: or to fill up the vacancies of life with variety. The child, therefore, should by times be put to its duty; and be taught to know, that the task is to be done, or the punishment to be endured. I do not object against alluring it to duty by reward; but we well know, that the mind will be more strongly stimulated by pain; and both may, upon some occasions, take their turn to operate. In this manner, a child, by playing with its equals abroad, and labouring with them at school, will acquire more health and knowledge than by being bred up under the wing of any speculative system-maker; and will be thus qualified for a life of activity and obedience. It is true, indeed, that when educated in this manner, the boy may not be so seemingly sensible and forward as one bred up under solitary instruction; and, perhaps, this early forwardness is more engaging than useful. It is well known, that many of those children who have been such prodigies of literature before ten, have not made an adequate progress to twenty. It should seem, that they only began learning manly things before their time; and, while others were busied in picking up that knowledge adapted to their age and curiosity, these were forced upon subjects unsuited to their years; and, upon that account alone, appearing extraordinary. The stock of knowledge in both may be equal; but with this difference, that each is yet to learn what the other knows.

ASIATIC NOTIONS OF WOMEN.

The chief, and indeed the only aim of an Asiatic, is to be possessed of many women; and to be able to furnish a seraglio is the only tendency of his ambition. As the savage was totally regardless of beauty, he, on the

[1] Compare Essay VII., vol. iii. p. 137.—GOLDSMITH.

contrary, prizes it too highly; he excludes the person who is possessed of such personal attractions, from any share in the duties or employments of life; and, as if willing to engross all beauty to himself, increases the number of his captives in proportion to the progress of his fortune. In this manner he vainly expects to augment his satisfactions, by seeking from many that happiness which he ought to look for in the society of one alone. He lives a gloomy tyrant, amidst wretches of his own making; he feels none of those endearments which spring from affection, none of those delicacies which arise from knowledge. His mistresses, being shut out from the world, and totally ignorant of all that passes there, have no arts to entertain his mind, or calm his anxieties; the day passes with them in sullen silence, or languid repose; appetite can furnish but few opportunities of varying the scene; and all that falls beyond it must be irksome expectation.

From this avarice of women, if I may be allowed to express it so, has proceeded that jealousy and suspicion which ever attends the miser: hence those low and barbarous methods of keeping the women of those countries guarded, and of making, and procuring eunuchs to attend them.

THE SILENT AGONY OF GRIEF.

There is yet a silent agony, in which the mind appears to disdain all external help, and broods over its distresses with gloomy reserve. This is the most dangerous state of mind; accidents or friendship may lessen the louder kinds of grief; but all remedies for this must be had from within: and there, despair too often finds the most deadly enemy.

MEN CONTRASTED WITH ANIMALS.—A BROKEN HEART.

The lower race of animals, when satisfied, for the instant moment, are perfectly happy; but it is otherwise with man. His mind anticipates distress, and feels the pang of want even before it arrests him. Thus, the mind being continually harassed by the situation, it at length influences the constitution, and unfits it for all its functions. Some cruel disorder, but no way like hunger, seizes the unhappy sufferer; so that almost all those men who have thus long lived by chance, and whose every day may be considered as an happy escape from famine, are known at last to die, in reality, of a disorder caused by hunger, but which, in the common language, is often called a broken heart. Some of these I have known myself, when very little able to relieve them; and I have been told, by a very active and worthy magistrate, that the number of such as die in London for want, is much greater than one would imagine—I think he talked of two thousand in a year.

SLEEP.

Too much sleep dulls the apprehension, weakens the memory, and unfits the body for labour. On the contrary, sleep too much abridged, emaciates the frame, produces melancholy, and consumes the constitution. It requires some care, therefore, to regulate the quantity of sleep, and just to take as

much as will completely restore Nature, without oppressing it. The poor, as Otway says, sleep little; forced, by their situation, to lengthen out their labour to their necessities, they have but a short interval for this pleasing refreshment; and I have ever been of opinion, that bodily labour demands a less quantity of sleep than mental. Labourers and artisans are generally satisfied with about seven hours; but I have known some scholars who usually slept nine, and perceived their faculties no way impaired by oversleeping.

THE TARANTULA.

A thousand other instances might be added, equally true: let it suffice to add one more, which is not true; I mean that of the tarantula. Every person who has been in Italy, now well knows, that the bite of this animal, and its being cured by music, is all a deception. When strangers come into that part of the country, the country people are ready enough to take money for dancing to the tarantula. A friend of mine had a servant who suffered himself to be bit; the wound, which was little larger than the puncture of a pin, was uneasy for a few hours, and then became well without any farther assistance. Some of the country people, however, still make a tolerable livelihood of the credulity of strangers, as the musician finds his account in it not less than the dancer.

MALE AND FEMALE BEAUTY.

Of all the colours by which mankind is diversified, it is easy to perceive, that ours is not only the most beautiful to the eye, but the most advantageous. The fair complexion seems, if I may so express it, as a transparent covering to the soul; all the variations of the passions, every expression of joy or sorrow, flows to the cheek, and, without language, marks the mind. In the slightest change of health also, the colour of the European face is the most exact index, and often teaches us to prevent those disorders that we do not as yet perceive: not but that the African black, and the Asiatic olive complexions, admit of their alterations also; but these are neither so distinct, nor so visible, as with us; and, in some countries, the colour of the visage is never found to change: but the face continues in the same settled shade in shame, and in sickness, in anger, and despair.

COAN THE DWARF.

But whatever may be the entertainment such guests might afford, when united, I never found a dwarf capable of affording any when alone. I have sometimes conversed with some of these that were exhibited at our fairs about town, and have ever found their intellects as contracted as their persons. They, in general, seemed to me to have faculties very much resembling those of children, and their desires seemed of the same kind; being diverted with the same sports, and best pleased with such companions. Of all those I have seen, which may amount to five or six, the little man, whose name was Coan, that died lately at Chelsea, was the most intelligent

and sprightly. I have heard him and the giant, who sung at the theatres, sustain a very ridiculous duet, to which they were taught to give great spirit. But this mirth, and seeming sagacity, were but assumed. He had, by long habit, been taught to look cheerful upon the approach of company; and his conversation was but the mere etiquette of a person that had been used to receive visitors. When driven out of his walk, nothing could be more stupid or ignorant, nothing more dejected or forlorn.

ALLEGED SUPERIOR BEAUTY OF THE ANCIENTS.

As to the superior beauty of our ancestors, it is not easy to make the comparison; beauty seems a very uncertain charm; and frequently is less in the object, than in the eye of the beholder. Were a modern lady's face formed exactly like the Venus of Medicis, or the sleeping Vestal, she would scarce be considered beautiful, except by the lovers of antiquity, whom, of all her admirers, perhaps, she would be least desirous of pleasing. It is true, that we have some disorders among us that disfigure the features, and from which the ancients were exempt; but it is equally so, that we want some which were common among them, and which were equally deforming. As for their intellectual powers, these also were probably the same as ours: we excel them in the sciences, which may be considered as an history of accumulated experience; and they excel us in the poetic arts, as they had the first rifling of all the striking images of Nature.

THE HORSE.—CHILDERS.

Such are the different accounts we have of the various races of horses in different parts of the world. I have hitherto omitted making mention of one particular breed, more excellent than any that either the ancients or moderns have produced; and that is our own. It is not without great assiduity, and unceasing application, that the English horses are now become superior to those of any other part of the world, both for size, strength, swiftness, and beauty. It was not without great attention, and repeated trials of all the best horses in different parts of the world, that we have been thus successful in improving the breed of this animal; so that the English horses are now capable of performing what no others ever could attain to. By a judicious mixture of the several kinds, by the happy difference of our soils, and by our superior skill in management, we have brought this animal to its highest perfection. An English horse, therefore, is now known to excel the Arabian, in size and swiftness; to be more durable than the Barb, and more hardy than the Persian. An ordinary racer is known to go at the rate of a mile in two minutes: and we had one instance, in the admirable Childers, of still greater rapidity. He has been frequently known to move above eighty-two feet and an half in a second, or almost a mile in a minute: he has run also round the course of Newmarket, which is very little less than four miles, in six minutes and forty seconds. But what is

surprising, no other horse has been since found, that ever could equal him; and those of his breed have been remarkably deficient.

THE HORSE AND THE COW.

The horse is more properly an animal belonging to the rich; the sheep chiefly thrives in a flock, and requires attendance; but the cow is more especially the poor man's pride, his riches, and his support. There are many of our peasantry that have no other possession but a cow; and even of the advantages resulting from this most useful creature, the poor are but the nominal possessors. Its flesh they cannot pretend to taste, since then their whole riches are at once destroyed; its calf they are obliged to fatten for sale, since veal is a delicacy they could not make any pretensions to; its very milk is wrought into butter and cheese for the tables of their masters: while they have no share even in their own possession, but the choice of their market. I cannot bear to hear the rich crying out for liberty, while they thus starve their fellow-creatures, and feed them up with an imaginary good, while they monopolise the real benefits of nature.

THE LISTENING STAG.

Of all the animals that are natives of this climate, there are none that have such a beautiful eye as the stag: it is sparkling, soft, and sensible. His senses of smelling and hearing are in no less perfection. When he is in the least alarmed, he lifts the head and erects the ears, standing for a few minutes as if in a listening posture.[1] Whenever he ventures upon some unknown ground, or quits his native covering, he first stops at the skirt of the plain to examine all around; he next turns against the wind to examine by the smell if there be any enemy approaching. If a person should happen to whistle or call out, at a distance, the stag is seen to stop short in his slow measured pace, and gazes upon the stranger with a kind of awkward admiration: if the cunning animal perceives neither dogs nor fire-arms preparing against him, he goes forward, quite unconcerned, and slowly proceeds without offering to fly. Man is not the enemy he is most afraid of; on the contrary, he seems to be delighted with the sound of the shepherd's pipe; and the hunters sometimes make use of that instrument to allure the poor animal to his destruction.

CONCLUDING PARAGRAPH ABOUT QUADRUPEDS.

With this last described and last discovered animal [the Gerbua], I shall conclude the history of quadrupeds, which of all parts of natural knowledge seems to have been described the most accurately. As these, from their figure, as well as their sagacity, bear the nearest resemblance to man, and

[1] While in this park I sing, the listening deer
Attend my passion and forget to fear.
WALLER. *At Penshurst.*

from their uses or enmities are the most respectable parts of the inferior creation, so it was his interest, and his pleasure, to make himself acquainted with their history. It is probable therefore that time, which enlarges the sphere of our knowledge in other parts of learning, can add but very little to this. The addition of a new quadruped to the catalogue already known, is of no small consequence, and happens but seldom; for the number of all is so few, that wherever a new one is found, it becomes an object worthy our best attention. It may take refuge in its native deserts from our pursuits, but not from our curiosity.

But it is very different with the inferior ranks of the creation; the classes of birds, of fishes, and of insects, are all much more numerous, and more incompletely known. The quadruped is possessed of no arts of escaping, which we are not able to overcome; but the bird removes itself by its swiftness, the fishes find protection in their native element, and insects are secured in their minuteness, numbers, and variety. Of all these, therefore, we have but a very inadequate catalogue, and though the list be already very large, yet every hour is adding to its extent.

In fact, all knowledge is pleasant only as the object of it contributes to render man happy, and the services of quadrupeds being so very necessary to him in every situation, he is particularly interested in their history: without their aid, what a wretched and forlorn creature would he have been! the principal part of his food, his clothing, and his amusements are derived wholly from them, and he may be considered as a great lord, sometimes cherishing his humble dependants, and sometimes terrifying the refractory, to contribute to his delight and conveniences.

The horse and the ass, the elephant, the camel, the lama, and the reindeer, contribute to ease his fatigues, and to give him that swiftness which he wants from nature. By their assistance, he changes place without labour; he attains health without weariness; his pride is enlarged by the elegance of equipage, and other animals are pursued with a certainty of success. It were happy indeed for man, if while converting these quadrupeds to his own benefit, he had not turned them to the destruction of his fellow-creatures; he has employed some of them for the purposes of war, and they have conformed to his noxious ambition with but too fatal an obedience.

The cow, the sheep, the deer, and all their varieties, are necessary to him, though in a different manner. Their flesh makes the principal luxuries of his table, and their wool or skins the chief ornament of his person. Even those nations that are forbid to touch anything that has life, cannot wholly dispense with their assistance. The milk of these animals makes a principal part of the food of every country, and often repairs those constitutions that have been broken by disease or intemperance.

The dog, the cat, and the ferret, may be considered as having deserted from their fellow-quadrupeds, to list themselves under the conduct and protection of man. At his command they exert all their services against such animals as they are capable of destroying, and follow them into places where he himself wants abilities to pursue.

As there is thus a numerous tribe, that he has taken into protection, and that supplies his necessities and amusements, so there is also a still more numerous one, that wages an unequal combat against him, and thus call forth his courage and his industry. Were it not for the lion, the tiger, the panther, the rhinoceros, and the bear, he would scarce know his own powers, and the superiority of human art over brutal fierceness. These serve to excite, and put his nobler passions into motion. He attacks them in their retreat, faces them with resolution, and seldom fails of coming off with a victory. He thus becomes hardier and better in the struggle, and learns to know and to value his own superiority.

As the last-mentioned animals are called forth by his boldest efforts, so the numerous tribe of the smaller vermin kind excite his continual vigilance and caution; his various arts and powers have been nowhere more manifest, than in the extirpation of those that multiply with such prodigious fecundity. Neither their agility nor their minuteness can secure them from his pursuits; and though they may infest, they are seldom found materially to injure him.

In this manner we see, that not only human want is supplied, but that human wit is sharpened, by the humbler partners of man in the creation By this we see, that not only their benefits, but their depredations ar useful, and that it has wisely pleased Providence to place us like victors in a subdued country, where we have all the benefit of conquest, without being so secure, as to run into the sloth and excesses of a certain and undisturbed possession. It appears, therefore, that those writers who are continually finding immediate benefit in every production, see but half way into the general system of nature. Experience must every hour inform us, that all animals are not formed for our use; but we may be equally well assured, that those conveniences which we want from their friendship, are well repaid by that vigilance which we procure from their enmity.

THE HAUNTS OF BIRDS.

Birds in general, though they have so much to fear from man and each other, are seldom scared away from their usual haunts. Although they be so perfectly formed for a wandering life, and are supplied with powers to satisfy all their appetites, though never so remote from the object, though they are so well fitted for changing place with ease and rapidity, yet the greatest number remain contented in the districts where they have been bred, and by no means exert their desires in proportion to their endowments. The rook, if undisturbed, never desires to leave his native grove; the blackbird still frequents its accustomed hedge; and the red-breast, though seemingly mild, claims a certain district, from whence he seldom moves, but drives out every one of the same species from thence without pity. They are excited to migration by no other motives but those of fear, climate, or hunger. It must be from one of these powerful motives that the birds, which are called birds of passage, every year forsake us for some time, and make their regular and expected returns.

Nothing has more employed the curiosity of mankind than these annual emigrations; and yet few subjects continue so much involved in darkness. It is generally believed, that the cause of their retreat from these parts of Europe is either a scarcity of food at certain seasons, or the want of a secure asylum from the persecution of man during the time of courtship and bringing up their young. Thus the starling, in Sweden, at the approach of winter, finding subsistence no longer in that kingdom, descends every year into Germany; and the hen chaffinches of the same country are seen every year to fly through Holland in large flocks, to pass their winter in a milder climate. Others, with a more daring spirit, prepare for journeys that might intimidate even human perseverance. Thus the quails in spring forsake the burning heats of Africa for the milder sun of Europe; and, when they have passed the summer with us, steer their flight back to enjoy in Egypt the temperate air, which then begins to be delightful. This with them seems a preconcerted undertaking. They unite together in some open place, for some days before their departure, and, by an odd kind of chattering, seem to debate on the method to proceed. When their plan is resolved upon, they all take flight together, and often appear in such numbers, that, to mariners at sea, they seem like a cloud that rests upon the horizon. The boldest, strongest, and by far the greatest number, make good their intention; but many there are who, not well apprised of their own force for the undertaking, grow weary in the way, and, quite spent by the fatigues of their flight, drop down into the sea, and sometimes upon deck, thus becoming an easy prey to the mariner.

Of the vast quantity of water-fowl that frequent our shores, it is amazing to reflect how few are known to breed here. The cause that principally urges them to leave this country seems to be not merely the want of food, but the desire of a secure retreat. Our country is too populous for birds so shy and timid as the greatest number of these are.

ROBBING EAGLES.

The eagle is thus at all times a formidable neighbour; but peculiarly when bringing up its young. It is then that the female, as well as the male, exert all their force and industry to supply their young. Smith, in his "History of Kerry," relates, that a poor man in that country got a comfortable subsistence for his family, during a summer of famine, out of an eagle's nest, by robbing the eaglets of their food, which was plentifully supplied by the old ones. He protracted their assiduity beyond the usual time, by clipping their wings, and retarding the flight of the young; and very probably also, as I have known myself, by so tying them as to increase their cries, which is always found to increase the parent's dispatch to procure them provision. It was lucky, however, that the old eagles did not surprise the countryman as he was thus employed, as their resentment might have been dangerous.

It happened some time ago, in the same country, that a peasant resolved to rob the nest of an eagle, that had built in a small island, in the beautiful

.ake of Killarney. He accordingly stripped, and swam in upon the island while the old ones were away; and, robbing the nest of its young, he was preparing to swim back, with the eaglets tied in a string; but, while he was yet up to his chin in water, the old eagles returned, and, missing their young, quickly fell upon the plunderer, and, in spite of all his resistance, dispatched him with their beaks and talons.

PARTRIDGES AND THE GAME LAWS.

In England, where the partridge is much scarcer, and a great deal dearer, it is still a favourite delicacy at the tables of the rich; and the desire of keeping it to themselves, has induced them to make laws for its preservation, no way harmonising with the general spirit of English legislation. What can be more arbitrary than to talk of preserving the game; which, when defined, means no more than that the poor shall abstain from what the rich have taken a fancy to keep for themselves? If these birds could, like a cock or a hen, be made legal property, could they be taught to keep within certain districts, and only feed on those grounds that belong to the man whose entertainments they improve, it then might, with some show of justice, be admitted, that as a man fed them, so he might claim them. But this is not the case; nor is it in any man's power to lay a restraint upon the liberty of these birds, that, when let loose, put no limits to their excursions. They feed everywhere; upon every man's ground; and no man can say, these birds are fed only by me. Those birds which are nourished by all, belong to all; nor can any one man, or any set of men, lay claim to them, when still continuing in a state of nature.

I never walked out about the environs of Paris, that I did not consider the immense quantity of game that was running almost tame on every side of me, as a badge of the slavery of the people; and what they wished me to observe as an object of triumph, I always regarded with a kind of secret compassion: yet this people have no game-laws for the remoter parts of the kingdom; the game is only preserved in a few places for the king; and is free in most places else. In England, the prohibition is general; and the peasant has not a right to what even slaves, as he is taught to call them, are found to possess.

A SINGING RAVEN.

A raven may be reclaimed to almost every purpose to which birds can be converted. He may be trained up for fowling like an hawk; he may be taught to fetch and carry like a spaniel: he may be taught to speak like a parrot; but the most extraordinary of all is, that he can be taught to sing like a man. I have heard a raven sing the "Black Joke" with great distinctness, truth, and humour.

THE ROOKS IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS.

The rook, as is well known, builds in woods and forests in the neighbourhood of man, and sometimes makes choice of groves in the very midst of

cities for the place of its retreat and security. In these it establishes a kind of legal constitution, by which all intruders are excluded from coming to live among them, and none suffered to build but acknowledged natives of the place. I have often amused myself with observing their plan of policy from my window in the Temple, that looks upon a grove where they have made a colony in the midst of the city. At the commencement of spring, the rookery, which during the continuance of winter seemed to have been deserted, or only guarded by about five or six, like old soldiers in a garrison, now begins to be once more frequented; and in a short time all the bustle and hurry of business is fairly commenced. Where these numbers resided during the winter is not easy to guess; perhaps in the trees of hedge-rows to be nearer their food. In spring, however, they cultivate their native trees; and, in the places where they were themselves hatched, they prepare to propagate a future progeny.

They keep together in pairs; and when the offices of courtship are over, they prepare for making their nests and laying. The old inhabitants of the place are all already provided; the nest which served them for years before, with a little trimming and dressing will serve very well again; the difficulty of nestling lies only upon the young ones who have no nest, and must therefore get up one as well as they can. But not only the materials are wanting, but also the place in which to fix it. Every part of a tree will not do for this purpose, as some branches may not be sufficiently forked; others may not be sufficiently strong; and still others may be too much exposed to the rockings of the wind. The male and female upon this occasion are, for some days, seen examining all the trees of the grove very attentively; and when they have fixed upon a branch that seems fit for their purpose, they continue to sit upon and observe it very sedulously for two or three days longer. The place being thus determined upon, they begin to gather the materials for their nest; such as sticks and fibrous roots, which they regularly dispose in the most substantial manner. But here a new and unexpected obstacle arises. It often happens that the young couple have made choice of a place too near the mansion of an older pair, who do not choose to be incommoded by such troublesome neighbours. A quarrel therefore instantly ensues, in which the old ones are always victorious.

The young couple, thus expelled, are obliged again to go through the fatigues of deliberating, examining, and choosing; and having taken care to keep their due distance, the nest begins again, and their industry deserves commendation. But their alacrity is often too great in the beginning; they soon grow weary of bringing the materials of their nest from distant places; and they very easily perceive that sticks may be provided nearer home, with less honesty indeed, but some degree of address. Away they go, therefore, to pilfer as fast as they can; and whenever they see a nest unguarded, they take care to rob it of the very choicest sticks of which it is composed. But these thefts never go unpunished; and probably upon complaint being made there is a general punishment inflicted. I have seen eight or ten rooks come

upon such occasions, and setting upon the new nest of the young couple all at once, tear it in pieces in a moment.

At length, therefore, the young pair find the necessity of going more regularly and honestly to work. While one flies to fetch the materials, the other sits upon the tree to guard it; and thus in the space of three or four days, with a skirmish now and then between, the pair have fitted up a commodious nest composed of sticks without, and of fibrous roots and long grass within. From the instant the female begins to lay, all hostilities are at an end; not one of the whole grove, that a little before treated her so rudely, will now venture to molest her; so that she brings forth her brood with patient tranquillity. Such is the severity with which even native rooks are treated by each other; but if a foreign rook should attempt to make himself a denizen of their society, he would meet with no favour; the whole grove would at once be up in arms against him, and expel him without mercy.

A SPEAKING PARROT.

The ease with which this bird is taught to speak, and the great number of words which it is capable of repeating, are no less surprising. We are assured, by a grave writer, that one of these was taught to repeat a whole sonnet from Petrarch; and that I may not be wanting in my instance, I have seen a parrot, belonging to a distiller, who had suffered pretty largely in his circumstances from an informer who lived opposite him, very ridiculously employed. This bird was taught to pronounce the ninth commandment, "*Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour,*" with a very clear, loud, articulate voice. The bird was generally placed in its cage over against the informer's house, and delighted the whole neighbourhood with its persevering exhortations.

PARROTS IN FRANCE SPEAK BETTER THAN IN ENGLAND.

The extreme sagacity and docility of the bird may plead as the best excuse for those who spend whole hours in teaching their parrots to speak; and, indeed, the bird, on those occasions, seems the wisest animal of the two. It at first obstinately resists all instruction; but seems to be won by perseverance, makes a few attempts to imitate the first sounds, and when it has got one word distinct, all the succeeding ones come with greater facility. The bird generally learns most in those families where the master or mistress have the least to do; and becomes more expert, in proportion as its instructors are idly assiduous. In going through the towns of France some time since, I could not help observing how much plainer their parrots spoke than ours, and how very distinctly I understood their parrots speak French, when I could not understand our own, though they spoke my native language. I was at first for ascribing it to the different qualities of the two languages, and was for entering into an elaborate discussion on the vowels and consonants; but a friend that was with me solved the difficulty at once, by assuring me that the French women scarce did any thing else the whole

day than sit and instruct their feathered pupils; and that the birds were thus distinct in their lessons in consequence of continual schooling.

THE RED-BREAST AND WREN.

The red-breast or the wren seldom leaves the field where it has been brought up, or where its young have been excluded; even though hunted it flies along the hedge, and seems fond of the place with an imprudent perseverance. The fact is, all these small birds mark out a territory to themselves, which they will permit none of their own species to remain in; they guard their dominions with the most watchful resentment; and we seldom find two male tenants in the same hedge together.

BIRDS AND BIRD-CATCHERS.

There are several persons who get a livelihood by watching the seasons when our small birds begin to migrate from one county to another, and by taking them with nets in their passage. The birds are found to fly, as the bird-catchers term it, chiefly during the month of October, and part of September and November. There is also another flight in March, which is much less considerable than in autumn. Nor is it less remarkable, that several of these species of flight-birds make their appearance in regular succession. The pippit, for instance, begins its flight every year about Michaelmas, when they are caught in greatest number. To this the wood-lark succeeds, and continues its flight till towards the middle of October; other birds follow, but are not so punctually periodical; the green-finch does not begin till the frost obliges it to seek for a change. These birds, during those months, fly from day-break till twelve at noon; and there is afterwards a small flight from two till night. Such are the seasons of the migration of the birds, which have been usually considered as stationary, and on these occasions they are caught in great abundance, as they are on their journey. But the same art used to allure them upon other occasions would be utterly fruitless, as they avoid the nets with the most prudent circumspection. The autumnal flight probably consists of the parents conducting their new-fledged young to those places where there is sufficient provision, and a proper temperature of the air during the winter season; and their return in spring is obviously from an attachment to the place which was found so convenient before for the purposes of nestling and incubation.

Autumn is the principal season when the bird-catcher employs his art to catch these wanderers. His nets are a most ingenious piece of mechanism, being generally twelve yards and a half long, and two yards and a half wide, and so contrived as from a flat position to rise on each side, and clap over the birds that are decoyed to come between them. The birds in their passage are always observed to fly against the wind; hence there is a great contention among the bird-catchers which shall gain the wind; for example, if it is westerly, the bird-catcher who lays his net most to the east, is sure

of the most plentiful sport if his call-birds are good. For this purpose, he generally carries five or six linnets, two gold-finches, two green-finches, one wood-lark, one red-poll, and perhaps a bull-finch, a yellow-hammer, a tit-lark, and an aberdavine: these are placed at small distances from the nets in little cages. He has besides what he calls his flur-birds, which are placed upon a moveable perch, which the bird-catcher can raise at pleasure by means of a string; and these he always lifts gently up and down as the wild bird approaches. But this is not enough to allure the wild bird down; it must be called by one of the call-birds in the cages; and these, by being made to moult prematurely in a warm cage, call louder and better than those that are wild and at freedom. There even appears a malicious joy in these call-birds to bring the wild ones into the same state of captivity, while at the same time their call is louder and their plumage brighter than in a state of nature. Nor is their sight or hearing less exquisite, far exceeding that of the bird-catcher; for the instant the wild birds are perceived, notice is given by one to the rest of the call-birds, who all unite in the same tumultuous ecstacy of pleasure. The call-birds do not sing upon these occasions as a bird does in a chamber, but incite the wild ones by short jerks, which, when the birds are good, may be heard at a great distance. The allurement of this call is so great, that the wild bird hearing it is stopped in its most rapid flight; and, if not already acquainted with the nets, lights boldly within twenty yards perhaps of the bird-catcher, and on a spot which it would otherwise have quite disregarded. This is the opportunity wished for, and the bird-catcher pulling a string, the nets on each side rise in an instant, and clap directly down on the poor little unsuspecting visitant. Nay, it frequently happens that if half a flock only are caught, the remaining half will immediately afterwards light between the nets, and share the fate of their companions. Should only one bird escape, this unhappy survivor will also venture into danger till it is caught; such a fascinating power have the call-birds.

Indeed, it is not easy to account for the nature of this call, whether it be a challenge to combat, an invitation to food, or a prelude to courtship. As the call-birds are all males, and as the wild birds that attend to their voice are most frequently males also, it does not seem that love can have any influence in their assiduity. Perhaps the wild females, in these flights, attend to and obey the call below, and their male companions of the flight come down to bear them company. If this be the case, and that the females have unfaithfully led their mates into the nets, they are the first that are punished for their infidelity; the males are only made captives for singing; while the females are indiscriminately killed, and sold to be served up to the tables of the delicate.

Whatever be the motives that thus arrest a flock of birds in their flight, whether they be of gallantry or of war, it is certain that the small birds are equally remarkable for both. It is, perhaps, the genial desire that inspires the courage of most animals; and that being greatest in the males, gives them a greater degree of valour than the females. Small birds, being

extremely amorous, are remarkably brave. However contemptible these little warriors are to larger creatures, they are often but too formidable to each other; and sometimes fight till one of them yields up his life with the victory. But their contentions are sometimes of a gentler nature. Two male birds shall strive in song till, after a long struggle, the loudest shall entirely silence the other. During these contentions, the female sits an attentive silent auditor, and often rewards the loudest songster with her company during the season.

BEAUTIFUL TRANSLATION FROM ADDISON.

Addison, in some beautiful Latin lines, inserted in the "Spectator,"[1] is entirely of opinion that birds observe a strict chastity of manners, and never admit the caresses of a different tribe.

Chaste are their instincts, faithful is their fire,
No foreign beauty tempts to false desire:
The snow-white vesture, and the glittering crown,
The simple plumage, or the glossy down,
Prompt not their love. The patriot bird pursues
His well acquainted tints, and kindred hues.
Hence through their tribes no mix'd polluted flame,
No monster breed to mark the groves with shame:
But the chaste blackbird, to its partner true,
Thinks black alone is beauty's favourite hue:
The nightingale, with mutual passion blest,
Sings to its mate, and nightly charms the nest:
While the dark owl, to court his partner flies,
And owns his offspring in their yellow eyes.

But whatever may be the poet's opinion, the probability is against this fidelity among the smaller tenants of the grove. The great birds are much more true to their species than these; and, of consequence, the varieties among them are more few. Of the ostrich, the cassowary, and the eagle, there are but few species; and no arts that man can use, could probably induce them to mix with each other.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

This most famous of the feathered tribe visits England in the beginning of April, and leaves us in August. It is found but in some of the southern parts of the country, being totally unknown in Scotland, Ireland, or North Wales. They frequent thick hedges and low coppices, and generally keep in the middle of the bush, so that they are rarely seen. They begin their song in the evening, and generally continue it for the whole night. For weeks together, if undisturbed, they sit upon the same tree; and Shakspeare rightly describes the nightingale sitting nightly in the same place, which I have frequently observed she seldom parts from.

[1] No. 421.

From Pliny's description, we should be led to believe this bird possessed of a persevering strain; but, though it is in fact so with the nightingale in Italy, yet in our hedges in England, the little songstress is by no means so liberal of her music. Her note is soft, various, and interrupted; she seldom holds it without a pause above the time that one can count twenty. The nightingale's pausing song would be the proper epithet for this bird's music with us, which is more pleasing than the warbling of any other bird, because it is heard at a time when all the rest are silent.

THE RED-BREAST.

But there is a little bird, rather celebrated for its affection to mankind than its singing, which, however, in our climate, has the sweetest note of all others. The reader already perceives that I mean the red-breast, the well known friend of man, that is found in every hedge, and makes it vocal. The note of other birds is louder, and their inflections more capricious; but this bird's voice is soft, tender, and well supported; and the more to be valued as we enjoy it the greatest part of the winter. If the nightingale's song has been compared to the fiddle, the red-breast's voice has all the delicacy of the flute.

THE LARK-BIRDS IN CAPTIVITY.

The music of every bird in captivity produces no very pleasing sensations; it is but the mirth of a little animal insensible of its unfortunate situation; it is the landscape, the grove, the golden break of day, the contest upon the hawthorn, the fluttering from branch to branch, the soaring in the air, and the answering of its young, that gives the bird's song its true relish. These united, improve each other, and raise the mind to a state of the highest, yet most harmless exultation. Nothing can in this situation of mind be more pleasing than to see the lark warbling upon the wing; raising its note as it soars until it seems lost in the immense heights above us; the note continuing, the bird itself unseen; to see it then descending with a swell as it comes from the clouds, yet sinking by degrees as it approaches its nest, the spot where all its affections are centered; the spot that has prompted all this joy.

THE BITTERN OR MIRE-DRUM.

Those who have walked in an evening by the sedgy sides of unfrequented rivers, must remember a variety of notes from different water-fowl: the loud scream of the wild goose, the croaking of the mallard, the whining of the lapwing, and the tremulous neighing of the jack-snipe. But of all those sounds, there is none so dismally hollow as the booming of the bittern. It is impossible for words to give those who have not heard this evening-call an adequate idea of its solemnity.[1] It is like the interrupted bellowing of a

[1] Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest.
The Deserted Village.

bull, but hollower and louder, and is heard at a mile's distance, as if issuing from some formidable being that resided at the bottom of the waters.

I remember in the place where I was a boy with what terror this bird's note affected the whole village; they considered it as the presage of some sad event; and generally found or made one to succeed it.

CONCLUDING PARAGRAPH ABOUT BIRDS.

Having thus given a short history of birds, I own I cannot take leave of this most beautiful part of the creation without reluctance. These splendid inhabitants of air possess all those qualities that can soothe the heart and cheer the fancy. The brightest colours, the roundest forms, the most active manners, and the sweetest music. In sending the imagination in pursuit of these, in following them to the chirruping grove, the screaming precipice, or the glassy deep, the mind naturally lost the sense of its own situation, and, attentive to their little sports, almost forgot the task of describing them. Innocently to amuse the imagination in this dream of life is wisdom; and nothing is useless that, by furnishing mental employment, keeps us for a while in oblivion of those stronger appetites that lead to evil. But every rank and state of mankind may find something to imitate in those delightful songsters, and we may not only employ the time, but amend our lives by the contemplation. From their courage in defence of their young, and their assiduity in incubation, the coward may learn to be brave, and the rash to be patient. The inviolable attachment of some to their companions may give lessons of fidelity; and the connubial tenderness of others be a monitor to the incontinent. Even those that are tyrants by nature never spread capricious destruction; and, unlike man, never inflict a pain but when urged by necessity.

HAPPY ENGLAND.

Happy England! where the sea furnishes an abundant and luxurious repast, and the fresh waters an innocent and harmless pastime; where the angler, in cheerful solitude, strolls by the edge of the stream, and fears neither the coiled snake, nor the lurking crocodile; where he can retire at night, with his few trouts, to borrow the pretty description of old Walton, to some friendly cottage, where the landlady is good, and the daughter innocent and beautiful; where the room is cleanly, with lavender in the sheets, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall! There he can enjoy the company of a talkative brother sportsman, have his trouts dressed for supper, tell tales, sing old tunes, or make a catch! There he can talk of the wonders of nature with learned admiration, or find some harmless sport to content him, and pass away a little time, without offence to God, or injury to man!

FIRST SIGHT OF A TOAD.

If we regard the figure of the toad, there seems nothing in it that should disgust more than that of the frog. Its form and proportions are nearly the

same; and it chiefly differs in colour, which is blacker; and its slow and heavy motion, which exhibits nothing of the agility of the frog: yet such is the force of habit, begun in early prejudice, that those who consider the one as an harmless, playful animal, turn from the other with horror and disgust. The frog is considered as a useful assistant, in ridding our grounds of vermin; the toad, as a secret enemy, that only wants an opportunity to infect us with its venom.

The imagination, in this manner biassed by its terrors, paints out the toad in the most hideous colouring, and clothes it in more than natural deformity. Its body is broad; its back flat: covered with a dusky, pimpled hide; the belly is large and swagging; the pace laboured and crawling; its retreat gloomy and filthy; and its whole appearance calculated to excite disgust and horror: yet upon my first seeing a toad, none of all these deformities in the least affected me with sensations of loathing: born, as I was, in a country where there are no toads, I had prepared my imagination for some dreadful object; but there seemed nothing to me more alarming in the sight, than in that of a common frog; and indeed, for some time, I mistook and handled the one for the other. When first informed of my mistake, I very well remember my sensations: I wondered how I had escaped with safety, after handling and dissecting a toad, which I had mistaken for a frog. I then began to lay in a fund of horror against the whole tribe, which, though convinced they are harmless, I shall never get rid of. My first imaginations were too strong not only for my reason, but for the conviction of my senses.

A FLOATING BEE-HOUSE.

A farm, or a country, may be over stocked with bees, as with any other sort of animal; for a certain number of hives, always require a certain number of flowers to subsist on. When the flowers near home are rifled, then are these industrious insects seen taking more extensive ranges, but their abilities may be over taxed; and if they are obliged in quest of honey, to go too far from home, they are overwearied in the pursuit, they are devoured by birds, or beat down by the winds and rain.

From a knowledge of this, in some parts of France and Piedmont, they have contrived, as I have often seen, a kind of floating bee-house.

They have on board one barge, threescore or an hundred bee-hives, well defended from the inclemency of an accidental storm; and with these, the owners suffer themselves to float gently down the river. As the bees are continually choosing their flowery pasture along the banks of the stream, they are furnished with sweets before unrifled; and thus a single floating bee-house, yields the proprietor a considerable income. Why a method similar to this has never been adopted in England, where we have more gentle rivers, and more flowery banks, than in any other part of the world, I know not; certainly it might be turned to advantage, and yield the possessor a secure, though perhaps a moderate income.

THE MYSTERY REVEALED;

CONTAINING

A SERIES OF TRANSACTIONS AND AUTHENTIC TESTIMONIALS

RESPECTING THE SUPPOSED

COCK-LANE GHOST;

WHICH HAVE HITHERTO BEEN CONCEALED FROM THE PUBLIC.

"Since none the living dare implead,
Arraign him in the person of the dead."
DRYDEN.

London:
Printed for W. Bristow, in St. Paul's Churchyard;
And C. Ethrington, York.
1762.
[8vo, pp. 34.]

Among the Newbery MSS., in Mr. Murray's possession, is the following receipt in Goldsmith's handwriting :—

"Received from Mr. Newbery three guineas, for a Pamphlet respecting the Cock-Lane Ghost. "OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"*March 5th*, 1762."

This pamphlet, on a transient topic of the time,[1] escaped the researches of Mr. Prior (*Life*, i. 388), and has only recently been recovered (*Notes and Queries*, v. 77) by James Crossley, Esq., of Manchester, by whose liberality I am now enabled to include it for the first time among Goldsmith's works. Newbery had occasional dealings with Bristow, whose name is on the title-page.

---

[1] The following Essays have already appeared at different times, and in different publications. The pamphlets in which they were inserted being generally unsuccessful, these shared the common fate, without assisting the booksellers' aims, or extending the writer's reputation. The public was too strenuously employed with their own follies, to be assiduous in estimating mine; so that many of my best attempts in this way have fallen victims to the transient topic of the times; the Ghost in Cock-Lane, or the Siege of Ticonderoga.—GOLDSMITH. *Preface to Essays*, 1765.

THE MYSTERY REVEALED.

&c.

It is somewhat remarkable, that the Reformation, which in other countries banished superstition, in England, seemed to increase the credulity of the vulgar. At a time, when Bacon was employed in restoring true philosophy, King James was endeavouring to strengthen our prejudices, both by his authority and writings. Scot, Glanville, and Coleman wrote and preached with the same design; and our judges, particularly sir Matthew Hale, gave some horrid proofs of their credulity.

Since that time arguments of this kind have been pretty much rejected by all but the lowest class. The vulgar have, indeed, upon several occasions, called for justice upon supposed criminals, and when denied, have often exercised it themselves; their accusations, however, in general fell upon the poor, the ignorant, the old, or the friendless, upon persons who were unable to resist, or who, because they knew no guilt, were incapable of making an immediate defence.

But of all accusations of this nature, few seem so extraordinary as that which has lately engrossed the attention of the public, and which is still carrying on at an house in Cock-lane, near Smithfield. The continuance of the noises, the numbers who have heard them, the perseverance of the girl, and the atrociousness of the murder which she pretends to detect, are circumstances that were never perhaps so favourably united for the carrying on of imposture before. The credulous are prejudiced by the child's apparent benevolence: her age and ignorance wipe off the imputation of her being able to deceive, and one or two more, who pretend actually to have seen the apparition, are ready to strengthen her evidence.

Upon these grounds, a man, otherwise of a fair character, as will shortly appear, is rendered odious to society, shunned by such as immediately take imputation for guilt, and made unhappy in his family, without having even in law a power of redress. Few characters more deserve compassion than one that is thus branded with crimes without an accuser, attacked in a manner, at once calculated to excite curiosity and spread defamation, and all without a power of legal vindication. If a person in such circumstances disregards calumny, and appears unconcerned, he is then accused of

obstinacy and impudence; if he shrinks at the reproach, his timidity is construed as a symptom of his guilt. A writer of the life of Urban Grandier, who was maliciously accused, and burnt for being a magician, thus describes his situation:—"*If he spoke like an orator,*" says the historian, "*his accusers observe that the devil inspired his eloquence; if he was silent, they looked upon it as a tacit avowal of his guilt; when he groaned aloud under the torture, they called it obstinacy; when he fainted away, they asserted that his familiar had rendered him insensible.*" In short, if the credulous are resolved to suspect, even opposite and improbable circumstances will serve to awaken suspicion; and then calumny shall grow, though incapable of being traced to the author, or though apparently propagated by malice, resentment, or imbecility.

It is, however, a great instance of the good sense of the public upon the present occasion, that even the vulgar have scarce given the smallest degree of assent to this deception. Though no scheme was ever laid with more low cunning, and carried on with more indefatigable application, yet it has found but very few partisans, even among the very lowest of the people, who are ready enough to believe any tale of this nature. They readily perceived that it was but a trick; they were only amazed at what could be the motives for so black an imputation; they heard the person's character who had been accused very freely treated in the newspapers, and perhaps were not unwilling to believe a crime against a man whom they had been taught to dislike. I shall, therefore, upon the present occasion give the public a more satisfactory account of this whole transaction than has hitherto transpired, and that, without partiality or prejudice, I shall repeat nothing as a truth that will not upon the closest examination be found *strictly so;* living witnesses shall be appealed to in proof of each assertion. More studious of defence than recrimination, nothing is asserted that even the opponents will not confess. It is the duty of every honest man to exculpate the guiltless, and enlighten the public, and these are the only motives for my present publication.

The circumstances that gave rise to this affair are, in short, as follows:—In the year 1756, Mr. K—— was married to Miss E. L—— of L—— in the county of Norfolk, and during the short time she lived with him, they enjoyed all the happiness a married state could bestow. But in about eleven months after their cohabitation, Mr. K—— having taken the post-office at S—— in Norfolk, he and his wife were scarce settled there a month when she died in child-bed. This fatal accident, therefore, determined him to lay aside all thoughts of public business, but as he had engaged for a year certain at the post-office, he was obliged to keep house till the expiration of that term. During this interval Miss F—— L——, the person whose ghost is supposed to appear, and who was sister to his late wife, and lived with her as a companion, at her decease continued to reside with Mr. K——, in the character of his housekeeper. The frequent intercourse arising from such a situation, soon produced a very tender affection between them. Mr. K——, however, finding that by the strictness of the canon law, he was not allowed

to indulge his passion (as his deceased wife's issue by him was born alive, though it died a short time after birth), took a resolution of coming up to London, with intentions of purchasing a place in some public office, and in hopes of finding a cure from absence and dissipation. Their affections, however, seemed to increase by absence; he constantly received letters from the young lady, filled with repeated entreaties to spend the rest of their lives together, and with positive protestations of coming to London after him even on foot, if he did not procure her a more creditable conveyance. These instances of her regard and resolution awakened all his passion, and at last induced Mr. K—— to comply with her solicitations, thus at once to gratify his own inclinations as well as hers. As the canon law would have allowed him to marry her, had there been no issue born alive from his former wife, he thought himself at least, *in foro conscientiæ*, permitted to gratify his passion, nor could he see why so small an obstacle as the birth of a child, that so short a time survived its mother, should prevent his happiness.

During their residence at S—— they had contracted an acquaintance with one Mr. I——, a gentleman who lived some years in the same neighbourhood. To this gentleman, who was now settled in London, Mr. K—— had recourse as a friend; and understanding that he soon proposed spending a fortnight in Norfolk, about Whitsuntide, 1759, Mr. K—— communicated the whole affair to him, showed him her letters, and entreated him, if she persisted in her resolution of coming to London, to conduct her up to town upon his return. The gentleman complied, and, upon his going into the country, waited upon Miss F——, informed her of his instructions, and as his principal business lay at a village about twenty miles distant from her, where he intended to stay eight or ten days, he desired to be acquainted with her final resolution by letter; and, accordingly, three or four days before his intended return to town, he received a letter from her, requesting him to meet her at S——m, a market-town, exactly midway between them. Here they agreed to go for London that night, and as the Yarmouth stage-coach was going then for London, they took that opportunity, and arrived in town at about five in the evening.

Mr. K——, not being exactly apprised of the day of her arrival, was at that time at his country lodgings at Greenwich, upon which Miss F—— took a pair of oars and went to him there. As it was Mr. K——'s intention for the future to live with her as his wife, he had declared himself a married man to all his acquaintance long before her arrival, nor were any of them surprised at his bringing home a woman, whom he acknowledged as his lawful wife. She was always called by his name, and ever treated and considered as a wife by him: and from their mutual happiness and affection the contrary would have never been known, had not her relations, who by all the ties of honour and generosity were concerned to keep it a secret, taken every opportunity of divulging it to the world, and, from a pretended regard for her reputation, endeavoured to publish her shame.

As Mr. K—— could not find an house to his mind, he took her to his

lodgings near the Mansion-house, where, however, they did not continue long, for to use the expression of a gentleman, who published an account in one of the public newspapers, signed "J. A. L.," the people of the house where they lodged did not altogether approve their conduct; and indeed it would be surprising if they had, for Mr. K—— was obliged to arrest his landlord for above twenty pounds that he had lent him, a step which it is probable this same landlord did not entirely approve.

From this lodging they removed to Mr. P——'s, in Cock-lane, near West Smithfield. But it soon unfortunately happened, that his present landlord had the very same cause of dislike to Mr. K—— that his former landlord had. Money was borrowed by this as well as the former, and the same slow disposition to repay it appeared in the new as well as the old. Mr. K—— was therefore obliged to have recourse once more to law, and to sue his new landlord for twelve pounds, after many vain solicitations for payment. This, as may naturally be expected, created uneasiness and disturbances between them, and the quarrel rose to such an height, that at last he left Mr. P——'s house at an hour's warning, and took another lodging, at a jeweller's, in the same neighbourhood, an inconvenient apartment indeed, but which he expected would serve for a short time, till an house which he had taken in Bartlet-court was fitted up.

Thus far, then, we see nothing so very culpable in the conduct of Mr. K——; there was neither inveigling nor incest in the case, as the world has been taught to believe; the lady's coming to London was almost against his consent, and his living with her after as his wife, was what the canon law would have allowed, had it not been for the child by his former wife, which was born alive. This light circumstance prevented a public marriage; but to remedy this, the young lady and he took every precaution to live faithfully together, and to unite their friendship by the ties also of interest. They made their wills mutually in each other's favour; Mr. K——'s fortune was considerable, hers only amounted to a bare hundred pound; so that if there was any advantage on either side, it was on the part of the young lady. Yet, how has this been misrepresented to the public by the same gentleman, in the newspapers, who signs himself "J. A. L." He seems to intimate, that the lady was inveigled from her friends, and then decoyed into making a will, prejudicial to her own interests. But who is this person, who so disinterestedly espouses the cause of public justice, and takes this open method of aspersing Mr. K——? There is a gentleman of K——'s acquaintance, the initials of whose name are these letters, and whether he really was or not concerned in the publication, will be shortly made appear in a new course of justice.

If there be anything very culpable in Mr. K——'s behaviour, the public has now seen it; perhaps a rigid moralist would censure him in some instances of it, but certain I am, there are few who, conscious of their own transgressions, could not pardon him; what the reader has seen, however, is the only indefensible part of his character; in all other respects he was entirely blameless, and what follows of his conduct, is as open, and as well

attested, as any evidence that was ever given, and which, instead of reproach, will perhaps merit approbation.

At his new lodging he had not remained above a week when Mrs. L—— was taken ill, a physician was immediately sent for, who had occasionally visited her before; an apothecary was employed, and every precaution taken that tenderness could suggest. But the reader will best determine on the manner of her treatment by the following certificate, drawn up by the physician himself, and signed by him and the apothecary:—

"Some time in November, 1759, I visited Mr. K——, at his lodgings at Mr. P——'s, in Cock-lane,[1] and was then retained, to attend the deceased F—— in her expected labour, she being then in the sixth month of her pregnancy. In the course of the following months I visited her occasionally twice or thrice in the same house. On the 25th of January following, I received a message from Mr. K——, about nine in the morning, that the lady was ill, and wanted my assistance. I found them removed from P——'s to an inconvenient apartment in the neighbourhood. I found the lady, deceived by an acute pain in the back into an opinion that she was actually in labour; but on my declaring the contrary, found not only she, but the women about her, were extremely uneasy, still suspecting I had formed a wrong judgment; after a few hours, Mr. K—— informed me he had taken a house in Bartlet's-court, near Red-Lyon-street, Clerkenwell, and, if I thought there was no danger, would be glad to remove her thither; I told him there were no signs of labour, but that, from the symptoms, she would probably be ill some time, as I apprehended an eruptive fever, though I had not at that time any suspicion of the small-pox, as I did not know she had never had them. In the afternoon I attended the deceased in a coach (having properly secured her from receiving any injury by cold) to the house; Mr. K—— having been before sent to prepare the apartment. I had her immediately put to bed, ordered her to be blooded, and prescribed such cordial medicines as I thought were proper to throw out an eruption; a nurse was immediately provided, and all necessaries for the care of the sick patient. The next morning, I met Mr. Jones, her apothecary, by appointment; the eruption began to appear, and from the violent lumbago of the day before, and other symptoms, we prognosticated a confluent small-pox, of a very virulent nature. Mr. K—— was informed, that in her situation, the most favourable species of that distemper would be extremely hazardous, and that hers being a bad sort, the danger was very great. We endeavoured to assist nature, by early blisterings, and administered medicines of a cordial nature. The symptoms were, for the first four or five days, rather favourable, but when maturation should have been performed, the pulse flagged, the fever sank, and the whole eruption put on a wharty, pallid appearance; and, as she could not swallow but with difficulty, she could but seldom be prevailed on to take anything; she was herself sensible of her danger, and Mr. K——

[1] Parsons, the officiating clerk in the adjoining church of St. Sepulchre. Cock-lane is in West Smithfield, over against Pie Corner, where the Fire of London stopped.

was told she could not survive three or four days. He was advised, therefore, to procure a minister to visit her, which was accordingly done. For the last two days no persuasion could bring her to taste anything, so that, for near fifty hours before she died, she hardly swallowed a pint of any fluid whatever, and that, only when myself or the apothecary were present to administer it to her. The last morning of her life we found her extremely low, her eyes sunk, her speech failing, and her intellects very imperfect; we told Mr. K—— she could not then live twelve hours. Accordingly, a short time after we left her, her speech was wholly taken from her, she became senseless, a little convulsed, and expired in the evening, *viz.*, on the 2nd of February, 1762.[1] "T. C.

"The foregoing is a true relation of the case of F————, which we, who attended her in her illness, are ready to attest: as witness our hands,

"THO. COOPER, M.D.
"Northumberland-street, Charing-cross.
"JAS. JONES, Apothecary,
"Grafton-street, Soho.

"*Feb.* 8, 1762."

By this we find the lady taken ill of a disorder, in itself extremely dangerous, still more so at her mature time of life, but most of all so, as the patient was now far advanced in her pregnancy. We see her treated in the most judicious manner by persons of learning and credit, her danger prognosticated with judgment and accuracy; and her disorder going through all the regular but fatal stages, peculiar to the small-pox alone, together with her death foretold, and prepared for four days before it happened.

After such an attestation, we may judge what credit is to be given to the supposed ghost, when, among the rest of her answers, she asserts, that she was poisoned but three hours before she died. It here appears that she swallowed nothing but in presence of the physician, at least fifty hours before her death: and, in fact, there was no great necessity to poison her, if there had been such an intention, and if she could swallow, when the doctor and apothecary both joined in asserting she could not live twelve hours; and when the symptoms of approaching death but too visibly promised to anticipate the operations of even the strongest poison, so as to make the perpetration needless.

After such a full vindication, therefore, the reader may judge what credit is to be given to the calumny of the person who subscribes himself "R—— B——," a man, at best, but I will have more tenderness to his character than he had to that of Mr. K——: it is enough to observe, that he was connected with her relations, and saw nothing that he relates; there can be no credit given to this man, when he assures the public that she was *purely*, or in a fair way of doing well the day before she died.

In fact, so far from being so, that she perceived herself the approaches of death, and prevailed on Mr. K— to send for one Mr. M——s, an eminent attorney of his acquaintance, to examine her will in Mr. K——'s favour, and

[1] 1760?

if not found a good one, to draw it over anew. Upon Mr. M——'s declaring the will to be good, she asked this gentleman if it could not be made still more strongly in Mr. K——'s favour: to which he replied in the negative: upon which declaring her satisfaction, Mr. K—— asked her, if she would choose to give anything to any of her relations? to which she replied, no: he then desired to know, if she chose to divide her clothes among her sisters? To which she answered with some emotion, I have nothing to give to any one but you. She was at that time sensible: and surely had she herself suspected any foul treatment, she would never have carried her affection so far as to reward the cause of her destruction.

But she was also attended by a divine of the Church of England, Mr. A——,[1] a gentleman equally remarkable for his benevolence, learning, and morals: he was a witness to Mr. K—'s treatment and her behaviour; he declares, and has often declared, that never, during the time of his visits, did he see a grief more expressive than in Mr. K——, nor a tenderness more affecting than in the deceased.

As soon as she died, Mr. K—— sent her sister, who lived in Pall-mall, the earliest notice; ordered an undertaker to make as good a coffin as he could, both lined and covered; but being apprehensive of a prosecution if he gave her his own name upon it, and being unwilling to give her any other, he desired that no name should be fixed; but afterwards, when called upon for to have her name registered, finding himself obliged to give some name, he gave her his own, being determined she should not suffer reproach, whatever might be the result.

Her funeral was as decent as his circumstances could permit; and her sister, who was present, wept over the corpse for some time before the coffin was screwed down; by which it farther appears what credit should be given to the aforesaid B——, when he says, that "*her sister was deprived of the pleasure of seeing her dear sister's body, as the coffin had been screwed down some time before she came to the house.*" Her sister wept for some time over the body while yet exposed, and the coffin being then screwed down, she attended it with the company to the vault in St. J——, Clerkenwell,[2] and seemed at that time well satisfied with her sister's treatment.

Mr. K——, upon their return, offered her any part of the clothes of the deceased, or the whole, if she chose them; to which she replied, that she looked upon Mr. K——'s behaviour to her sister in the same light as if they had actually been married, and that he was welcome to all that he was possessed of belonging to her sister.

Such is the plain narrative of the behaviour of Mr. K—— to Miss L——, not supported by mere assertion, but by facts, that will bear the strictest scrutiny; not by witnesses remote or obscure, but by persons of undoubted credit, candour, and veracity; not produced as supporters of a controversy,

[1] The Rev. Mr. Aldrich of Clerkenwell.

[2] The church of St. John's Clerkenwell, a plain, ugly structure in St. John's-square, with an early English crypt, part of the choir of the priory of St. John of Jerusalem.

for the accusation is too ridiculous to admit one, but mentioned in order to carry conviction. And, indeed, it was happy for him that his conduct was observed by a greater number of persons than are generally present upon such occasions; his behaviour could admit of no suspicion, and there were no suspicious persons concerned in the transaction.

A person who had behaved in so fair and open a manner, might surely have no reason to expect reproach upon this affair; he might rest in security that no accusation or calumny, arising from his former conduct, could affect him now: but he was attacked from a quarter that no person in his senses could in the least have imagined; in a manner that but to mention, would have excited the laughter of thousands: after an interval of two years, all of a sudden, he was surprised with the horrid imputation of being a murderer, of having murdered the person he held most dear upon earth; of having murdered her by poison: and who is his accuser? Why, a ghost! The reader laughs; yet, ridiculous as the witness is, groundless as the accusation, it has served to make one man completely unhappy. The slightest evils by frequent repetition at last become real misfortunes; and the imputation of great crimes, however unsupported, often blacken a character more than the commission of smaller ones.

I would not choose to pall the reader with a repetition of transactions which he has already heard too often repeated, but the story of the ghost is in brief as follows:—For some time a knocking and scratching has been heard in the night at Mr. P——s's, where Mr. K—— and Mrs. L—— formerly lodged, to the great terror of the family; and several methods were tried to discover the imposture, but without success. This knocking and scratching was generally heard in a little room in which Mr. P——s's two children lay, the eldest of which was a girl about twelve or thirteen years old. The purport of this knocking was not thoroughly conceived, till the eldest child pretended to see the actual ghost of the deceased lady mentioned above. When she had seen the ghost, a weak ignorant publican also, who lived in the neighbourhood, asserted that he had seen it too; and Mr. P——s himself (the gentleman whom Mr. K—— had disobliged by suing for money), he also saw the ghost about the same time: the girl saw it without hands, in a shroud; the other two saw it with hands, all luminous and shining. There was one unlucky circumstance, however, in the apparition; though it appeared to three several persons, and could knock, scratch, and flutter, yet its coming would have been to no manner of purpose, had it not been kindly assisted by the persons thus haunted. It was impossible for a ghost that could not speak to make any discovery; the people, therefore, to whom it appeared, kindly undertook to make the discovery themselves, and the ghost, by knocking, gave its assent to their method of wording the accusation; thus there was nothing illegal on any side; Mr. K——'s character was blackened without an accuser; the persons haunted only asked questions, no doubt merely from curiosity, without any assertion that could be reprehended; and answers by knocking could by no means be looked upon as a legal cause of impeachment. Thousands who believed nothing of the matter

came, in order, if possible, to detect its falsity, or satisfy curiosity; and the words poison and murder being frequently joined with the name of the supposed offender, that name became everywhere public, joined to an accusation which, whether believed or not, in itself is to a sensitive mind sufficient misery; to become everywhere remarkable by imputed guilt, is certainly a state of uneasiness that only falls short of a consciousness of real villany.

When therefore the spirit taught the assistants, or rather the assistants had taught the spirit (for that could not speak), that Mr. K. was the murderer, the road lay then open, and every night the farce was carried on, to the amusement of several who attended with all the good-humour which the spending one night with novelty inspires; they jested with the ghost; soothed it, flattered it, while none was truly unhappy, but him whose character was thus repeatedly rendered odious and trifled with, merely to amuse idle curiosity.

To have a proper idea of this scene, as it is now carried on, the reader is to conceive a very small room with a bed in the middle; the girl, at the usual hour of going to bed, is undressed, and put in with proper solemnity; the spectators are next introduced, who sit looking at each other, suppressing laughter, and wait in silent expectation for the opening of the scene. As the ghost is a good deal offended at incredulity, the persons present are to conceal theirs if they have any, as by this concealment they can only hope to gratify their curiosity. For if they show, either before or when the knocking is begun, a too prying inquisition, or ludicrous style of thinking, the ghost continues usually silent, or, to use the expression of the house, Miss Fanny is angry. The spectators therefore have nothing for it but to sit quiet and credulous, otherwise they must hear no ghost, which is no small disappointment for persons who have come for no other purpose.

The girl who knows by some secret when the ghost is to appear, sometimes apprises the assistants of its intended visitation. It first begins to scratch, and then to answer questions, giving two knocks for a negative, and one for an affirmative. By this means it tells whether a watch, when held up, be white, blue, yellow, or black; how many clergymen are in the room, though in this sometimes mistaken; it evidently distinguishes white men from negroes, with several other marks of sagacity; however it is sometimes mistaken in questions of a private nature, when it deigns to answer them,—for instance, the ghost was ignorant where she dined upon Mr. K.'s marriage; how many of her relations were at church upon the same occasion; but particularly she called her father John instead of Thomas, a mistake indeed a little extraordinary in a ghost; but perhaps she was willing to verify the old proverb, that *it is a wise child that knows its own father*. However, though sometimes right, and sometimes wrong, she pretty invariably persists in one story, namely, that she was poisoned in a cup of purl, by red arsenic, a poison unheard of before, by Mr. K. in her last illness; and that she heartily wishes him hanged.

It is no easy matter to remark upon an evidence of this nature, but it

may not be unnecessary to observe, that the ghost, though fond of company, is particularly modest upon these occasions, an enemy to the light of a candle, and always most silent before those from whose rank and understanding she could most reasonably expect redress. When a committee of gentlemen of eminence for their rank, learning, and good sense, were assembled to give the ghost a fair hearing, then, one might have thought, would have been the time to knock loudest, and to exert every effort: then was the time to bring the guilty to justice, and to give every possible method of information; but in what manner she behaved upon this test of her reality, will better appear from the committee's own words than mine. Their advertisement[1] runs thus:—

"I think it proper to acquaint the public, that the following account of the proceedings of the committee of gentlemen, who met at my house on Monday evening, in order to enquire into the reality of the supposed visitation of a departed spirit at a house in Cock-lane, is alone authentic, and was drawn up, with the concurrence and approbation of the assembly, while they were present; and that the account in the Ledger of this day contains many circumstances not founded in truth. STE. ALDRICH."

"*February* 1*st*, 1762.

"On this night many gentlemen, eminent for their rank and character, were, by the invitation of the Rev. Mr. Aldrich, of Clerkenwell, assembled at his house for the examination of the noises supposed to be made by a departed spirit, for the detection of some enormous crime.

"About ten at night the gentlemen met in the chamber, in which the girl, supposed to be disturbed by a spirit, had, with proper caution, been put to bed by several ladies: they sat rather more than an hour, and hearing nothing, went down stairs, where they interrogated the father of the girl, who denied in the strongest terms any knowledge or belief of fraud.

"The supposed spirit had before publicly promised, by an affirmative knock, that it would attend one of the gentlemen into the vault under the church of St. John, Clerkenwell, where the body is deposited, and give a token of her presence there by a knock upon her coffin; it was therefore determined to make this trial of the existence or veracity of the supposed spirit.

[1] The advertisement was drawn up by Dr. Johnson, who took an active part in the detection of the imposture, for which he was caricatured by Churchill as *Pomposo* in "The Ghost." The top of the thermometer in Hogarth's picture of "The Medley" is divided into two equal portions; in one half the girl is seen in bed, and in the other half the ghost, in the act of knocking, to announce her arrival.

"Yet still will you for jokes sit watching,
Like Cock-lane ghost for Fanny's scratching."
Garrick, Prologue upon Prologues to The Deuce is in Him.

The house was on the north side of the street, about half-way up, and has long been taken down. (*See* Cunningham's Handbook of London, *art.* "Cock Lane.")

"While they were enquiring and deliberating, they were summoned into the girl's chamber by some ladies, who were near her bed, and who had heard knocks and scratches: when the gentlemen entered, the girl declared, that she felt the spirit like a mouse upon her back; and was required to hold her hands out of bed. From that time, though the spirit was very solemnly required to manifest its existence, by appearance, by impression on the hand or body of any present, by scratches, knocks, or any agency, no evidence of any preternatural power was exhibited.

"The spirit was then very seriously advertised, that the person, to whom the promise was made of striking the coffin, was then about to visit the vault, and that the performance of the promise was then claimed. The company at one went into the church, and the gentleman to whom the promise was made, went, with one more into the vault. The spirit was solemnly required to perform its promise, but nothing more than silence ensued. The person supposed to be accused by the spirit, then went down, with several others, but no effect was perceived. Upon their return they examined the girl, but could draw no confession from her: between two and three, she desired, and was permitted, to go home with her father.

"It is therefore the opinion of the whole assembly, that the child has some art of making or counterfeiting particular noises, and that there is no agency of any higher cause."[1]

Such an account will convince those who are under the influence of reason, but nothing can gain over some, who from their infancy have been taught to believe, but not to think. To convince such, it were to be wished, that the committee had continued their scrutiny a night or two longer, by which means the impostor would in all probability be caught in the fact, or at least more thoroughly detected. For if the ghost persisted in such company to continue silent, it would then be obvious, that it was afraid of the discovery it pretended to aim at; or if it continued to knock or scratch, the noises by explaining themselves could not long frustrate a judicious enquiry.

But as it is, the ghost still continues to practise as before, and in some measure remains undetected; and it is probable she will thus continue, for a much longer time, to exhibit among friends who desire no detection, or among the curious, whose pleasure is in proportion to the deception. The ghost knows perfectly well before whom to exhibit. She could, as we see, venture well enough to fright the ladies, or perhaps some men, about as courageous as ladies, and as discerning, but when the committee had come up, and gathered round the bed, it was no time then to attempt at deception, the ghost was angry, and very judiciously kept her hunters at bay.

But let not the reader imagine that I would seriously produce formal

[1] This solemn inquiry undeceived the world; and the contrivers of the imposture were punished for what they did. Parsons, the father of the girl, was set three several times in the pillory "at the end of Cock-lane," and imprisoned for one year in the King's Bench Prison. London mobs are curiously composed; instead of pelting Parsons in the pillory, they collected a subscription for him.—*Cunningham's Handbook of London, art.* "Cock Lane."

arguments to refute an accusation, which upon the first blush answers itself; what was once said to a writer, who drew up a book to prove the iniquity of the Inquisition, might in such a case be applied to me. "*Men,*" said he, "*who read books of controversy, are already convinced of the absurdity you undertake to refute; while those who believe such falsehoods never examine their own opinion, and will consequently never read yours.*"

The question in this case, therefore, is not whether the ghost be true or false, but who are the contrivers, or what can be the motives for this vile deception? To attempt to assign the motives of any action, is not so easy a task as many imagine. A thousand events have risen from caprice, pride, or mere idleness, which an undiscerning spectator might have attributed to reason, resentment, and close laid design. It would not therefore become me, who have been now endeavouring to vindicate innocence, to lay the blame of this imposture on any individual upon earth, though never so rationally to be suspected. All I shall say is, that, as the reader may remember, Mr. K—— has many who owe him an ill-will. His landlord at one house, whom he arrested for money lent him, had cause of resentment; his landlord in Cock-lane, the father of the child, whom he was obliged to sue from similar motives, was, it is to be supposed, willing enough to retaliate the supposed injury. But above all, Mrs. L——'s relations, who had filled a bill in Chancery against him, just two months before this infernal agent appeared to strengthen their plea. This law-suit between him and the family of the deceased is of a domestic nature, and therefore unfit at present to be laid before the public; all that is necessary to be mentioned is that their animosity has been carried to the highest pitch, and that since its commencement they have pursued him with implacable resentment. What may be the justice of his cause or their anger, the proper judges and not the public are to determine; but whether it goes for or against him, the world may be assured that the whole true state of this Chancery suit (as far as is consistent with law) will be very minutely laid before them upon a proper occasion; for the present it is sufficient to observe that it was commenced in November last, while Mr. K—— was upon a journey for his brother, and that when he returned, to put in his appearance, he soon found a prosecution of a much more terrible nature commenced against him, more terrible as unexpected, and more dangerous as the cause was unknown.

I have now as briefly, and indeed as tenderly as I could, stated the whole of this most surprising transaction, and the reader by this time sees how far Mr. K—— is culpable. He sees him living affectionately with a woman as his wife, whom the laws of nature allowed him to love, but the strictness of the canon-law forbade him to marry. He sees every possible method taken to preserve this woman's reputation and life, and the most reputable persons produced as witnesses of her end. He sees men of the highest rank, both for birth, character, and learning, joined to acknowledge the whole of the pretended ghost, as an imposition upon the public, and lastly he sees those who pretend to bear witness to the accusation, persons of a mixed reputation, of gross ignorance, great cruelty, and what is more, armed with

resentment against him. I would not wish, however, to turn the popular resentment upon any particular person, but I think it my duty to divert it somewhere from the guiltless.

But still it seems something extraordinary, how this imposition could be so long carried on without a discovery. However, when we compare it to some others which have successfully deceived the public a yet longer time, our wonder will be in some measure diminished. It was the observation of Erasmus, that whenever people flock to see a miracle, they are generally sure of seeing a miracle: they bring an heated imagination, and an eager curiosity to the scene of action, give themselves up blindly to deception, and each is better pleased with having it to say, that he had seen something very strange, than that he was made the dupe of his own credulity. There are many alive now, who must, I suppose, remember the famous impostor, Richard Hathaway, whose case is recorded in the State Trials. This ignorant creature deceived the public both successfully and long. He vomited in public crooked pins, which he had previously swallowed in private; he accused an innocent person of magic; he pretended to fast for a month together, and even in this deceived his guardians, with twenty other feats; by which means the person he accused, was actually imprisoned, and stood her trial at the Guildford assizes. The circumstances were strong, but then was not the time for burning for witchcraft, as about an age before: the poor woman was acquitted, and her accuser ordered to prison in her stead; Hathaway was consigned to the care of an apothecary, who lived at Guildford, if I remember, and here guarded by a maid, who pretended to be sorry for his situation, and took part in his distress: to her, therefore, he confessed all his impostures, and the apothecary actually detected him at last, through an hole in his chamber wall, either hiding more pins in his mouth, or making an hearty meal upon provisions the maid had stole for him. Richard, however, though put in the pillory as an impostor, had many partisans of credit and reputation; and some were so credulous as to suppose him sincere, even after his own confession to the contrary.

The people believed in Richard, but there never was an instance in which they were in general so much averse to imposture, as in the present attempt to deceive them; it is not known, however, what effect a continuance of those endeavours, if not silenced by proper methods, may have: it is easy to conceive how much credulity is wrought upon by perseverance; *even pious and orthodox divines themselves have been known to give credit to the strangest falsehoods of this kind:* and Glanville declares his solemn belief in a ghost, whose only business consisted in playing tricks, and clattering plates and trenchers.

In fact, the people can at last be taught to believe anything, and may probably, by perseverance, be taught to believe this; nor can I avoid deploring the easiness with which some, whose duty it is to guide them from error, suffer themselves to be led into it. A story that I am going to relate, will serve as an instance, how far the public may deceive themselves, and how far even a Protestant divine may, unknowingly,

help the imposture. The account is given us by Adrian Regenvolscius, a Protestant divine, in a work entitled, "A Chronological System of History, respecting the Reformation in Sclavonia;" printed in Utrecht, 1652, p. 95. He mentions it as a transaction, for the truth of which he can vouch, and his prudence and the historian's veracity are confirmed still further by Voetius, one of the most eminent theologicians of his time, and who was himself the editor. The passage is this:—

"In the number of these obstacles to the reformation in Poland, which we have already mentioned, we may add another, namely, about the year 1597, God permitted the appearance of a certain spirit (at first it could not be said whether it was black or white) to delude several from the true faith, after the old superstitions. There was a certain girl, whose name was Bietka, who was courted by a young man called Zachary; they were both natives of Weilam, and had received their education there. This youth, though in deacon's orders, and also soon expected to be priested, was nevertheless resolved to marry Bietka, and accordingly they mutually plighted a promise to each other; but his father, in consideration of the rank which he held in the church, prevented his marriage, upon which he became melancholy, and soon after hanged himself. A short time after his death, a spirit appeared to the disconsolate Bietka, which pretended to be the soul of Zachary her lover, assuring her that he was sent by God, to apprise her of his displeasure at the rashness of his death, and that, as she had been the principal cause of his temerity, he was come to accomplish his promise to her, and to marry her. This false spirit knew perfectly well how to cajole this poor girl, by promising to enrich her so; that he at length persuaded her that he was in reality the spirit of her lover; and she accordingly plighted him her marriage vow. The noise of this extraordinary match between a woman and a spirit was quickly spread over the whole country, and the curious from every quarter flocked in to be witness of so extraordinary an affair.

"Many of the Polish nobility who believed in the honesty of the spirit, became intimately acquainted with him; and even many of them brought him home to their houses. By these means Bietka amassed a large sum of money, and so much the more, as the spirit would not return an answer, nor speak to a single person, nor foretell the smallest occurrence without his wife's consent. The spirit lived a whole year in the house of the Sieur Trepka, intendant of Cracovia; from thence going from house to house, he went at last to reside with a certain widow lady, whose name was Wlodkow, where he remained for the space of two years, and there played all the tricks of which he was capable. The principal are as follow: He told all things past and present. He talked in favour of the Roman Catholic religion, and assured his auditors, that the Reformers were all damned. He would not even permit one of them to approach him, for he considered them as unworthy his conversation; he rather persisted in assuring his audience, that their only study was novelty, and not reformation; and thus he brought back many again to popery.

"Hitherto not a single creature had perceived that this spirit was the devil, nor would it have ever been known, had it not been for some Polanders, who, going to Rome in the year of jubilee 1600, spread the news of the spirit through the whole country. A certain Italian who understood magic, hearing this report, among others, and being informed that the spirit had now exhibited five years, recollected that he had lost a spirit about that time, which he had long kept confined near his person. This magician, therefore, went to Poland, and waiting upon Dame Wlodkow, demanded his property, to the astonishment of all the spectators. He insisted that this devil, which had fled from him, should be restored back; with which reasonable request the lady instantly complied; he once more therefore shut up this malicious spirit in a ring, and brought him back to Italy, assuring the people that, had the devil been permitted to stay in Poland much longer, he would have drawn down numberless miseries upon the nation."

One would think, that a story of this nature could hardly gain credit, and yet it deceived a whole nation for five years successively; what is still more surprising, it deceived a Protestant divine, otherwise of sense and of learning. I cannot avoid thinking, that there are several similar circumstances between this Polish ghost and the ghost of Cock-lane. The ghost at Cock-lane answered questions, so did Zachary; the Cock-lane ghost is visited by the nobility, so was Zachary; the Cock-lane ghost plays tricks, so did Zachary; the Cock-lane ghost follows a girl, so did Zachary. There is one circumstance, however, in which the parallel will not hold good; Zachary was believed to be a real ghost by a Protestant divine; but I fancy no Protestant divine can be found among us, so much the old woman, as to lend even a moment's assent to the ghost in Cock-lane.[1]

[1] I went to hear it, for it is not an apparition but an audition. We set out from the Opera, changed our clothes at Northumberland-house, the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, Lord Hertford, and I, all in one hackney-coach, and drove to the spot; it rained torrents; yet the lane was full of mob, and the house so full we could not get in; at last they discovered it was the Duke of York, and the company squeezed themselves into one another's pockets to make room for us. The house, which is borrowed, and to which the ghost has adjourned, is wretchedly small and miserable; when we opened the chamber, in which were fifty people, with no light but one tallow candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child to whom the ghost comes, and whom they are murdering by inches in such insufferable heat and stench. At the top of the room are ropes to dry clothes. I asked if we were to have rope-dancing between the acts. We heard nothing; they told us (as they would at a puppet-show) that it would not come that night till seven in the morning, that is, when there are only 'prentices and old women. We stayed, however, till half-an-hour after one. The Methodists have promised them contributions; provisions are sent in like forage, and all the taverns and ale-houses in the neighbourhood make fortunes."—*Walpole to Montagu, Feb. 2nd*, 1762.

The daughter of Parsons, after being twice married, died about 1806, the wife of a gardener near Chiswick.—*Pennant's London Improved*, p. 267.

VIDA'S GAME OF CHESS,

AS IT HAS BEEN FOUND TRANSCRIBED IN THE HANDWRITING

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH,

NOW FIRST PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL MS.

IN THE POSSESSION OF

BOLTON CORNEY, ESQ.

Of the MS. of this translation, Mr. Forster, who has drawn largely and importantly from it, gives the following account:—"It is a small quarto manuscript of thirty-four pages, containing 679 lines, to which a fly-leaf is appended, in which Goldsmith notes the differences of nomenclature between Vida's chessmen and our own. It has occasional interlineations and corrections, but rather such as would occur in transcription, than in a first or original copy. Sometimes, indeed, choice appears to have been made (as at page 29) between two words equally suitable to the sense and verse, as 'to' for 'toward;' but the insertions and erasures refer almost wholly to words or lines accidentally omitted and replaced. The triplet is always carefully marked; and though it is seldom found in any other of Goldsmith's poems, I am disposed to regard its frequent recurrence, here, as even helping in some degree to explain the motive which had led him to the trial of an experiment in rhyme comparatively new to him. If we suppose him, half consciously it may be, taking up the manner of the great master of translation, Dryden, who was at all times so much a favourite with him, he would at least be less apt to fall short in so marked a peculiarity, than to err perhaps a little on the side of excess. Though I am far from thinking such to be the result in the present instance. The effect of the whole translation is very pleasing to me, and the mock heroic effect I think not a little assisted by the reiterated use of the triplet and Alexandrine. As to any evidences of authorship derivable from the appearance of the manuscript, I will only add another word. The lines in the translation have been carefully counted, and the number is marked in Goldsmith's hand at the close of his transcription. Such a fact is, of course, only to be taken in aid of other proof; but a man is not generally at the pains of counting,—still less, I should say, in such a case as Goldsmith's, of elaborately transcribing, lines which are not his own."—*Forster's Goldsmith*, ii. 265.

There had been an earlier translation of the poem by George Jeffreys (4to., 1736), but it is very inferior to the translation which Mr. Corney has now enabled me to reprint.

VIDA'S GAME OF CHESS.

TRANSLATED.

ARMIES of box that sportively engage,
And mimic real battles in their rage,
Pleased I recount; how, smit with glory's charms,
Two mighty Monarchs met in adverse arms,
Sable and white: assist me to explore,
Ye Serian Nymphs, what ne'er was sung before.
No path appears; yet resolute I stray
Where youth undaunted bids me force my way.
O'er rocks and cliffs while I the task pursue,
Guide me, ye Nymphs, with your unerring clue.
For you the rise of this diversion know,
You first were pleased in Italy to show
This studious sport; from Scacchis was its name,
The pleasing record of your Sister's fame.
  When Jove through Ethiopia's parch'd extent
To grace the nuptials of old Ocean went,
Each god was there; and mirth and joy around
To shores remote diffused their happy sound.
Then when their hunger and their thirst no more
Claim'd their attention, and the feast was o'er;
Ocean, with pastime to divert the thought,
Commands a painted table to be brought.
Sixty-four spaces fill the chequer'd square;
Eight in each rank eight equal limits share.
Alike their form, but different are their dyes,
They fade alternate, and alternate rise,
White after black; such various stains as those
The shelving backs of tortoises disclose.
Then to the Gods that mute and wondering sate,
You see (says he) the field prepared for fate.
Here will the little armies please your sight,
With adverse colours hurrying to the fight:

On which so oft, with silent sweet surprise,
The Nymphs and Nereids used to feast their eyes,
And all the neighbours of the hoary deep,
When calm the sea, and winds were lull'd asleep.
But see, the mimic heroes tread the board;
He said, and straightway from an urn he pour'd
The sculptured box, that neatly seem'd to ape
The graceful figure of a human shape :—
Equal the strength and number of each foe,
Sixteen appear'd like jet, sixteen like snow.
As their shape varies various is the name,
Different their posts, nor is their strength the same.
There might you see two Kings with equal pride
Gird on their arms, their Consorts by their side;
Here the Foot-warriors glowing after fame,
There prancing Knights and dexterous Archers came
And Elephants, that on their backs sustain
Vast towers of war, and fill and shake the plain.
  And now both hosts, preparing for the storm
Of adversé battle, their encampments form.
In the fourth space, and on the farthest line,
Directly opposite the Monarchs shine;
The swarthy on white ground, on sable stands
The silver King; and thence they send commands.
Nearest to these the Queens exert their might;
One the left side, and t'other guards the right:
Where each, by her respective armour known,
Chooses the colour that is like her own.
Then the young Archers, two that snowy-white
Bend the tough yew, and two as black as night;
(Greece call'd them Mars's favourites heretofore,
From their delight in war, and thirst of gore).
These on each side the Monarch and his Queen
Surround obedient; next to these are seen
The crested Knights in golden armour gay;
Their steeds by turns curvet, or snort or neigh.
In either army on each distant wing
Two mighty Elephants their castles bring,
Bulwarks immense! and then at last combine
Eight of the Foot to form the second line,
The vanguard to the King and Queen; from far
Prepared to open all the fate of war.
So moved the boxen hosts, each double-lined,
Their different colours floating in the wind:
As if an army of the Gauls should go,
With their white standards, o'er the Alpine snow

To meet in rigid fight on scorching sands
The sun-burnt Moors and Memnon's swarthy bands.
  Then Father Ocean thus; you see them here,
Celestial Powers, what troops, what camps appear.
Learn now the sev'ral orders of the fray,
For ev'n these arms their stated laws obey.
To lead the fight, the Kings from all their bands
Choose whom they please to bear their great commands.
Should a black hero first to battle go,
Instant a white one guards against the blow;
But only one at once can charge or shun the foe.
Their gen'ral purpose on one scheme is bent,
So to besiege the King within the tent,
That there remains no place by subtle flight
From danger free; and that decides the fight.
Meanwhile, howe'er, the sooner to destroy
Th' imperial Prince, remorseless they employ
Their swords in blood; and whosoever dare
Oppose their vengeance, in the ruin share.
Fate thins their camp; the parti-coloured field
Widens apace, as they o'ercome or yield,
But the proud victor takes the captive's post;
There fronts the fury of th' avenging host
One single shock: and (should he ward the blow),
May then retire at pleasure from the foe.
The Foot alone (so their harsh laws ordain)
When they proceed can ne'er return again.
  But neither all rush on alike to prove
The terror of their arms: the Foot must move
Directly on, and but a single square;
Yet may these heroes, when they first prepare
To mix in combat on the bloody mead,
Double their sally, and two steps proceed;
But when they wound, their swords they subtly guide
With aim oblique, and slanting pierce his side.
But the great Indian beasts, whose backs sustain
Vast turrets arm'd, when on the redd'ning plain
They join in all the terror of the fight,
Forward or backward, to the left or right,
Run furious, and impatient of confine
Scour through the field, and threat the farthest line.
Yet must they ne'er obliquely aim their blows;
That only manner is allow'd to those
Whom Mars has favour'd most, who bend the stubborn bows.
These glancing sidewards in a straight career,
Yet each confined to their respective sphere,

Or white or black, can send th' unerring dart
Wing'd with swift death to pierce through ev'ry part.
The fiery steed, regardless of the reins,
Comes prancing on; but sullenly disdains
The path direct, and boldly wheeling round,
Leaps o'er a double space at ev'ry bound:
And shifts from white or black to diff'rent colour'd ground.
But the fierce Queen, whom dangers ne'er dismay,
The strength and terror of the bloody day,
In a straight line spreads her destruction wide,
To left or right, before, behind, aside.
Yet may she never with a circling course
Sweep to the battle like the fretful Horse;
But unconfined may at her pleasure stray,
If neither friend nor foe block up the way;
For to o'erleap a warrior, 'tis decreed
Those only dare who curb the snorting steed.
With greater caution and majestic state
The warlike Monarchs in the scene of fate
Direct their motions, since for these appear
Zealous each hope, and anxious ev'ry fear.
While the King's safe, with resolution stern
They clasp their arms; but should a sudden turn
Make him a captive, instantly they yield,
Resolved to share his fortune in the field.
He moves on slow; with reverence profound
His faithful troops encompass him around,
And oft, to break some instant fatal scheme,
Rush to their fates, their sov'reign to redeem;
While he, unanxious where to wound the foe,
Need only shift and guard against a blow.
But none, however, can presume t' appear
Within his reach, but must his vengeance fear;
For he on ev'ry side his terror throws;
But when he changes from his first repose,
Moves but one step, most awfully sedate,
Or idly roving, or intent on fate.
These are the sev'ral and establish'd laws:
Now see how each maintains his bloody cause.
  Here paused the God, but (since whene'er they wage
War here on earth the Gods themselves engage
In mutual battle as they hate or love,
And the most stubborn war is oft above),
Almighty Jove commands the circling train
Of Gods from fav'ring either to abstain,

And let the fight be silently survey'd;
And added solemn threats if disobey'd.
Then call'd he Phœbus from among the Powers
And subtle Hermes, whom in softer hours
Fair Maia bore: youth wanton'd in their face;
Both in life's bloom, both shone with equal grace.
Hermes as yet had never wing'd his feet;
As yet Apollo in his radiant seat
Had never driv'n his chariot through the air,
Known by his bow alone and golden hair.
These Jove commission'd to attempt the fray,
And rule the sportive military day;
Bid them agree which party each maintains,
And promised a reward that's worth their pains.
The greater took their seats; on either hand
Respectful the less Gods in order stand,
But careful not to interrupt their play,
By hinting when t' advance or run away.
  Then they examine, who shall first proceed
To try their courage, and their army lead.
Chance gave it for the White, that he should go
First with a brave defiance to the foe.
Awhile he ponder'd which of all his train
Should bear his first commission o'er the plain;
And then determined to begin the scene
With him that stood before to guard the Queen.
He took a double step: with instant care
Does the black Monarch in his turn prepare
The adverse champion, and with stern command
Bid him repel the charge with equal hand.
There front to front, the midst of all the field,
With furious threats their shining arms they wield;
Yet vain the conflict, neither can prevail
While in one path each other they assail.
On ev'ry side to their assistance fly
Their fellow soldiers, and with strong supply
Crowd to the battle, but no bloody stain
Tinctures their armour; sportive in the plain
Mars plays awhile, and in excursion slight
Harmless they sally forth, or wait the fight.
  But now the swarthy Foot, that first appear'd
To front the foe, his pond'rous jav'lin rear'd
Leftward aslant, and a pale warrior slays,
Spurns him aside, and boldly takes his place.
Unhappy youth, his danger not to spy!
Instant he fell, and triumph'd but to die.

At this the sable King with prudent care
Removed his station from the middle square,
And slow retiring to the farthest ground,
There safely lurk'd, with troops entrench'd around.
Then from each quarter to the war advance
The furious Knights, and poise the trembling lance:
By turns they rush, by turns the victors yield,
Heaps of dead Foot choke up the crimson'd field:
They fall unable to retreat; around
The clang of arms and iron hoofs resound.
  But while young Phœbus pleased himself to view
His furious Knight destroy the vulgar crew,
Sly Hermes long'd t' attempt with secret aim
Some noble act of more exalted fame.
For this, he inoffensive pass'd along
Through ranks of Foot, and midst the trembling throng
Sent his left Horse, that free without confine
Roved o'er the plain, upon some great design
Against the King himself. At length he stood,
And having fix'd his station as he would,
Threaten'd at once with instant fate the King
And th' Indian beast that guarded the right wing.
Apollo sigh'd, and hast'ning to relieve
The straiten'd Monarch, grieved that he must leave
His martial Elephant exposed to fate,
And view'd with pitying eyes his dang'rous state.
First in his thoughts however was his care
To save his King, whom to the neighbouring square
On the right hand, he snatch'd with trembling flight;
At this with fury springs the sable Knight,
Drew his keen sword, and rising to the blow,
Sent the great Indian brute to shades below.
O fatal loss! for none except the Queen
Spreads such a terror through the bloody scene.
Yet shall you ne'er unpunish'd boast your prize,
The Delian God with stern resentment cries;
And wedged him round with foot, and pour'd in fresh supplies.
Thus close besieged trembling he cast his eye
Around the plain, but saw no shelter nigh,
No way for flight; for here the Queen opposed,
The Foot in phalanx there the passage closed:
At length he fell; yet not unpleased with fate,
Since victim to a Queen's vindictive hate.
With grief and fury burns the whiten'd host,
One of their Tow'rs thus immaturely lost.

As when a bull has in contention stern
Lost his right horn, with double vengeance burn
His thoughts for war, with blood he's cover'd o'er,
And the woods echo to his dismal roar,
So look'd the flaxen host, when angry fate
O'erturn'd the Indian bulwark of their state.
Fired at this great success, with double rage
Apollo hurries on his troops t' engage,
For blood and havoc wild; and, while he leads
His troops thus careless, loses both his steeds:
For if some adverse warriors were o'erthrown,
He little thought what dangers threat his own.
But slyer Hermes with observant eyes
March'd slowly cautious, and at distance spies
What moves must next succeed, what dangers next arise.
Often would he, the stately Queen to snare,
The slender Foot to front her arms prepare,
And to conceal his scheme he sighs and feigns
Such a wrong step would frustrate all his pains.
Just then an Archer, from the right-hand view,
At the pale Queen his arrow boldly drew,
Unseen by Phœbus, who, with studious thought
From the left side a vulgar hero brought.
But tender Venus, with a pitying eye,
Viewing the sad destruction that was nigh,
Wink'd upon Phœbus (for the Goddess sat
By chance directly opposite); at that
Roused in an instant, young Apollo threw
His eyes around the field his troops to view;
Perceived the danger, and with sudden fright
Withdrew the Foot that he had sent to fight,
And saved his trembling Queen by seasonable flight.
But Maia's son with shouts fill'd all the coast:
The Queen, he cried, the important Queen is lost.
Phœbus, howe'er, resolving to maintain
What he had done, bespoke the heavenly train.
  What mighty harm, in sportive mimic fight,
Is it to set a little blunder right,
When no preliminary rule debarr'd?
If you henceforward, Mercury, would guard
Against such practice, let us make the law:
And whosoe'er shall first to battle draw,
Or white, or black, remorseless let him go
At all events, and dare the angry foe.
  He said, and this opinion pleased around:
Jove turn'd aside, and on his daughter frown'd,

Unmark'd by Hermes, who, with strange surprise,
Fretted and foam'd, and roll'd his ferret eyes,
And but with great reluctance could refrain
From dashing at a blow all off the plain.
Then he resolved to interweave deceits,—
To carry on the war by tricks and cheats.
Instant he call'd an Archer from the throng,
And bid him like the courser wheel along:
Bounding he springs, and threats the pallid Queen.
The fraud, however, was by Phœbus seen;
He smiled, and, turning to the Gods, he said:
Though, Hermes, you are perfect in your trade,
And you can trick and cheat to great surprise,
These little sleights no more shall blind my eyes;
Correct them if you please, the more you thus disguise.
The circle laugh'd aloud; and Maia's son
(As if it had but by mistake been done)
Recall'd his Archer, and with motion due,
Bid him advance, the combat to renew.
But Phœbus watch'd him with a jealous eye,
Fearing some trick was ever lurking nigh,
For he would oft, with sudden sly design,
Send forth at once two combatants to join
His warring troops, against the law of arms,
Unless the wary foe was ever in alarms.
  Now the white Archer with his utmost force
Bent the tough bow against the sable Horse,
And drove him from the Queen, where he had stood
Hoping to glut his vengeance with her blood.
Then the right Elephant with martial pride
Roved here and there, and spread his terrors wide:
Glittering in arms from far a courser came,
Threaten'd at once the King and Royal Dame;
Thought himself safe when he the post had seized,
And with the future spoils his fancy pleased.
Fired at the danger a young Archer came,
Rush'd on the foe, and levell'd sure his aim;
(And though a Pawn his sword in vengeance draws,
Gladly he'd lose his life in glory's cause).
The whistling arrow to his bowels flew,
And the sharp steel his blood profusely drew;
He drops the reins, he totters to the ground,
And his life issued murm'ring through the wound.
Pierced by the Foot, this Archer bit the plain;
The Foot himself was by another slain;
And with inflamed revenge, the battle burns again.

Towers, Archers, Knights, meet on the crimson ground,
And the field echoes to the martial sound.
Their thoughts are heated, and their courage fired,
Thick they rush on with double zeal inspired;
Generals and Foot, with different colour'd mien,
Confusedly warring in the camps are seen,—
Valour and Fortune meet in one promiscuous scene.
Now these victorious, lord it o'er the field;
Now the foe rallies, the triumphant yield:
Just as the tide of battle ebbs or flows.
As when the conflict more tempestuous grows
Between the winds, with strong and boisterous sweep
They plough th' Ionian or Atlantic deep!
By turns prevails the mutual blustering roar,
And the big waves alternate lash the shore.
  But in the midst of all the battle raged
The snowy Queen, with troops at once engaged;
She fell'd an Archer as she sought the plain,—
As she retired an Elephant was slain:
To right and left her fatal spears she sent,
Burst through the ranks, and triumph'd as she went;
Through arms and blood she seeks a glorious fate,
Pierces the farthest lines, and nobly great
Leads on her army with a gallant show,
Breaks the battalions, and cuts through the foe.
At length the sable King his fears betray'd,
And begg'd his military consort's aid:
With cheerful speed she flew to his relief,
And met in equal arms the female chief.
  Who first, great Queen, and who at last did bleed?
How many Whites lay gasping on the mead?
Half dead, and floating in a bloody tide,
Foot, Knights, and Archer lie on every side.
Who can recount the slaughter of the day?
How many leaders threw their lives away?
The chequer'd plain is fill'd with dying box,
Havoc ensues, and with tumultuous shocks
The different colour'd ranks in blood engage,
And Foot and Horse promiscuously rage.
With nobler courage and superior might
The dreadful Amazons sustain the fight,
Resolved alike to mix in glorious strife,
Till to imperious fate they yield their life.
  Meanwhile each Monarch, in a neighbouring cell,
Confined the warriors that in battle fell,

There watch'd the captives with a jealous eye,
Lest, slipping out again, to arms they fly.
But Thracian Mars, in stedfast friendship join'd
To Hermes, as near Phœbus he reclined,
Observed each chance, how all their motions bend,
Resolved if possible to serve his friend.
He a Foot-soldier and a Knight purloin'd
Out from the prison that the dead confined;
And slyly push'd 'em forward on the plain;
Th' enliven'd combatants their arms regain,
Mix in the bloody scene, and boldly war again.
So the foul hag, in screaming wild alarms
O'er a dead carcase muttering her charms,
(And with her frequent and tremendous yell
Forcing great Hecate from out of hell)
Shoots in the corpse a new fictitious soul;
With instant glare the supple eyeballs roll,
Again it moves and speaks, and life informs the whole.
Vulcan alone discern'd the subtle cheat;
And wisely scorning such a base deceit,
Call'd out to Phœbus. Grief and rage assail
Phœbus by turns; detected Mars turns pale.
Then awful Jove with sullen eye reproved
Mars, and the captives order'd to be moved
To their dark caves; bid each fictitious spear
Be straight recall'd, and all be as they were.
And now both Monarchs with redoubled rage
Led on their Queens, the mutual war to wage.
O'er all the field their thirsty spears they send,
Then front to front their Monarchs they defend.
But lo! the female White rush'd in unseen,
And slew with fatal haste the swarthy Queen;
Yet soon, alas! resign'd her royal spoils,
Snatch'd by a shaft from her successful toils.
Struck at the sight, both hosts in wild surprise
Pour'd forth their tears, and fill'd the air with cries;
They wept and sigh'd, as pass'd the fun'ral train,
As if both armies had at once been slain.
And now each troop surrounds its mourning chief,
To guard his person, or assuage his grief.
One is their common fear; one stormy blast
Has equally made havoc as it pass'd.
Not all, however, of their youth are slain;
Some champions yet the vig'rous war maintain.
Three Foot, an Archer, and a stately Tower,
For Phœbus still exert their utmost power.

Just the same number Mercury can boast,
Except the Tower, who lately in his post
Unarm'd inglorious fell, in peace profound,
Pierced by an Archer with a distant wound;
But his right Horse retain'd its mettled pride,—
The rest were swept away by war's strong tide.
  But fretful Hermes, with despairing moan,
Grieved that so many champions were o'erthrown,
Yet reassumes the fight; and summons round
The little straggling army that he found,—
All that had 'scaped from fierce Apollo's rage,—
Resolved with greater caution to engage
In future strife, by subtle wiles (if fate
Should give him leave) to save his sinking state.
The sable troops advance with prudence slow,
Bent on all hazards to distress the foe.
More cheerful Phœbus, with unequal pace,
Rallies his arms to lessen his disgrace.
But what strange havoc everywhere has been!
A straggling champion here and there is seen;
And many are the tents, yet few are left within.
  Th' afflicted Kings bewail their consorts dead,
And loathe the thoughts of a deserted bed;
And though each monarch studies to improve
The tender mem'ry of his former love,
Their state requires a second nuptial tie.
Hence the pale ruler with a love-sick eye
Surveys th' attendants of his former wife,
And offers one of them a royal life.
These, when their martial mistress had been slain,
Weak and despairing tried their arms in vain;
Willing, howe'er, amidst the Black to go,
They thirst for speedy vengeance on the foe.
Then he resolves to see who merits best,
By strength and courage, the imperial vest;
Points out the foe, bids each with bold design
Pierce through the ranks, and reach the deepest line:
For none must hope with monarchs to repose
But who can first, through thick surrounding foes,
Through arms and wiles, with hazardous essay,
Safe to the farthest quarters force their way.
Fired at the thought, with sudden, joyful pace
They hurry on; but first of all the race
Runs the third right-hand warrior for the prize,—
The glitt'ring crown already charms her eyes.

Her dear associates cheerfully give o'er
The nuptial chase; and swift she flies before,
And Glory lent her wings, and the reward in store.
Nor would the sable King her hopes prevent,
For he himself was on a Queen intent,
Alternate, therefore, through the field they go.
Hermes led on, but by a step too slow,
His fourth left Pawn: and now th' advent'rous White
Had march'd through all, and gain'd the wish'd for site.
Then the pleased King gives orders to prepare
The crown, the sceptre, and the royal chair,
And owns her for his Queen: around exult
The snowy troops, and o'er the Black insult.
  Hermes burst into tears,—with fretful roar
Fill'd the wide air, and his gay vesture tore.
The swarthy Foot had only to advance
One single step; but oh! malignant chance!
A tower'd Elephant, with fatal aim,
Stood ready to destroy her when she came:
He keeps a watchful eye upon the whole,
Threatens her entrance, and protects the goal.
Meanwhile the royal new-created bride,
Pleased with her pomp, spread death and terror wide;
Like lightning through the sable troops she flies,
Clashes her arms, and seems to threat the skies.
The sable troops are sunk in wild affright,
And wish th' earth op'ning snatch'd 'em from her sight.
In burst the Queen, with vast impetuous swing
The trembling foes come swarming round the King,
Where in the midst he stood, and form a valiant ring.
So the poor cows, straggling o'er pasture land,
When they perceive the prowling wolf at hand,
Crowd close together in a circle full,
And beg the succour of the lordly bull;
They clash their horns, they low with dreadful sound,
And the remotest groves re-echo round.
  But the bold Queen, victorious, from behind
Pierces the foe; yet chiefly she design'd
Against the King himself some fatal aim,
And full of war to his pavilion came.
Now here she rush'd, now there; and had she been
But duly prudent, she had slipp'd between,
With course oblique, into the fourth white square,
And the long toil of war had ended there,
The King had fallen, and all his sable state;
And vanquish'd Hermes cursed his partial fate.

For thence with ease the championess might go,
Murder the King, and none could ward the blow.
With silence, Hermes, and with panting heart,
Perceived the danger, but with subtle art,
(Lest he should see the place) spurs on the foe,
Confounds his thoughts, and blames his being slow.
For shame! move on; would you for ever stay?
What sloth is this, what strange perverse delay?—
How could you e'er my little pausing blame?—
What! you would wait till night shall end the game?
Phœbus, thus nettled, with imprudence slew
A vulgar Pawn, but lost his nobler view.
Young Hermes leap'd, with sudden joy elate;
And then, to save the monarch from his fate,
Led on his martial Knight, who stepp'd between,
Pleased that his charge was to oppose the Queen—
Then, pondering how the Indian beast to slay,
That stopp'd the Foot from making farther way,—
From being made a Queen; with slanting aim
An archer struck him; down the monster came,
And dying shook the earth: while Phœbus tries
Without success the monarch to surprise.
The Foot, then uncontroll'd with instant pride,
Seized the last spot, and moved a royal bride.
And now with equal strength both war again,
And bring their second wives upon the plain;
Then, though with equal views each hoped and fear'd,
Yet, as if every doubt had disappear'd,
As if he had the palm, young Hermes flies
Into excess of joy; with deep disguise,
Extols his own Black troops, with frequent spite
And with invective taunts disdains the White.
Whom Phœbus thus reproved with quick return—
As yet we cannot the decision learn
Of this dispute, and do you triumph now?
Then your big words and vauntings I'll allow,
When you the battle shall completely gain;
At present I shall make your boasting vain.
He said, and forward led the daring Queen;
Instant the fury of the bloody scene
Rises tumultuous, swift the warriors fly
From either side to conquer or to die.
They front the storm of war: around 'em Fear,
Terror, and Death, perpetually appear.
All meet in arms, and man to man oppose,
Each from their camp attempts to drive their foes;

Each tries by turns to force the hostile lines;
Chance and impatience blast their best designs.
The sable Queen spread terror as she went
Through the mid ranks: with more reserved intent
The adverse dame declined the open fray,
And to the King in private stole away:
Then took the royal guard, and bursting in,
With fatal menace close besieged the King.
Alarm'd at this, the swarthy Queen, in haste,
From all her havoc and destructive waste
Broke off, and her contempt of death to show,
Leap'd in between the monarch and the foe,
To save the King and state from this impending blow.
But Phœbus met a worse misfortune here:
For Hermes now led forward, void of fear,
His furious Horse into the open plain,
That onward chafed, and pranced, and pawed amain.
Nor ceased from his attempts until he stood
On the long-wished-for spot, from whence he could
Slay King or Queen. O'erwhelm'd with sudden fears,
Apollo saw, and could not keep from tears.
Now all seem'd ready to be overthrown;
His strength was wither'd, ev'ry hope was flown.
Hermes, exulting at this great surprise,
Shouted for joy, and fill'd the air with cries;
Instant he send the Queen to shades below,
And of her spoils made a triumphant show.
But in return, and in his mid career,
Fell his brave Knight, beneath the Monarch's spear
Phœbus, however, did not yet despair,
But still fought on with courage and with care.
He had but two poor common men to show,
And Mars's favourite with his iv'ry bow.
The thoughts of ruin made 'em dare their best
To save their King, so fatally distress'd.
But the sad hour required not such an aid;
And Hermes breathed revenge where'er he stray'd.
Fierce comes the sable Queen with fatal threat,
Surrounds the monarch in his royal seat;
Rush'd here and there, nor rested till she slew
The last remainder of the whiten'd crew.
Sole stood the King, the midst of all the plain,
Weak and defenceless, his companions slain.
As when the ruddy morn ascending high
Has chased the twinkling stars from all the sky,

Your star, fair Venus, still retains its light,
And loveliest, goes the latest out of sight.
No safety's left, no gleams of hope remain;
Yet did he not as vanquish'd quit the plain,
But tried to shut himself between the foe,—
Unhurt through swords and spears he hoped to go,
Until no room was left to shun the fatal blow.
For if none threaten'd his immediate fate,
And his next move must ruin all his state,
All their past toil and labour is in vain,
Vain all the bloody carnage of the plain,—
Neither would triumph then, the laurel neither gain.
Therefore through each void space and desert tent,
By different moves his various course he bent:
The Black King watch'd him with observant eye,
Follow'd him close, but left him room to fly.
Then when he saw him take the farthest line,
He sent the Queen his motions to confine,
And guard the second rank, that he could go
No farther now than to that distant row.
The sable monarch then with cheerful mien
Approach'd, but always with one space between.
But as the King stood o'er against him there,
Helpless, forlorn, and sunk in his despair,
The martial Queen her lucky moment knew,
Seized on the farthest seat with fatal view,
Nor left th' unhappy King a place to flee unto.
At length in vengeance her keen sword she draws,
Slew him, and ended thus the bloody cause:
And all the gods around approved it with applause.
The victor could not from his insults keep,
But laugh'd and sneer'd to see Apollo weep.
Jove call'd him near, and gave him in his hand
The powerful, happy, and mysterious wand
By which the Shades are call'd to purer day,
When penal fire has purged their sins away;
By which the guilty are condemn'd to dwell
In the dark mansions of the deepest hell;
By which he gives us sleep, or sleep denies,
And closes at the last the dying eyes.
Soon after this, the heavenly victor brought
The game on earth, and first th' Italians taught.
For (as they say) fair Scacchis he espied
Feeding her cygnets in the silver tide,
(Scacchis, the loveliest Seriad of the place)
And as she stray'd, took her to his embrace.

Then, to reward her for her virtue lost,
Gave her the men and chequer'd board, emboss
With gold and silver curiously inlay'd;
And taught her how the game was to be play'd.
Ev'n now 'tis honour'd with her happy name;
And Rome and all the world admire the game.
All which the Seriads told me heretofore,
When my boy-notes amused the Serian shore.

LETTERS.

"When I taxed little Goldsmith for not writing, as he promised me, his answer was, that he never wrote a letter in his life; and 'faith I believe him, unless to a bookseller for money."

Dr. Grainger to Percy, March 24th, 1764.

---

* Nichols's *Illustrations,* vii. 286.

GOLDSMITH'S LETTERS.

I.[1]—TO MRS. ANNE GOLDSMITH,

BALLYMAHON.

[1751?]

My dear Mother,—If you will sit down and calmly listen to what I say, you shall be fully resolved in every one of those many questions you have asked me. I went to Cork and converted my horse, which you prize so much higher than Fiddleback, into cash, took my passage in a ship bound for America, and, at the same time, paid the captain for my freight and all the other expenses of my voyage. But it so happened that the wind did not answer for three weeks; and you know, mother, that I could not command the elements. My misfortune was that when the wind served I happened to be with a party in the country, and my friend the captain never inquired after me, but set sail with as much indifference as if I had been on board. The remainder of my time I employed in the city and its environs, viewing everything curious; and you know no one can starve while he has money in his pocket.

Reduced, however, to my last two guineas, I began to think of my dear mother and friends whom I had left behind me, and so bought that generous beast Fiddleback, and made adieu to Cork with only five shillings in my pocket. This to be sure was but a scanty allowance for man and horse towards a journey of above a hundred miles; but I did not despair, for I knew I must find friends on the road.

I recollected particularly an old and faithful acquaintance I made at college, who had often and earnestly pressed me to spend a summer with him, and he lived but eight miles from Cork. This circumstance of vicinity he would expatiate on to me with peculiar emphasis. "We shall," says he, "enjoy the delights of both city and country, and you shall command my stable and my purse."

However, upon the way I met a poor woman all in tears, who told me her husband had been arrested for a debt he was not able to pay, and that

[1] First printed in the *Miscellaneous Works* of Oliver Goldsmith, 4 vols. 8vo., 1801. Vol. i. p. 1.

his eight children must now starve, bereaved as they were of his industry, which had been their only support. I thought myself at home, being not far from my good friend's house, and therefore parted with a moiety of all my store; and pray, mother, ought I not to have given her the other half-crown, for what she got would be of little use to her?—However I soon arrived at the mansion of my affectionate friend, guarded by the vigilance of a huge mastiff, who flew at me, and would have torn me to pieces but for the assistance of a woman, whose countenance was not less grim than that of the dog; yet she with great humanity relieved me from the jaws of this Cerberus, and was prevailed on to carry up my name to her master.

Without suffering me to wait long, my old friend, who was then recovering from a severe fit of sickness, came down in his night-cap, night-gown, and slippers, and embraced me with the most cordial welcome, showed me in, and, after giving me a history of his indisposition, assured me that he considered himself peculiarly fortunate in having under his roof the man he most loved on earth, and whose stay with him must, above all things, contribute to his perfect recovery. I now repented sorely I had not given the poor woman the other half-crown, as I thought all my bills of humanity would be punctually answered by this worthy man. I revealed to him my whole soul; I opened to him all my distresses; and freely owned that I had but one half-crown in my pocket; but that now, like a ship after weathering out the storm, I considered myself secure in a safe and hospitable harbour. He made no answer, but walked about the room rubbing his hands as one in deep study. This I imputed to the sympathetic feelings of a tender heart, which increased my esteem for him, and, as that increased, I gave the most favourable interpretation to his silence. I construed it into delicacy of sentiment, as if he dreaded to wound my pride by expressing his commiseration in words, leaving his generous conduct to speak for itself.

It now approached six o'clock in the evening, and as I had eaten no breakfast, and as my spirits were raised, my appetite for dinner grew uncommonly keen. At length the old woman came into the room with two plates, one spoon, and a dirty cloth, which she laid upon the table. This appearance, without increasing my spirits, did not diminish my appetite. My protectress soon returned with a small bowl of sago, a small porringer of sour milk, a loaf of stale brown bread, and the heel of an old cheese all over crawling with mites. My friend apologised that his illness obliged him to live on slops, and that better fare was not in the house; observing, at the same time, that a milk diet was certainly the most healthful; and at eight o'clock he again recommended a regular life, declaring that for his part he would *lie down with the lamb and rise with the lark.* My hunger was at this time so exceedingly sharp that I wished for another slice of the loaf, but was obliged to go to bed without even that refreshment.

This lenten entertainment I had received made me resolve to depart as soon as possible; accordingly next morning, when I spoke of going, he did not oppose my resolution; he rather commended my design, adding some

very sage counsel upon the occasion. "To be sure," said he, "the longer you stay away from your mother the more you will grieve her and your other friends; and possibly they are already afflicted at hearing of this foolish expedition you have made." Notwithstanding all this, and without any hope of softening such a sordid heart, I again renewed the tale of my distress, and asking "how he thought I could travel above a hundred miles upon one half-crown?" I begged to borrow a single guinea, which I assured him should be repaid with thanks. "And you know, sir," said I, "it is no more than I have often done for you." To which he firmly answered, "Why, look you, Mr. Goldsmith, that is neither here nor there. I have paid you all you ever lent me, and this sickness of mine has left me bare of cash. But I have bethought myself of a conveyance for you; sell your horse and I will furnish you with a much better one to ride on." I readily grasped at his proposal, and begged to see the nag; on which he led me to his bedchamber, and from under the bed he pulled out a stout oak stick. "Here he is," said he; "take this in your hand, and it will carry you to your mother's with more safety than such a horse as you ride." I was in doubt, when I got it into my hand, whether I should not, in the first place, apply it to his pate; but a rap at the street-door made the wretch fly to it, and when I returned to the parlour, he introduced me, as if nothing of the kind had happened, to the gentleman who entered, as Mr. Goldsmith, his most ingenious and worthy friend, of whom he had so often heard him speak with rapture. I could scarcely compose myself; and must have betrayed indignation in my mien to the stranger, who was a counsellor at law in the neighbourhood, a man of engaging aspect and polite address.

After spending an hour, he asked my friend and me to dine with him at his house. This I declined at first, as I wished to have no farther communication with my hospitable friend; but at the solicitation of both I at last consented, determined as I was by two motives; one, that I was prejudiced in favour of the looks and manner of the counsellor: and the other, that I stood in need of a comfortable dinner. And there indeed I found everything that I could wish, abundance without profusion, and elegance without affectation. In the evening, when my old friend, who had eaten very plentifully at his neighbour's table, but talked again of lying down with the lamb, made a motion to me for retiring, our generous host requested I should take a bed with him, upon which I plainly told my old friend that he might go home and take care of the horse he had given me, but that I should never re-enter his doors. He went away with a laugh, leaving me to add this to the other little things the counsellor already knew of his plausible neighbour.

And now, my dear mother, I found sufficient to reconcile me to all my follies; for here I spent three whole days. The counsellor had two sweet girls to his daughters, who played enchantingly on the harpsichord; and yet it was but a melancholy pleasure I felt the first time I heard them; for that being the first time also that either of them had touched the instrument since their mother's death, I saw the tears in silence trickle down their

father's cheeks. I every day endeavoured to go away, but every day was pressed and obliged to stay. On my going, the counsellor offered me his purse, with a horse and servant to convey me home; but the latter I declined, and only took a guinea to bear my necessary expenses on the road.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

II.[1]—TO ROBERT BRYANTON, ESQ.,

BALLYMAHON, IRELAND.

EDINBURGH, *Sept. 26th*, 1753.

MY DEAR BOB,—How many good excuses (and you know I was ever good at an excuse) might I call up to vindicate my past shameful silence! I might tell how I wrote a long letter on my first coming hither, and seem vastly angry at my not receiving an answer: I might allege that business (with business you know I was always pestered) had never given me time to finger a pen;—but I suppress these and twenty more equally plausible, and as easily invented, since they might be attended with a slight inconvenience of being known to be lies. Let me then speak truth: an hereditary indolence (I have it from the mother's side) has hitherto prevented my writing to you, and still prevents my writing at least twenty-five letters more, due to my friends in Ireland. No turnspit dog gets up into his wheel with more reluctance than I sit down to write: yet no dog ever loved the roast meat he turns better than I do him I now address. Yet what shall I say now I'm entered? Shall I tire you with a description of this unfruitful country, where I must lead you over their hills all brown with heath, or their vallies scarce able to feed a rabbit? Man alone seems to be the only creature who has arrived to the natural size in this poor soil. —Every part of the country presents the same dismal landscape. No grove nor brook lend their music to cheer the stranger, or make the inhabitants forget their poverty: yet with all these disadvantages, enough to call him down to humility, a Scotchman is one of the proudest things alive.—The poor have pride ever ready to relieve them:—if mankind should happen to despise them, they are masters of their own admiration; and *that* they can plentifully bestow upon themselves.

From their pride and poverty, as I take it, results one advantage this country enjoys, namely, the gentlemen here are much better bred than amongst us. No such characters here as our fox-hunters; and they have expressed great surprise when I informed them that some men in Ireland of 1000*l.* a-year spend their whole lives in running after a hare, drinking to be drunk, and getting every girl that will let them with child: and truly, if such a being, equipped in his hunting dress, came among a circle of Scotch gentry, they would behold him with the same astonishment that a countryman would King George on horseback.

[1] First printed in the *Miscellaneous Works*, 1801, vol. i. p. 22.

The men here have generally high check-bones, and are lean and swarthy, fond of action, dancing in particular. Though now I mention dancing, let me say something of their balls which are very frequent here. When a stranger enters the dancing-hall, he sees one end of the room taken up with the ladies, who sit dismally in a group by themselves. On the other end stand their pensive partners, that are to be: but no more intercourse between the sexes than there is between two countries at war:—the ladies, indeed, may ogle, and the gentlemen sigh, but an embargo is laid on any closer commerce. At length, to interrupt hostilities, the lady directress or intendant, or what you will, pitches on a gentleman and lady to walk a minuet; which they perform with a formality that approaches to despondence. After five or six couple have thus walked the gauntlet, all stand up to country dances; each gentleman furnished with a partner from the aforesaid lady directress; so they dance much and say nothing, and thus concludes our assembly. I told a Scotch gentleman that such profound silence resembled the ancient procession of the Roman matrons in honour of Ceres; and the Scotch gentleman told me (and faith, I believe he was right) that I was a very great pedant for my pains.

Now I am come to the ladies, and to show that I love Scotland, and everything that belongs to so charming a country, I insist on it, and will give him leave to break my head that denies it, that the Scotch ladies are ten thousand times handsomer and finer than the Irish:—to be sure now I see your sisters Betty and Peggy vastly surprised at my partiality, but tell them flatly, I don't value them, or their fine skins, or eyes, or good sense, or ——, a potato; for I say it, and will maintain it, and as a convincing proof (I'm in a very great passion) of what I assert, the Scotch ladies say it themselves. But to be less serious; where will you find a language so pretty become a pretty mouth as the broad Scotch? and the women here speak it in its highest purity; for instance, teach one of their young ladies to pronounce "Whoar wull I gong?" with a becoming wideness of mouth, and I'll lay my life they will wound every hearer.

We have no such character here as a coquet; but, alas! how many envious prudes! Some days ago I walked into my Lord Kilcoubry's (don't be surprised, my lord is but a glover), when the Duchess of Hamilton[1] (that fair who sacrificed her beauty to ambition, and her inward peace to a title and gilt equipage) passed by in her chariot; her battered husband, or more properly the guardian of her charms, sat by her side. Straight envy began, in the shape of no less than three ladies who sat with me, to find faults in her faultless form.—"For my part," says the first, "I think, what I always thought, that the Duchess has too much red in her complexion." "Madam, I'm of your opinion," says the second; "I think her face has a palish cast too much on the delicate order." "And let me tell you," adds the third lady, whose mouth was puckered up to the size of an issue, "that the Duchess has fine lips, but she wants a mouth." At this every lady drew up her mouth as if going to pronounce the letter P.

But how ill, my Bob, does it become me to ridicule women with whom I

[1] The beautiful Elizabeth Gunning.

have scarce any correspondence! There are, 'tis certain, handsome women here; and 'tis as certain there are handsome men to keep them company. An ugly and a poor man is society for himself; and such society the world lets me enjoy in great abundance. Fortune has given you circumstances, and nature a person to look charming in the eyes of the fair world. Nor do I envy my dear Bob such blessings while I may sit down and laugh at the world, and at myself, the most ridiculous object in it.—But I begin to grow splenetic; and perhaps the fit may continue till I receive an answer to this. I know you can't send news from B[ally]mahon, but such as it is send it all; everything you write will be agreeable and entertaining to me. Has George Conway put up a sign yet; or John Finecly[1] left off drinking drams; or Tom Allen got a new wig? But I leave to your own choice what to write.—While OLIVER GOLDSMITH lives, know you have a friend.

P.S. Give my sincere regards (not compliments, do you mind) to your agreeable family, and give my service to my mother if you see her; for, as you express it in Ireland, I have a sneaking kindness for her still.

Direct to me, ——, Student in Physic, in Edinburgh.

III.—TO THE REV. THOMAS CONTARINE.[2]

May 8th, 1753.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—In your letter (the only one I received from Kilmore), you call me the philosopher who carries all his goods about him. Yet how can such a character fit me, who have left behind in Ireland everything I think worth possessing; friends that I loved, and a society that pleased while it instructed? Who but must regret the loss of such enjoyments? Who but must regret his absence from Kilmore, that ever knew it as I did? Here, as recluse as the Turkish Spy at Paris, I am almost unknown to everybody, except some few who attend the professors of physic as I do.

Apropos, I shall give you the professors' names, and, as far as occurs to me, their characters; and first, as most deserving, Mr. Munro, professor of Anatomy: this man has brought the science he teaches to as much perfection as it is capable of; and not content with barely teaching anatomy, he launches out into all the branches of physic, when all his remarks are new and useful. 'Tis he, I may venture to say, that draws hither such a number of students from most parts of the world, even from Russia. He is not only a skilful physician, but an able orator, and delivers things in their nature obscure in so easy a manner, that the most unlearned may understand him. Plume, professor of Chemistry, understands his business well, but delivers himself so ill, that he is but little regarded. Alston, professor of Materia Medica, speaks much, but little to the purpose. The professors of Theory and Practice (of Physic) say nothing but what we may find in books laid before us; and speak that in so drowsy and heavy a manner, that their hearers are not many degrees in a better state than their patients.

[1] Mr. Prior prints the name as John Binely, i. 145.

[2] First printed in Prior's Life of Goldsmith, i. 145.

You see then, dear sir, that Munro is the only great man among them; so that I intend to hear him another winter, and go then to hear Albinus, the great professor at Leyden. I read (with satisfaction) a science the most pleasing in nature, so that my labours are but a relaxation, and, I may truly say, the only thing here that gives me pleasure. How I enjoy the pleasing hope of returning with skill, and to find my friends stand in no need of my assistance! How many happy years do I wish you! and nothing but want of health can take from you happiness, since you so well pursue the paths that conduct to virtue. I am, my dear Uncle, your most obliged, most affectionate nephew, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

P.S.—I draw this time for 6*l.*, and will draw next October but for 4*l.*, as I was obliged to buy everything since I came to Scotland, shirts not even excepted. I am a little more early the first year than I shall be for the future, for I absolutely will not trouble you before the time hereafter.

My best love attend Mr. and Mrs. Lawder, and Heaven preserve them! I am again your dutiful nephew, O. G.

I have been a month in the Highlands. I set out the first day on foot, but an ill-natured corn I have got on my toe has for the future prevented that cheap method of travelling; so the second day I hired a horse of about the size of a ram, and he walked away (trot he could not) as pensive as his master. In three days we reached the Highlands. This letter would be too long if it contained the description I intend giving of that country, so shall make it the subject of my next.

IV.—TO THE REV. THOMAS CONTARINE.[1]

[*Close of* 1753].

MY DEAR UNCLE,—After having spent two winters in Edinburgh, I now prepare to go to France the 10th of next February. I have seen all that this country can exhibit in the medical way, and therefore intend to visit Paris, where the great Mr. Farhein, Petit, and Du Hammel de Monceau instruct their pupils in all the branches of medicine. They speak French, and consequently I shall have much the advantage of most of my countrymen, as I am perfectly acquainted with that language, and few who leave Ireland are so.

Since I am upon so pleasing a topic as self-applause, give me leave to say that the circle of science which I have run through, before I undertook the study of physic, is not only useful, but absolutely necessary to the making a skilful physician. Such sciences enlarge our understanding, and sharpen our sagacity; and what is a practitioner without both but an empiric, for never yet was a disorder found entirely the same in two patients. A quack, unable to distinguish the particularities in each disease, prescribes at a venture: if he finds such a disorder may be called by the general name of fever for instance, he has a set of remedies which he applies to cure it, nor

[1] First printed in the Miscellaneous Works. 1801. vol. i. p. 27.

does he desist till his medicines are run out, or his patient has lost his life. But the skilful physician distinguishes the symptoms, manures the sterility of nature, or prunes her luxuriance; nor does he depend so much on the efficacy of medicines as on their proper application. I shall spend this spring and summer in Paris, and the beginning of next winter go to Leyden. The great Albinus is still alive there, and 'twill be proper to go, though only to have it said that we have studied in so famous an university.

As I shall not have another opportunity of receiving money from your bounty till my return to Ireland, so I have drawn for the last sum that I hope I shall ever trouble you for; 'tis 20*l.* And now, dear sir, let me here acknowledge the humility of the station in which you found me; let me tell how I was despised by most, and hateful to myself. Poverty, hopeless poverty, was my lot, and Melancholy was beginning to make me her own. When you—but I stop here, to inquire how your health goes on. How does my dear cousin Jenny, and has she recovered her late complaint? How does my poor Jack Goldsmith? I fear his disorder is of such a nature as he won't easily recover. I wish, my dear Sir, you would make me happy by another letter before I go abroad, for there I shall hardly hear from you. I shall carry just 33*l.* to France, with good store of clothes, shirts, &c. &c., and that with economy will serve.

I have spent more than a fortnight every second day at the Duke of Hamilton's, but it seems they like me more as a *jester* than as a companion; so I disdained so servile an employment: 'twas unworthy my calling as a physician.

I have nothing new to add from this country; and I beg, dear sir, you will excuse this letter, so filled with egotism. I wish you may be revenged on me, by sending an answer filled with nothing but an account of yourself. I am, dear Uncle, your most devoted, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Give my——how shall I express it? Give my earnest love to Mr. and Mrs. Lawder.

V.—TO THE REV. THOMAS CONTARINE.[1]

LEYDEN, *April or May*, 1754.

DEAR SIR,—I suppose by this time I am accused of either neglect or ingratitude, and my silence imputed to my usual slowness of writing. But believe me, sir, when I say, that till now I had not an opportunity of sitting down with that ease of mind which writing required. You may see by the top of the letter that I am at Leyden; but of my journey hither you must be informed. Sometime after the receipt of your last, I embarked for Bourdeaux, on board a Scotch ship called the St. Andrews, Capt. John Wall, master. The ship made a tolerable appearance, and, as another inducement, I was let to know that six agreeable passengers were to be my company. Well, we were but two days at sea when a storm drove us into a city of England called Newcastle-upon-Tyne. We all went ashore to refresh us

[1] First printed in Prior's Life, i. 159.

after the fatigue of our voyage. Seven men and I were one day on shore, and on the following evening as we were all very merry, the room door bursts open, enters a serjeant and twelve grenadiers with their bayonets screwed, and puts us all under the King's arrest. It seems my company were Scotchmen in the French service, and had been in Scotland to enlist soldiers for the French army. I endeavoured all I could to prove my innocence; however, I remained in prison with the rest a fortnight, and with difficulty got off even then. Dear sir, keep this all a secret, or at least say it was for debt; for if it were once known at the university, I should hardly get a degree. But hear how Providence interposed in my favour: the ship was gone on to Bourdeaux before I got from prison, and was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, and every one of the crew were drowned. It happened the last great storm. There was a ship at that time ready for Holland: I embarked, and in nine days, thank my God, I arrived safe at Rotterdam; whence I travelled by land to Leyden; and whence I now write.

You may expect some account of this country, and though I am not well qualified for such an undertaking, yet shall I endeavour to satisfy some part of your expectations. Nothing surprised me more than the books every day published, descriptive of the manners of this country. Any young man who takes it into his head to publish his travels, visits the countries he intends to describe; passes through them with as much inattention as his valet de chambre; and consequently not having a fund himself to fill a volume, he applies to those who wrote before him, and gives us the manners of a country, not as he must have seen them, but such as they might have been fifty years before. The modern Dutchman is quite a different creature from him of former times: he in everything imitates a Frenchman, but in his easy disengaged air, which is the result of keeping polite company. The Dutchman is vastly ceremonious, and is perhaps exactly what a Frenchman might have been in the reign of Louis XIV. Such are the better bred. But the downright Hollander is one of the oddest figures in nature: upon a head of lank hair he wears a half-cocked narrow hat laced with black ribbon: no coat, but seven waistcoats, and nine pairs of breeches; so that his hips reach almost up to his arm-pits. This well-clothed vegetable is now fit to see company, or make love. But what a pleasing creature is the object of his appetite? Why she wears a large fur cap with a deal of Flanders lace: and for every pair of breeches he carries, she puts on two petticoats.

A Dutch lady burns nothing about her phlegmatic admirer but his tobacco. You must know, sir, every woman carries in her hand a stove with coals in it, which, when she sits, she snugs under her petticoats; and at this chimney dozing Strephon lights his pipe. I take it that this continual smoking is what gives the man the ruddy healthful complexion he generally wears, by draining his superfluous moisture, while the woman, deprived of this amusement, overflows with such viscidities as tint the complexion, and give that paleness of visage which low fenny grounds and moist air conspire to cause. A Dutch woman and Scotch will well bear an opposition. The one is pale and fat, the other lean and ruddy: the one

walks as if she were straddling after a go-cart, and the other takes too masculine a stride. I shall not endeavour to deprive either country of its share of beauty; but must say, that of all objects on this earth, an English farmer's daughter is most charming. Every woman there is a complete beauty, while the higher class of women want many of the requisites to make them even tolerable. Their pleasures here are very dull though very various. You may smoke, you may doze, you may go to the Italian comedy, as good an amusement as either of the former. This entertainment always brings in Harlequin, who is generally a magician, and in consequence of his diabolical art performs a thousand tricks on the rest of the persons of the drama, who are all fools. I have seen the pit in a roar of laughter at this humour, when with his sword he touches the glass from which another was drinking. 'Twas not his face they laughed at, for that was masked. They must have seen something vastly queer in the wooden sword, that neither I, nor you, sir, were you there, could see.

In winter, when their canals are frozen, every house is forsaken, and all people are on the ice; sleds drawn by horses, and skating, are at that time the reigning amusements. They have boats here that slide on the ice, and are driven by the winds. When they spread all their sails they go more than a mile and a half a minute, and their motion is so rapid the eye can scarcely accompany them. Their ordinary manner of travelling is very cheap and very convenient: they sail in covered boats drawn by horses; and in these you are sure to meet people of all nations. Here the Dutch slumber, the French chatter, and the English play at cards. Any man who likes company may have them to his taste. For my part I generally detached myself from all society, and was wholly taken up in observing the face of the country. Nothing can equal its beauty; wherever I turn my eye, fine houses, elegant gardens, statues, grottos, vistas, presented themselves; but when you enter their towns you are charmed beyond description. No misery is to be seen here; every one is usefully employed.

Scotland and this country bear the highest contrast. There hills and rocks intercept every prospect: here 'tis all a continued plain. There you might see a well-dressed duchess issuing from a dirty close; and here a dirty Dutchman inhabiting a palace. The Scotch may be compared to a tulip planted in dung; but I never see a Dutchman in his own house but I think of a magnificent Egyptian temple dedicated to an ox. Physic is by no means here taught so well as in Edinburgh: and in all Leyden there are but four British students, owing to all necessaries being so extremely dear and the professors so very lazy (the chemical professor excepted) that we don't much care to come hither. I am not certain how long my stay here may be; however, I expect to have the happiness of seeing you at Kilmore, if I can, next March.

Direct to me, if I am honoured with a letter from you, to Madame Diallion's at Leyden.

Thou best of men, may Heaven guard and preserve you, and those you love. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

VI.—TO DANIEL HODSON, ESQ.,

AT LISHOY, NEAR BALLYMAHON, IRELAND.[1]

DEAR SIR,—It may be four years since my last letters went to Ireland,—to you in particular. I received no answer, probably because you never wrote to me. My brother Charles, however, informs me of the fatigue you were at in soliciting a subscription to assist me, not only among my friends and relatives, but acquaintance in general. Though my pride might feel some repugnance at being thus relieved, yet my gratitude can feel no diminution. How much obliged am I to you, to them, for such generosity, or (why should not your virtues have their proper name?) for such charity to me at that juncture. Sure I am born to ill-fortune, to be so much a debtor and unable to repay. But to say no more of this: too many professions of gratitude are often considered as indirect petitions for future favours. Let me only add, that my not receiving that supply was the cause of my present establishment at London. You may easily imagine what difficulties I had to encounter, left as I was without friends, recommendations, money, or impudence; and that in a country where being born an Irishman was sufficient to keep me unemployed. Many in such circumstances would have had recourse to the friar's cord or the suicide's halter. But with all my follies I had principle to resist the one, and resolution to combat the other.

I suppose you desire to know my present situation. As there is nothing in it at which I should blush, or which mankind could censure, I see no reason for making it a secret. In short, by a very little practice as a physician, and a very little reputation as a poet, I make a shift to live. Nothing is more apt to introduce us to the gates of the Muses than poverty; but it were well if they only left us at the door. The mischief is, they sometimes choose to give us their company at the entertainment; and want, instead of being gentleman-usher, often turns master of the ceremonies.

Thus, upon learning I write, no doubt you imagine I starve; and the name of an author naturally reminds you of a garret. In this particular I do not think proper to undeceive my friends. But whether I eat or starve, live in a first-floor, or four pair of stairs high, I still remember them with ardour; nay, my very country comes in for a share of my affection. Unaccountable fondness for country, this *maladie du pais*, as the French call it! Unaccountable that he should still have an affection for a place who never, when in it, received above common civility; who never brought anything out of it except his brogue and his blunders. Surely my affection is equally ridiculous with the Scotchman's, who refused to be cured of the itch, because it made him unco' thoughtful of his wife and bonny Inverary.

But now to be serious,—let me ask myself what gives me a wish to see Ireland again? The country is a fine one, perhaps? No. There are good company in Ireland? No. The conversation there is generally made up of a smutty toast or a bawdy song; the vivacity supported by some humble cousin, who has just folly enough to earn his dinner. Then perhaps there's

[1] First printed in the Miscellaneous Works, 1801, vol. i. p. 40.

more wit and learning among the Irish? Oh, lord, no! There has been more money spent in the encouragement of the Padareen mare[1] there one season, than given in rewards to learned men since the times of Usher. All their productions in learning amount to perhaps a translation, or a few tracts in divinity, and all their productions in wit, just to nothing at all. Why the plague then so fond of Ireland? Then, all at once, because you, my dear friend, and a few more who are exceptions to the general picture, have a residence there. This it is that gives me all the pangs I feel in separation. I confess I carry this spirit sometimes to the souring the pleasures I at present possess. If I go to the opera where Signora Columba pours out all the mazes of melody, I sit and sigh for Lishoy's fireside and Johnny Armstrong's "Last Good night," from Peggy Golden.[2] If I climb Hampstead hill, than where Nature never exhibited a more magnificent prospect, I confess it fine; but then I had rather be placed on the little mount before Lishoy gate, and there take in—to me—the most pleasing horizon in nature.

Before Charles came hither, my thoughts sometimes found refuge from severer studies among my friends in Ireland. I fancied strange revolutions at home; but I find it was the rapidity of my own motion that gave an imaginary one to objects really at rest.[3] No alterations there. Some friends, he tells me, are still lean, but very rich; others very fat, but still very poor. Nay, all the news I hear of you is, that you sally out in visits among the neighbours, and sometimes make a migration from the blue bed to the brown. I could from my heart wish that you and she (Mrs. Hodson) and Lishoy, and Ballymahon, and all of you, would fairly make a migration into Middlesex: though, upon second thoughts, this might be attended with a few inconveniences. Therefore as the mountain will not come to Mahomet, why Mahomet shall go to the mountain; or, to speak plain English, as you cannot conveniently pay me a visit, if next summer I can contrive to be absent six weeks from London, I shall spend three of them among my friends in Ireland. But first, believe me, my design is purely to visit, and neither to cut a figure nor levy contributions,—neither to excite envy, nor solicit favour; in fact my circumstances are adapted to neither. I am too poor to be gazed at, and too rich to need assistance.

You see, dear Dan, how long I have been talking about myself, but attribute my vanity to affection; as every man is fond of himself, and I consider you as a second self, I imagine you will consequently be pleased with these instances of egotism. . . . .

My dear sir, these things give me real uneasiness, and I could wish to redress them. But at present there is hardly a kingdom in Europe in which I am not a debtor. I have already discharged my most threatening and pressing demands, for we must be just before we can be grateful. For the rest, I need not say (you know I am), your affectionate kinsman,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

TEMPLE EXCHANGE COFFEE HOUSE, NEAR TEMPLE-BAR,
(Where you may direct an answer.)
December 27th, 1757.

[1] *See* vol. ii. p. 102. [2] *See* vol. iii. p. 31. [3] Compare vol. ii. p. 298.

VII.—TO EDWARD MILLS, ESQ.,

NEAR ROSCOMMON, IRELAND.[1]

LONDON, TEMPLE EXCHANGE COFFEE HOUSE,
August 7th, [1758].

DEAR SIR,—You have quitted, I find, that plan of life which you once intended to pursue;[2] and given up ambition for domestic tranquillity. Were I to consult your satisfaction alone in this change, I have the utmost reason to congratulate your choice; but when I consider my own, I cannot avoid feeling some regret, that one of my few friends has declined a pursuit, in which he had every reason to expect success. The truth is, like the rest of the world, I am self-interested in my concern; and do not so much consider the happiness you have acquired, as the honour I have probably lost in the change. I have often let my fancy loose when you were the subject, and have imagined you gracing the bench, or thundering at the bar; while I have taken no small pride to myself, and whispered all that I could come near, that this was my cousin. Instead of this, it seems you are contented to be merely an happy man; to be esteemed only by your acquaintance—to cultivate your paternal acres—to take unmolested a nap under one of your own hawthorns, or in Mrs. Mills's bed-chamber, which even a poet must confess, is rather the most comfortable place of the two.

But however your resolutions may be altered with regard to your situation in life, I persuade myself they are unalterable with regard to your friends in it. I cannot think the world has taken such entire possession of that heart (once so susceptible of friendship), as not to have left a corner there for a friend or two; but I flatter myself that even I have my place among the number. This I have a claim to from the similitude of our dispositions; or, setting that aside, I can demand it as my right by the most equitable law in nature, I mean that of retaliation: for indeed you have more than your share in mine. I am a man of few professions, and yet this very instant I cannot avoid the painful apprehension that my present professions (which speak not half my feelings) should be considered only a pretext to cover a request, as I have a request to make. No, my dear Ned, I know you are too generous to think so; and you know me too proud to stoop to mercenary insincerity. I have a request, it is true, to make; but, as I know to whom I am a petitioner, I make it without diffidence or confusion. It is in short this, I am going to publish a book in London, entitled An Essay on the Present State of Taste and Literature in Europe. Every work published here the printers in Ireland republish there, without giving the author the least consideration for his copy. I would in this respect disappoint their avarice, and have all the additional advantages that may result from the sale of my performance there to myself. The book is now printing in London, and I have requested Dr. Radcliff, Mr. Lawder, Mr. Bryanton, my brother,

[1] First printed in the Miscellaneous Works, 1801, vol. i. p. 50.

[2] He had been intended for the bar.

Mr. Henry Goldsmith, and brother-in-law, Mr. Hodson, to circulate my proposals among their acquaintance. The same request I now make to you; and have accordingly given directions to Mr. Bradley, bookseller in Dame-street, Dublin, to send you a hundred proposals. Whatever subscriptions pursuant to those proposals, you may receive, when collected, may be transmitted to Mr. Bradley, who will give a receipt for the money, and be accountable for the books. I shall not, by a paltry apology, excuse myself for putting you to this trouble. Were I not convinced that you found more pleasure in doing good-natured things, than uneasiness at being employed in them, I should not have singled you out on this occasion. It is probable you would comply with such a request, if it tended to the encouragement of any man of learning whatsoever; what then may not he expect who has claims of family and friendship to enforce his?

I am, dear Sir, your sincere friend and humble servant,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

VIII.—TO ROBERT BRYANTON, ESQ.,

AT BALLYMAHON, IRELAND.[1]

LONDON, TEMPLE EXCHANGE COFFEE HOUSE,
TEMPLE BAR, *August 14th*, 1758.

DEAR SIR,—I have heard it remarked, I believe by yourself, that they who are drunk, or out of their wits, fancy everybody else in the same condition: mine is a friendship that neither distance nor time can efface, which is probably the reason that, for the soul of me, I can't avoid thinking yours of the same complexion; and yet I have many reasons for being of a contrary opinion, else why in so long an absence was I never made a partner in your concerns? To hear of your successes would have given me the utmost pleasure; and a communication of your very disappointments would divide the uneasiness I too frequently feel for my own. Indeed, my dear Bob, you don't conceive how unkindly you have treated one whose circumstances afford him few prospects of pleasure, except those reflected from the happiness of his friends. However, since you have not let me hear from you, I have in some measure disappointed your neglect by frequently thinking of you. Every day do I remember the calm anecdotes of your life, from the fireside to the easy-chair; recall the various adventures that first cemented our friendship,—the school, the college, or the tavern; preside in fancy over your cards; and am displeased at your bad play when the rubber goes against you, though not with all that agony of soul as when I once was your partner.

Is it not strange that two of such like affections should be so much separated and so differently employed as we are? You seem placed at the centre of fortune's wheel, and let it revolve never so fast, seem insensible of the motion. I seem to have been tied to the circumference, and . . . . disagreeably round like an whore in a whirligig . . . . down with an

[1] First printed in Prior, i. 264.

intention to chide, and yet methinks . . . . my resentment already. The truth is, I am a . . . . regard to you; I may attempt to bluster, ... Anacreon, my heart is respondent only to softer affections. And yet, now I think on't again, I will be angry. God's curse, sir! who am I? Eh! what am I? Do you know whom you have offended? A man whose character may one of these days be mentioned with profound respect in a German comment or Dutch dictionary; whose name you will probably hear ushered in by a Doctissimus Doctissimorum, or heel-pieced with a long Latin termination. Think how Goldsmithius, or Gubblegurchius, or some such sound, as rough as a nutmeg-grater, will become me? Think of that!—God's curse, sir! who am I? I must own my ill-natured contemporaries have not hitherto paid me those honours I have had such just reason to expect. I have not yet seen my face reflected in all the lively display of red and white paints on any sign-posts in the suburbs. Your handkerchief weavers seem as yet unacquainted with my merits or my physiognomy, and the very snuff-box makers appear to have forgot their respect. Tell them all from me, they are a set of Gothic, barbarous, ignorant scoundrels. There will come a day, no doubt it will—I beg you may live a couple of hundred years longer only to see the day—when the Scaligers and Daciers will vindicate my character, give learned editions of my labours, and bless the times with copious comments on the text. You shall see how they will fish up the heavy scoundrels who disregard me now, or will then offer to cavil at my productions. How will they bewail the times that suffered so much genius to lie neglected.[1] If ever my works find their way to Tartary or China, I know the consequence. Suppose one of your Chinese Owanowitzers instructing one of your Tartarian Chianobacchhi—you see I use Chinese names to show my own erudition, as I shall soon make our Chinese talk like an Englishman to show his. This may be the subject of the lecture:—

Oliver Goldsmith flourished in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. He lived to be an hundred and three years old . . . . age may justly be styled the sun of . . . . and the Confucius of Europe . . . . . learned world, were anonymous, and have probably been lost, because united with those of others. The first avowed piece the world has of his, is entitled an "Essay on the Present State of Taste and Literature in Europe"—a work well worth its weight in diamonds. In this he profoundly explains what learning is, and what learning is not. In this he proves that blockheads are not men of wit, and yet that men of wit are actually blockheads.

But as I choose neither to tire my Chinese Philosopher, nor you, nor myself, I must discontinue the oration, in order to give you a good pause for admiration; and I find myself most violently disposed to admire too. Let me, then, stop my fancy to take a view of my future self; and, as the boys say, light down to see myself on horseback. Well, now I am down, where the devil *is I?* Oh Gods! Gods! here in a garret, writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk-score![2] However, dear Bob, whether in penury or affluence, serious or gay, I am ever wholly thine, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[1] For parallel passages see the fourth number of the *Bee*, vol. iii. p. 53.

[2] What an illustration of Hogarth's admirable picture of *The Distressed Poet.*

Give my—no, not compliments neither, but something . . . most warm and sincere wish that you can conceive, to your mother, Mrs. Bryanton, to Miss Bryanton, to yourself; and if there be a favourite dog in the family, let me be remembered to it.

IX.—TO MRS. JANE LAWDER.[1]

TEMPLE EXCHANGE COFFEE HOUSE, TEMPLE BAR,
August 15th, 1758.

IF you should ask why, in an interval of so many years, you never heard from me, permit me, madam, to ask the same question. I have the best excuse in recrimination. I wrote to Kilmore from Leyden in Holland, from Louvain in Flanders, and Rouen in France, but received no answer. To what could I attribute this silence but to displeasure or forgetfulness? Whether I was right in my conjecture I do not pretend to determine; but this I must ingenuously own, that I have a thousand times in my turn endeavoured to forget them, whom I could not but look upon as forgetting me. I have attempted to blot their names from my memory, and, I confess it, spent whole days in efforts to tear their image from my heart. Could I have succeeded, you had not now been troubled with this renewal of a discontinued correspondence; but, as every effort the restless make to procure sleep serves but to keep them waking, all my attempts contributed to impress what I would forget deeper on my imagination. But this subject I would willingly turn from, and yet, "for the soul of me," I can't till I have said all.

I was, madam, when I discontinued writing to Kilmore, in such circumstances, that all my endeavours to continue your regards might be attributed to wrong motives. My letters might be looked upon as the petitions of a beggar, and not the offerings of a friend; while all my professions, instead of being considered as the result of disinterested esteem, might be ascribed to venal insincerity. I believe, indeed, you had too much generosity to place them in such a light, but I could not bear even the shadow of such a suspicion. The most delicate friendships are always most sensible of the slightest invasion, and the strongest jealousy is ever attendant on the warmest regard. I could not—I own I could not—continue a correspondence; for every acknowledgment for past favours might be considered as an indirect request for future ones, and where it might be thought I gave my heart from a motive of gratitude alone, when I was conscious of having bestowed it on much more disinterested principles.

It is true, this conduct might have been simple enough, but yourself must confess it was in character. Those who know me at all, know that I have always been actuated by different principles from the rest of mankind, and while none regarded the interest of his friend more, no man on earth regarded his own less. I have often affected bluntness to avoid the imputation of flattery, have frequently seemed to overlook those merits too

[1] First printed in Prior, i. 268.

obvious to escape notice, and pretended disregard to those instances of good-nature and good sense, which I could not fail tacitly to applaud; and all this lest I should be ranked amongst the grinning tribe, who say "very true" to all that is said, who fill a vacant chair at a tea-table, whose narrow souls never moved in a wider circle than the circumference of a guinea, and who had rather be reckoning the money in your pocket than the virtue of your breast. All this, I say, I have done, and a thousand other very silly though very disinterested things in my time, and for all which no soul cares a farthing about me. God's curse, madam! is it to be wondered, that he should once in his life forget you, who has been all his life forgetting himself?

However, it is probable you may one of those days see me turned into a perfect hunks, and as dark and intricate as a mouse-hole. I have already given my landlady orders for an entire reform in the state of my finances. I declaim against hot suppers, drink less sugar in my tea, and check my grate with brickbats. Instead of hanging my room with pictures, I intend to adorn it with maxims of frugality. Those will make pretty furniture enough, and won't be a bit too expensive; for I shall draw them all out with my own hands, and my landlady's daughter shall frame them with the parings of my black waistcoat. Each maxim is to be inscribed on a sheet of clean paper, and wrote with my best pen; of which the following will serve as a specimen. *Look sharp; Mind the main chance; Money is money now; If you have a thousand pounds you can put your hands by your sides, and say you are worth a thousand pounds every day of the year; Take a farthing from a hundred, and it will be a hundred no longer.* Thus, which way soever I turn my eyes, they are sure to meet one of those friendly monitors; and as we are told of an actor who hung his room round with looking-glass to correct the defects of his person, my apartment shall be furnished in a peculiar manner, to correct the errors of my mind.

Faith! madam, I heartily wish to be rich, if it were only for this reason, to say without a blush how much I esteem you; but, alas! I have many a fatigue to encounter before that happy time comes, when your poor old simple friend may again give a loose to the luxuriance of his nature, sitting by Kilmore fire-side, recount the various adventures of a hard-fought life, laugh over the follies of the day, join his flute to your harpsichord, and forget that ever he starved in those streets where Butler and Otway starved before him.[1]

And now I mention those great names—My uncle!—he is no more that soul of fire as when once I knew him. Newton and Swift grew dim with age as well as he. But what shall I say?—his mind was too active an inhabitant not to disorder the feeble mansion of its abode; for the richest jewels soonest wear their settings. Yet who but the fool would lament his condition! He now forgets the calamities of life. Perhaps indulgent Heaven has given him a foretaste of that tranquillity here, which he so well deserves hereafter.

But I must come to business; for business, as one of my maxims tells me, must be minded or lost. I am going to publish in London, a book

[1] Compare The Citizen of the World. (Letter xciii.), vol. ii. p. 397.

entitled *The Present State of Taste and Literature in Europe.*[1] The booksellers in Ireland republish every performance there without making the author any consideration. I would, in this respect, disappoint their avarice, and have all the profits of my labour to myself. I must therefore request Mr. Lawder to circulate among his friends and acquaintances a hundred of my proposals, which I have given the bookseller, Mr. Bradley, in Dame Street, directions to send to him. If in pursuance of such circulation, he should receive any subscriptions, I entreat when collected they may be sent to Mr. Bradley as aforesaid, who will give a receipt, and be accountable for the work, or a return of the subscription. If this request (which, if it be complied with, will in some measure be an encouragement to a man of learning) should be disagreeable or troublesome, I would not press it; for I would be the last man on earth to have my labours go a-begging; but if I know Mr. Lawder (and sure I ought to know him), he will accept the employment with pleasure. All I can say—if he writes a book, I will get him two hundred subscribers, and those of the best wits in Europe.

Whether this request is complied with or not, I shall not be uneasy; but there is one petition I must make to him and to you, which I solicit with the warmest ardour, and in which I cannot bear a refusal. I mean, dear madam, that I may be allowed to subscribe myself, your ever affectionate and obliged kinsman, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Now see how I blot and blunder when I am asking a favour.

X.—TO DANIEL HODSON, ESQ.,

AT LISSOY, NEAR BALLYMAHON, IRELAND.[2]

[*November*, 1758].

DEAR SIR,—You cannot expect regularity in one who is regular in nothing. Nay, were I forced to love you by rule, I dare venture to say that I could never do it sincerely. Take me, then, with all my faults. Let me write when I please, for you see I say what I please, and am only thinking aloud when writing to you. I suppose you have heard of my intention of going to the East Indies. The place of my destination is one of the factories on the coast of Coromandel, and I go in quality of physician and surgeon; for which the Company has signed my warrant, which has already cost me 10*l.* I must also pay 50*l.* for my passage, and 10*l.* for my sea stores: and the other incidental expenses of my equipment will amount to 60*l.* or 70*l.* more. The salary is but trifling, namely, 100*l.* per annum; but the other advantages, if a person be prudent, are considerable. The practice of the place, if I am rightly informed, generally amounts to not less than 1000*l.* per annum, for which the appointed physician has an exclusive privilege. This, with the advantages resulting from trade, and the high interest which money bears, viz., 20*l.* per cent., are the inducements which persuade me to undergo the fatigues of sea, the dangers of war, and the still greater

[1] *See* vol. ii. p. i. [2] First printed in the Miscellaneous Works, 1801, vol. i. p. 46.

dangers of the climate; which induce me to leave a place where I am every day gaining friends and esteem; and where I might enjoy all the conveniences of life.

I am certainly wrong not to be contented with what I already possess, trifling as it is: for should I ask myself one serious question,—What is it I want?—What can I answer? My desires are as capricious as the big-bellied woman's who longed for a piece of her husband's nose. I have no certainty, it is true; but why cannot I do as some men of more merit, who have lived on more precarious terms? Scarron used jestingly to call himself the Marquis of Quenault, which was the name of the bookseller that employed him; and why may not I assert my privilege and quality on the same pretensions?

Yet, upon deliberation, whatever airs I give myself on this side of the water, my dignity, I fancy, would be evaporated before I reached the other. I know you have in Ireland a very indifferent idea of a man who writes for bread; though Swift and Steele did so in the earliest part of their lives. You imagine, I suppose, that every author, by profession, lives in a garret, wears shabby clothes, and converses with the meanest company. Yet I do not believe there is one single writer, who has abilities to translate a French novel, that does not keep better company, wear finer clothes, and live more genteelly, than many who pride themselves for nothing else in Ireland. I confess it again, my dear Dan, that nothing but the wildest ambition could prevail on me to leave the enjoyment of the refined conversation which I am sometimes admitted to partake in, for uncertain fortune and paltry show. You cannot conceive how I am sometimes divided: to leave all that is dear to me gives me pain; but when I consider, I may possibly acquire a genteel independence for life: when I think of that dignity which philosophy claims, to raise itself above contempt and ridicule; when I think thus, I eagerly long to embrace every opportunity of separating myself from the vulgar, as much in my circumstances, as I am already in my sentiments.

I am going to publish a book, for an account of which I refer you to a letter which I wrote to my brother Goldsmith. Circulate for me among your acquaintances a hundred proposals, which I have given orders may be sent to you: and if, in pursuance of such circulation, you should receive any subscriptions, let them, when collected, be transmitted to Mr. Bradley, who will give a receipt for the same. . . . . I know not how my desire of seeing Ireland, which had so long slept, has again revived with so much ardour. So weak is my temper, and so unsteady, that I am frequently tempted, particularly when low-spirited, to return home and leave my fortune, though just beginning to look kinder. But it shall not be. In five or six years I hope to indulge these transports. I find I want constitution, and a strong steady disposition, which alone makes men great. I will, however, correct my faults, since I am conscious of them.

XI.[1]—TO MR. RALPH GRIFFITHS.[2]

[*January*, 1759].[3]

SIR,—I know of no misery but a gaol to which my own imprudences and your letter seem to point. I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks, and, by heavens! I request it as a favour, as a favour that may prevent somewhat more fatal. I have been some years struggling with a wretched being, with all that contempt which indigence brings with it, with all those strong passions which make contempt insupportable. What then has a gaol that is formidable, I shall at least have the society of wretches, and such is to me true society. I tell you again and again, I am now neither able nor willing to pay you a farthing, but I will be punctual to any appointment you or the taylor shall make; thus far at least I do not act the sharper, since unable to pay my debts one way I would willingly give some security another. No Sir, had I been a sharper, had I been possessed of less good nature and native generosity I might surely now have been in better circumstances. I am guilty I own of meannesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it, my reflections are filled with repentance for my imprudence but not with any remorse for being a villain, that may be a character you unjustly charge me with. Your books[4] I can assure you are neither pawn'd nor sold, but in the custody of a friend from whom my necessities oblig'd me to borrow some money, whatever becomes of my person, you shall have them in a month. It is very possible both the reports you have heard and your own suggestions may have brought you false information with respect to my character, it is very possible that the man whom you now regard with detestation may inwardly burn with grateful resentment, it is very possible that upon a second perusal of the letter I sent you, you may see the workings of a mind strongly agitated with gratitude and jealousy, if such circumstances should appear at least spare invective 'till my book with Mr. Dodsley shall be publish'd, and then perhaps you may see the bright side of a mind when my professions shall not appear the dictates of necessity but of choice. You seem to think Dr. Milner knew me not. Perhaps so; but he was a man I shall ever honour; but I have friendship only with the dead! I ask pardon for taking up so much time. Nor shall I add to it by any other professions than that I am Sir your Humble Serv[t].

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

P.S. I shall expect impatiently the result of your resolutions.[5]

[1] First printed in Prior, i. 286.

[2] The publisher and proprietor of The Monthly Review, to which Goldsmith had lately been a contributor. He died, aged 83 years, and was buried at Chiswick, 5th October, 1803. (*See* vol. ii. p. 123.)

[3] Endorsed by Griffiths. "Received in January 1759."

[4] The four he reviewed in the "Monthly Review" for December 1758. *See* p. 320.

[5] "The appearance of this remarkable letter harmonises with its contents. There is nothing of the freedom or boldness of hand in it which one may perceive in his ordinary manuscript. To the kindness of my friend the Rev. Chauncy Hare Townshend, I owe

XII.[1]—TO THE REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

AT LOWFIELD, NEAR BALLYMORE, IN WESTMEATH, IRELAND.

DEAR SIR,—Your punctuality in answering a man, whose trade is writing, is more than I had reason to expect; and yet you see me generally fill a whole sheet, which is all the recompense I can make for being so frequently troublesome. The behaviour of Mr. Mills and Mr. Lawder is a little extraordinary. However, their answering neither you nor me is a sufficient indication of their disliking the employment which I assigned them. As their conduct is different from what I expected, so I have made an alteration in mine. I shall, the beginning of next month, send over two hundred and fifty books, which are all that I fancy can be well sold among you, and I would have you make some distinction in the persons who have subscribed. The money, which will amount to sixty pounds, may be left with Mr. Bradley, as soon as possible. I am not certain but I shall quickly have occasion for it. I have met with no disappointment with respect to my East India voyage; nor are my resolutions altered; though, at the same time, I must confess it gives me some pain to think I am almost beginning the world at the age of thirty-one. Though I never had a day's sickness since I saw you, yet I am not that strong and active man you once knew me. You scarcely can conceive how much eight years of disappointment, anguish, and study, have worn me down. If I remember right, you are seven or eight years older than me, yet I dare venture to say, that if a stranger saw us both, he would pay me the honours of seniority. / Imagine to yourself a pale melancholy visage, with two great wrinkles between the eye-brows, with an eye disgustingly severe, and a big wig; and you may have a perfect picture of my present appearance. / On the other hand, I conceive you as perfectly sleek and healthy, passing many a happy day among your own children, or those who knew you a child. Since I knew what it was to be a man, this is a pleasure I have not known. I have passed my days among a parcel of cool designing beings, and have contracted all their suspicious manner in my own behaviour. I should actually be as unfit for the society of my friends at home, as I detest that which I am obliged to partake of here. I can now neither partake of the pleasure of a revel, nor contribute to raise its jollity. I can neither laugh nor drink, have contracted a hesitating disagreeable manner of speaking, and a visage that looks ill-nature itself; in short, I have thought myself into a settled melancholy, and an utter disgust of all that life brings with it—Whence this romantic turn, that all our family are possessed with? Whence this love for every place and every country but that in which we reside? for

the possession of this most interesting of all the Goldsmith papers that have been preserved to our time, and I have been careful of the strictest accuracy in the copy above given. The pointing is imperfect and confused, nor is there any break or paragraph from the first line to the signature; but it is printed exactly as written."—*Forster's Goldsmith*, i. 169.

[1] First printed in the Miscellaneous Works, 1801, vol. i. p. 53.

every occupation but our own? this desire of fortune, and yet this eagerness to dissipate? I perceive, my dear sir, that I am at intervals for indulging this splenetic manner, and following my own taste, regardless of yours.

The reasons you have given me for breeding up your son as a scholar, are judicious and convincing. I should, however, be glad to know for what particular profession he is designed. If he be assiduous, and divested of strong passions (for passions in youth always lead to pleasure), he may do very well in your college; for it must be owned, that the industrious poor have good encouragement there, perhaps better than in any other in Europe. But if he has ambition, strong passions, and an exquisite sensibility of contempt, do not send him there, unless you have no other trade for him except your own. It is impossible to conceive how much may be done by a proper education at home. A boy, for instance, who understands perfectly well Latin, French, Arithmetic, and the principles of the civil law, and can write a fine hand, has an education that may qualify him for any undertaking. And these parts of learning should be carefully inculcated, let him be designed for whatever calling he will. Above all things let him never touch a romance or novel; those paint beauty in colours more charming than nature; and describe happiness that man never tastes. How delusive, how destructive are those pictures of consummate bliss.[1] They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness which never existed; to despise the little good which fortune has mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave; and in general, take the word of a man who has seen the world, and who has studied human nature more by experience than precept; take my word for it, that books teach us very little of the world. The greatest merit in a state of poverty would only serve to make the possessor ridiculous; may distress, but cannot relieve him. Frugality, and even avarice, in the lower orders of mankind, are true ambition. These afford the only ladder for the poor to rise to preferment. Teach then, my dear sir, to your son thrift and economy. Let his poor wandering uncle's example be placed before his eyes. I had learned from books to be disinterested and generous, before I was taught from experience the necessity of being prudent. I had contracted the habits and notions of a philosopher, while I was exposing myself to the insidious approaches of cunning; and often by being, even with my narrow finances, charitable to excess, I forgot the rules of justice, and placed myself in the very situation of the wretch who thanked me for my bounty. While I am in the remotest part of the world tell him this, and perhaps he may improve from my example. But I find myself again falling into my gloomy habits of thinking.

My mother, I am informed, is almost blind; even though I had the utmost inclination to return home, under such circumstances I could not: for to behold her in distress without a capacity of relieving her from it, would add too much to my splenetic habit. Your last letter was much too short, it should have answered some queries I had made in my former.

[1] Compare "The Citizen of the World," (Letter lxxxiii.), vol. ii. p. 365.

Just sit down as I do, and write forward until you have filled all your paper; it requires no thought, at least from the ease with which my own sentiments rise when they are addressed to you. For, believe me, my head has no share in all I write; my heart dictates the whole. Pray, give my love to Bob Bryanton, and intreat him, from me, not to drink. My dear sir, give me some account about poor Jenny [his younger sister, who had married unprosperously]. Yet her husband loves her; if so, she cannot be unhappy.

I know not whether I should tell you—yet why should I conceal those trifles, or indeed anything from you?—there is a book of mine will be published in a few days, the life of a very extraordinary man—no less than the great Voltaire.[1] You know already by the title, that it is no more than a catch-penny. However I spent but four weeks on the whole performance, for which I received twenty pounds. When published, I shall take some method of conveying it to you, unless you may think it dear of the postage, which may amount to four or five shillings. However, I fear you will not find an equivalent of amusement. Your last letter, I repeat it, was too short: you should have given me your opinion of the design of the heroi-comical poem which I sent you: you remember I intended to introduce the hero of the poem, as lying in a paltry alehouse. You may take the following specimen of the manner, which I flatter myself is quite original. The room in which he lies, may be described somewhat this way:—

The window, patched with paper, lent a ray,
That feebly show'd the state in which he lay.
The sandy floor, that grits beneath the tread:
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread:
The game of goose was there exposed to view,
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew;
The seasons fram'd with listing, found a place,
And Prussia's monarch show'd his lamp-black face.
The morn was cold; he views with keen desire,
A rusty grate unconscious of a fire.
An unpaid reck'ning on the freeze was scor'd,[2]
And five crack'd teacups dress'd the chimney board.

And now imagine after his soliloquy, the landlord to make his appearance, in order to dun him for the reckoning:—

Not with that face, so servile and so gay,
That welcomes every stranger that can pay,
With sulky eye he smoak'd the patient man,
Then pull'd his breeches tight, and thus began, &c.

All this is taken, you see, from nature. It is a good remark of Montaigne's, that the wisest men often have friends, with whom they do not care how

[1] *See* vol. iv. p. 1.

[2] Compare "The Citizen of the World," (Letter xxx., ii. 183), and passage in "The Deserted Village," i. 47.

much they play the fool. Take my present follies as instances of regard. Poetry is a much easier, and more agreeable species of composition than prose, and could a man live by it, it were not unpleasant employment to be a poet. I am resolved to leave no space, though I should fill it up only by telling you, what you very well know already, I mean that I am your most affectionate friend and brother, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

XIII.[1]—TO MR. NEWBERY,[2]

ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD. [1762.]

DEAR SIR,—As I have been out of order for some time past, and am still not quite recovered, the fifth volume of Plutarch's Lives remains unfinished. I fear I shall not be able to do it, unless there be an actual necessity, and that none else can be found. If therefore you would send it to Mr. Collier,[3] I should esteem it a kindness, and will pay for whatever it may come to.—N.B. I received twelve guineas for the two volumes. I am, sir, your obliged, humble servant, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Pray let me have an answer.

XIV.[4]—TO MR. NEWBERY.

SIR,—One volume is done, namely the fourth. When I said I should be glad Mr. Collier would do the fifth for me, I only demanded it as a favour, but if he cannot conveniently do it, though I have kept my chamber these three weeks, and am not quite recovered, yet I will do it. I send it per bearer; and if the affair puts you to the least inconvenience, return it, and it shall be done immediately. I am, &c., O. G.

The printer has the copy of the rest.

[1] First printed in Prior, i. 392. The original is now (1854) in the possession of Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street.

[2] Mr. John Newbery, "The philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard," the father of Francis Newbery, and the uncle of another Francis Newbery. He died 22d Dec. 1767, and in his will he desired to be buried in the churchyard of Laurence Waltham in Berkshire, near his father and mother, and in the day time if possible. (*See* vol. i. p. 376, and vol. ii. p. 76).

[3] Joseph Collyer, a bookseller's hack.

[4] First printed in Prior, i. 393. The original is now (1854) in the possession of Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street.

XV.[1]—TO THE PRINTER OF THE ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

[*July* 1767.]

SIR,—As there is nothing I dislike so much as newspaper controversy, particularly upon trifles, permit me to be as concise as possible in informing a correspondent of yours, that I recommended *Blainville's Travels*[2] because I thought the book was a good one; and I think so still. I said, I was told by the bookseller that it was then first published; but in that, it seems, I was misinformed, and my reading was not extensive enough to set me right.

Another correspondent of yours accuses me of having taken a Ballad I published some time ago, from one by the ingenious Mr. Percy. I do not think there is any great resemblance between the two pieces in question. If there be any, his ballad is taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy some years ago; and he (as we both considered these things as trifles at best) told me, with his usual good-humour, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakspere into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little Cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved it. Such petty anecdotes as these are scarcely worth printing; and, were it not for the busy disposition of some of your correspondents, the public should never have known that he owes me the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to his friendship and learning for communications of a much more important nature. I am, sir, yours, &c.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[1] From the "St. James's Chronicle."

[2] "I happen to have before me a copy, now rarely met with, of the original 'proposals' for publishing Blainville's travels, to which this letter refers; and as it marks the new estimation in which the *Traveller's* success placed its author, and the uses which the booksellers hastened to make of it, it may be worth description. It is the first but by no means the last instance of such employment of his name. After an elaborate description of the book, great prominence is given to the intimation that it is 'Recommended by Dr. Goldsmith, Author of *The Traveller*, a poem, &c.;' and on the same full title-page which precedes the conditions of subscription and sale, immediately below the announcement that the work will be 'printed for J. Johnson and B. Davenport, in Paternoster-row, and sold by all Booksellers and News-carriers in Great Britain and Ireland,' follows the 'RECOMMENDATION. I have read the Travels of Monsieur *De Blainville* with the highest pleasure. As far as I am capable of judging, they are at once accurate, copious, and entertaining. I am told, they are now first translated from the Author's Manuscript in the *French* language, which has never been published; and if so, they are a valuable acquisition to ours. The Translation, as I am informed, has been made by Men of Eminence, and is not unworthy of the Original. All I have to add is, that, to the best of my opinion, *Blainville's Travels* is the most valuable Work of this kind hitherto published: Containing the most judicious Instructions to those who read for Amusement, and being the surest Guide to those who intend to undertake the same Journey. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"*Temple, March* 2, 1767."—*Forster's Goldsmith*, i. 405.

XVI.[1]—TO GEORGE COLMAN,[2] ESQ.,

RICHMOND.

TEMPLE, GARDEN COURT, *July 19th*, [1767.]

DEAR SIR,—I am very much obliged to you, both for your kind partiality in my favour, and your tenderness in shortening the interval of my expectation. That the play,[3] is liable to many objections I well know, but I am happy that it is in hands the most capable in the world of removing them. If then, dear sir, you will complete your favours by putting the piece into such a state as it may be acted, or of directing me how to do it, I shall ever retain a sense of your goodness to me. And indeed though most probably this be the last I shall ever write yet I can't help feeling a secret satisfaction that poets for the future are likely to have a protector who declines taking advantage of their dependent situation, and scorns that importance which may be acquired by trifling with their anxieties. I am, dear sir, with the greatest esteem, your most obedient humble servant,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

XVII.[4]—TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.,

AT LICHFIELD.

LONDON, *July 20th*, 1767.

SIR,—A few days ago Mr. Beard renewed his claim to the piece which I had written for his stage, and had, as a friend, submitted to your perusal. As I found you had very great difficulties about that piece, I complied with his desire, thinking it wrong to take up the attention of my friends with such petty concerns as mine, or to load your good-nature by a compliance rather with their requests than my merits. I am extremely sorry that you should think me warm at our last meeting; your judgment certainly ought to be free, especially in a matter which must in some measure concern your own credit and interest. I assure you, sir, I have no disposition to differ with you on this or any other account, but am with an high opinion of your abilities, and with a very real esteem, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.[5]

[1] First printed in Forster's "Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith," 8vo, 1848, p. 409. The original is in Mr. Forster's possession.

[2] The father of the younger Colman. Died 14th August, 1794.

[3] The allusion is to "The Good-Natured Man" and to Garrick, by whom, as manager of Drury Lane Theatre, his play had been refused. A coldness ensued; but the quarrel was soon made up.

[4] First printed in Prior, ii. 153.

[5] Garrick's reply (from the draft on the back of Goldsmith's letter) was first printed in Prior, ii. 154, but very incorrectly.

"LICHFIELD, *July 25th*, 1767.

"SIR,—I was at Birmingham when your letter came to this place, or I should have

XVIII.[1]—TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

My dear Friend,—We had a very quick passage from Dover to Calais, which we performed in three hours and twenty minutes, all of us extremely sea-sick, which must necessarily have happened, as my machine to prevent sea-sickness was not completed. We were glad to leave Dover, because we hated to be imposed upon; so were in high spirits at coming to Calais, where we were told that a little money would go a great way. Upon landing two little trunks which was all we carried with us, we were surprised to see fourteen or fifteen fellows all running down to the ship to lay their hands upon them; four got under each trunk, the rest surrounded, and held the hasps; and in this manner our little baggage was conducted, with a kind of funeral solemnity, till it was safely lodged at the custom-house. We were well enough pleased with the people's civility till they came to be paid: when every creature that had the happiness of but touching our trunks with their finger, expected sixpence; and had so pretty, civil a manner of demanding it, that there was no refusing them. When we had done with the porters, we had next to speak with the custom-house officers, who had their pretty civil way too. We were directed to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where a valet de place came to offer his service; and spoke to me ten minutes before I once found out that he was speaking English. We had no occasion for his services, so we gave him a little money because he spoke English, and because he wanted it. I cannot help mentioning another circumstance. I bought a new ribbon for my wig at Canterbury, and the barber at Calais broke it in order to gain sixpence by buying me a new one.

XIX.[2]—TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Paris, *July 29th*, [1770.]

My dear Friend,—I began a long letter to you from Lisle giving a description of all that we had done and seen, but finding it very dull and

thanked you for it immediately. I was indeed much hurt that your warmth at our last meeting mistook my sincere and friendly attention to your play for the remains of a former misunderstanding, which I had as much forgot as if it never had existed. What I said to you at my own house I now repeat, that I felt more pain in giving my sentiments than you possibly would in receiving them. It has been the business and ambition of my life, to live upon the best terms with men of genius, and as I know that Dr. Goldsmith will have no reason to change his present friendly disposition towards me, as I shall be glad of any future opportunity to convince him how much I am his obedient servant and well-wisher, D. Garrick."

[1] First printed in the Miscellaneous Works, 1801, i. 90.

[2] First printed in Prior, ii. 292, from the original, now in the possession of S. W. Singer, Esq.

knowing that you would show it again, I threw it aside and it was lost. You see by the top of this letter that we are at Paris, and (as I have often heard you say) we have brought our own amusement with us, for the ladies do not seem to be very fond of what we have yet seen.

With regard to myself I find that travelling at twenty and at forty are very different things. I set out with all my confirmed habits about me, and can find nothing on the Continent so good as when I formerly left it. One of our chief amusements here is scolding at everything we meet with, and praising everything and every person we left at home.[1] You may judge therefore whether your name is not frequently bandied at table among us. To tell you the truth, I never thought I could regret your absence so much as our various mortifications on the road have often taught me to do. I could tell you of disasters and adventures without number, of our lying in barns, and of my being half-poisoned with a dish of green peas, of our quarrelling with postilions and being cheated by our landladies, but I reserve all this for an happy hour which I expect to share with you upon my return.

I have little to tell you more, but that we are at present all well, and expect returning when we have stayed out one month, which I should not care if it were over this very day. I long to hear from you all: how you yourself do, how Johnson, Burke, Dyer, Chamier, Colman, and every one of the club do. I wish I could send you some amusement in this letter, but I protest I am so stupified by the air of this country (for I am sure it can never be natural) that I have not a word to say. I have been thinking of the plot of a comedy which shall be entitled *A Journey to Paris*, in which a family shall be introduced with a full intention of going to France to save money. You know there is not a place in the world more promising for that purpose. As for the meat of this country I can scarce eat it, and though we pay two good shillings an head for our dinner, I find it all so tough, that I have spent less time with my knife than my pick-tooth. I said this as a good thing at table, but it was not understood. I believe it to be a good thing.

As for our intended journey to Devonshire I find it out of my power to perform it, for, as soon as I arrive at Dover I intend to let the ladies go on, and I will take a country lodging somewhere near that place in order to do some business. I have so outrun the constable, that I must mortify a little to bring it up again. For God's sake the night you receive this take your pen in your hand and tell me something about yourself, and myself, if you know of anything that has happened. About Miss Reynolds, about Mr. Bickerstaff, my nephew, or anybody that you regard. I beg you will

[1] The same opinion he is represented to have expressed still more forcibly at Ridge's table (the "Anchovy" of *Retaliation*) after his return, when, in answer to a question, whether he would recommend travel, he said yes, he would by all means recommend it, to the rich if they were without the sense of smelling, and to the poor if they were without the sense of feeling.

send to Griffin the bookseller to know if there be any letters left for me, and be so good as to send them to me at Paris. They may perhaps be left for me at the porter's lodge opposite the pump in Temple-lane. The same messenger will do. I expect one from Lord Clare from Ireland. As for others I am not much uneasy about.

Is there anything I can do for you at Paris? I wish you would tell me. The whole of my own purchases here, is one silk coat which I have put on, and which makes me look like a fool. But no more of that. I find that Colman has gained his lawsuit. I am glad of it. I suppose you often meet. I will soon be among you, better pleased with my situation at home than I ever was before. And yet I must say, that if anything could make France pleasant, the very good women with whom I am at present would certainly do it. I could say more about that, but I intend showing them this letter before I send it away. What signifies teasing you longer with moral observations when the business of my writing is over. I have one thing only more to say, and of that I think every hour in the day, namely, that I am your most sincere and most affectionate friend,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Direct to me at the Hôtel de Danemarc,
Rue Jacob, Fauxbourg St. Germains.

XX.[1]—TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ.

AT LANGTON, NEAR SPILSBY, IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

TEMPLE, BRICK COURT, *Sept. 7th*, 1771.

MY DEAR SIR,—Since I had the pleasure of seeing you last, I have been almost wholly in the country at a farmer's house, quite alone, trying to write a comedy. It is now finished, but when or how it will be acted, or whether it will be acted at all, are questions I cannot resolve. I am therefore so much employed upon that, that I am under the necessity of putting off my intended visit to Lincolnshire for this season. Reynolds is just returned from Paris, and finds himself now in the case of a truant that must make up for his idle time by diligence. We have therefore agreed to postpone our journey till next summer, when we hope to have the honour of waiting upon Lady Rothes, and you, and staying double the time of our late intended visit. We often meet, and never without remembering you. I see Mr. Beauclerc very often both in town and country. He is now going directly forward to become a second Boyle: deep in chemistry and physics. Johnson has been down upon a visit to a country parson, Doctor Taylor: and is returned to his old haunts at Mrs. Thrale's. Burke is a farmer, *en attendant* a better place; but visiting about too. Every soul is a visiting about and merry but myself. And that is hard too, as I have been trying

[1] First published in the Miscellaneous Works, 1801, i. 92.

these three months to do something to make people laugh. There have I been strolling about the hedges, studying jests with a most tragical countenance. The Natural History is about half finished, and I will shortly finish the rest. God knows I am tired of this kind of finishing, which is but bungling work; and that not so much my fault as the fault of my scurvy circumstances. They begin to talk in town of the Opposition's gaining ground; the cry of liberty is still as loud as ever. I have published, or Davies has published for me, an *Abridgement of the History of England*,[1] for which I have been a good deal abused in the newspapers for betraying the liberties of the people. God knows I had no thought for or against liberty in my head; my whole aim being to make up a book of a decent size, that, as 'Squire Richard says, would do no harm to nobody. However, they set me down as an arrant Tory, and consequently an honest man. When you come to look at any part of it, you'll say that I am a sour Whig. God bless you, and with my most respectful compliments to her ladyship.

I remain, dear sir, your most affectionate humble servant,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

XXI.[2]—TO JOSEPH CRADOCK, ESQ.

[*Dec.* 1771.]

MR. GOLDSMITH presents his best respects to Mr. Cradock; has sent him the Prologue, such as it is.[3] He cannot take time to make it better. He begs he will give Mr. Yates the proper instructions; and so, even so, he commits him to fortune and the public.

XXII.[4]—TO JOSEPH CRADOCK, ESQ.,

AT THE HOTEL, IN PALL MALL.

Sunday morning, [1772.]

MR. GOLDSMITH'S best respects to Mr. Cradock—When he asked him to-day, he quite forgot an engagement of a week's standing, which has been made purposely for him; he feels himself quite uneasy at not being permitted to have his instructions upon those parts where he must necessarily be defective. He will have a rehearsal on Monday,[5] when, if

[1] He means the *History* as published in four volumes, which, however, he had also undertaken to "abridge" on payment of fifty guineas. See *Percy Memoir*, 79.

[2] First printed in Cradock's Memoirs, 4 vols. 8vo., 1826, vol. i. p. 224.

[3] To *Zobeide*, a tragedy, by Joseph Cradock. *See* vol. i. p. 112.

[4] First printed in Cradock's Memoirs, i. 225.

[5] Of the *Threnodia Augustalis*. *See* vol. i. p. 114, and Forster's Goldsmith, ii. 327.

Mr. Cradock would come, and afterwards take a bit of mutton-chop, it would add to his other obligations.

XXIII.[1]—TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

[1773.]

DEAR SIR,—I intreat you'll relieve me from that state of suspense in which I have been kept for a long time. Whatever objections you have made, or shall make, to my play,[2] I will endeavour to remove and not argue about them. To bring in any new judges either of its merits or faults I can never submit to. Upon a former occasion, when my other play[3] was before Mr. Garrick, he offered to bring me before Mr. Whitehead's tribunal,[4] but I refused the proposal with indignation. I hope I shall not experience as hard treatment from you as from him. I have, as you know, a large sum of money to make up shortly; by accepting my play I can readily satisfy my creditor that way; at any rate I must look about to some certainty to be prepared. For God's sake take the play and let us make the best of it, and let me have the same measure at least which you have given as bad plays as mine. I am, your friend and servant, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

XXIV.[5]—TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

Feb. 6th, 1773.[6]

DEAR SIR,—I ask you many pardons for the trouble I gave you yesterday. Upon more mature deliberation, and the advice of a sensible friend, I began to think it indelicate in me to throw upon you the odium of confirming Mr. Colman's sentence. I therefore request that you will send my play[7] back by my servant; for having been assured of having it acted at the other house, though I confess yours in every respect more to my wish, yet it will be folly in me to forego an advantage which lies in my power of appealing from Mr. Colman's opinion to the judgment of the town.

I entreat, if not too late, you will keep this affair a secret for some time. I am, dear sir, your very humble servant, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[1] First printed in Prior, ii. 386.

[2] She Stoops to Conquer. [3] The Good-Natured Man.

[4] William Whitehead, Poet Laureat. Died 14th April, 1785.

[5] First printed in the Garrick Correspondence, 2 vols. 4to., 1831, i. 527.

[6] Mr. Prior, writing in 1837 (*Life*, ii. 386), says that this note is without date. He had no doubt overlooked the circumstance that the date is given in the Garrick Correspondence, printed in 1831. [7] She Stoops to Conquer.

XXV.[1]—TO JOSEPH CRADOCK, ESQ.

[1773.]

My dear Sir.—The play has met with a success much beyond your expectations or mine. I thank you sincerely for your epilogue, which however could not be used, but with your permission shall be printed.[2] The story in short is this, Murphy sent me rather the outline of an epilogue than an epilogue, which was to be sung by Mrs. Catley, and which she approved.

Mrs. Bulkeley hearing this, insisted on throwing up the part, unless, according to the custom of the theatre, she were permitted to speak the epilogue. In this embarrassment I thought of making a quarrelling epilogue between Catley and her, debating who should speak the epilogue; but then Mrs. Catley refused after I had taken the trouble of drawing it out.[3] I was then at a loss indeed; an epilogue was to be made, and for none but Mrs. Bulkeley. I made one,[4] and Colman thought it too bad to be spoken. I was obliged therefore to try a fourth time, and I made a very mawkish thing[5] as you'll shortly see. Such is the history of my stage adventures, and which I have at last done with. I cannot help saying that I am very sick of the stage, and though I believe I shall get three tolerable benefits, yet I shall upon the whole be a loser, even in a pecuniary light; my ease and comfort I certainly lost while it was in agitation. I am, my dear Cradock, your obliged and obedient servant, Oliver Goldsmith.

P.S.—Present my most humble respects to Mrs. Cradock.

XXVI.[6]—TO THE PUBLIC.

Lest it should be supposed that I have been willing to correct in others an abuse of which I have been guilty myself, I beg leave to declare, that in all my life I never wrote or dictated a single paragraph, letter, or essay, in a newspaper, except a few moral essays, under the character of a Chinese, about ten years ago, in the *Ledger*, and a letter to which I signed my name in the *St. James's Chronicle*.[7] If the liberty of the press, therefore, has been abused, I have had no hand in it.

I have always considered the press as the protector of our freedom, as a watchful guardian, capable of uniting the weak against the encroachments

[1] First printed in Cradock's Memoirs, i. 225. [2] *See* it in vol. i. p. 281.
[3] *See* it in vol. i. p. 127. [4] *See* it in vol. i. p. 131. [5] *See* it in vol. i. p. 280.
[6] First printed in *The Daily Advertiser* of the 31st March, 1773, to which paper it was sent by Goldsmith, in reply to a gross personal attack upon himself in *The London Packet*, said to be written by Kenrick (*See* vol. i. p. 82-3, and vol. ii. p. 42), and for which Goldsmith struck the publisher. The story of the libel and the caning is told in "Forster," ii. 384. [7] No. xv. p. 422.

of power. What concerns the public, most properly admits of a public discussion. But of late the press has turned from defending public interest, to making inroads upon private life; from combating the strong to overwhelming the feeble. No condition is now too obscure for its abuse, and the protector has become the tyrant of the people. In this manner the freedom of the press is beginning to sow the seeds of its own dissolution; the great must oppose it from principle, and the weak from fear; till at last every rank of mankind shall be found to give up its benefits, content with security from insults.

How to put a stop to this licentiousness, by which all are indiscriminately abused, and by which vice consequently escapes in the general censure, I am unable to tell; all I could wish is, that, as the law gives us no protection against the injury, so it should give calumniators no shelter after having provoked correction. The insults which we receive before the public, by being more open are the more distressing; by treating them with silent contempt, we do not pay a sufficient deference to the opinion of the world. By recurring to legal redress we too often expose the weakness of the law, which only serves to increase our mortification by failing to relieve us. In short, every man should singly consider himself as a guardian of the liberty of the press, and, as far as his influence can extend, should endeavour to prevent its licentiousness becoming at last the grave of its freedom.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.[1]

[1] "On Saturday, April 3 (1774), the day after my arrival in London, I went to his (Johnson's) house, late in the evening, and sat with Mrs. Williams till he came home. I found in *The London Chronicle* Dr. Goldsmith's apology to the public for beating Evans, a bookseller, on account of a paragraph in a newspaper written by him, which Goldsmith thought impertinent to him and to a lady of his acquaintance. The apology was written so much in Johnson's manner, that both Mrs. Williams and I supposed it to be his; but when he came home he soon undeceived us. When he said to Mrs. Williams, 'Well, Dr. Goldsmith's *manifesto* has got into your paper,' I asked him if Dr. Goldsmith had written it, with an air that made him see I suspected it was his, though subscribed by Goldsmith. JOHNSON:—'Sir, Dr. Goldsmith would no more have asked me to write such a thing as that for him, than he would have asked me to feed him with a spoon, or to do anything else that denoted his imbecility. I as much believe that he wrote it, as if I had seen him do it. Sir, had he shown it to any one friend, he would not have been allowed to publish it. He has indeed done it very well; but it is a foolish thing well done. I suppose he has been so much elated with the success of his comedy (*She Stoops to Conquer*) that he has thought anything that concerned him must be of importance to the public.'"—*Boswell*, by Croker, p. 248.

XXVII.[1]—TO MR. JOHN NOURSE.

[*April*, 1773.]

SIR,—The bearer is Doctor Andrews, who has just finished a work relative to Denmark,[2] which I have seen and read with great pleasure. He is of opinion that a short letter of this kind, expressing my approbation, will be a proper introduction of it to you. I therefore once more recommend it in the warmest manner, and unless I am mistaken it will be of great credit to him, as well as of benefit to the purchaser of the copy. I am, sir, your most obedient servant, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

XXVIII.[3]—TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

TEMPLE, *June 10th*, 1773.

DEAR SIR,—To be thought of by you obliges me; to be served by you is still more. It makes me very happy to find that Dr. Burney thinks my scheme of a Dictionary[4] useful; still more that he will be so kind as to adorn it with anything of his own. I beg you will also accept my gratitude for procuring me so valuable an acquisition. I am, dear sir, your most affectionate servant, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

XXIX.[5]—TO MR. JOHN NOURSE.[6]

SIR,—As the work[7] for which we engaged is now near coming out, and for the *over* payment of which I return you my thanks, I would consider myself still more obliged to you, if you would let my friend Griffin[8] have a

[1] First printed in Prior, ii. 424. The original (endorsed "Dr. Goldsmith, April 26, 1773") is now (1854) in the possession of John Young, Esq., Vanbrugh Fields, Blackheath.

[2] "The History of the Revolutions of Denmark, with an Account of the Present State of that Kingdom and People." By John Andrews, LL.D. 2 vols. 8vo. 1774. Nourse was the publisher.

[3] First printed in Madame D'Arblay's Memoirs of Dr. Burney, vol. i. 272-3.

[4] A Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, planned by Goldsmith, and to which Johnson and Burke and Garrick were to have contributed; Dr. Burney consented to supply the article "Musician." (*See* "Prior's Life," ii. 429.) The *Prospectus* which Goldsmith is said to have drawn up has escaped his editors.

[5] First printed in "Prior," ii. 504.

[6] Many years bookseller to His Majesty. He died at Knightsbridge, 24 April, 1780.

[7] An "History of the Earth and Animated Nature," 8 vols. 8vo. London, printed for J. Nourse, in the Strand, 1774.

[8] William Griffin, the original publisher of Goldsmith's "Essays," 1765; of his first comedy (*The Good-Natured Man*), and of his poem of "The Deserted Village."

part of it. He is ready to pay you for any part you will think proper to give him, and as I have thoughts of extending the work into the *vegetable* and *fossil* kingdoms, you shall share with him in any such engagement as may happen to ensue. I am, sir, your very humble servant,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

XXX.[1]—TO MR. THOMAS CADELL.[2]

DOCTOR GOLDSMITH'S compliments to Mr. Cadell, and desires a set of the History of England for correction, if interleaved the better.

XXXI.[3]—TO MR. THOMAS CADELL.

MR. GOLDSMITH'S compliments to Mr. Cadell, begs for an hour or two, the use of Millot's History, by Mrs. Brooke.[4]

Mr. Cadell, Strand.

XXXII.[5]—TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

[1773.]

MY DEAR SIR,—Your saying you would play my *Good-Natured Man* makes me wish it. The money you advanced me upon Newbery's note, I have the mortification to find is not yet paid, but he says he will in two or three days. What I mean by this letter is to lend me sixty pound for which I will give you Newbery's note, so that the whole of my debt will be an hundred, for which you shall have Newbery's note as a security. This may be paid either from my alteration, if my benefit should come to so much; but at any rate, I will take care you shall not be a loser. I will give you

He lived in 1765 in Fetter-lane, but removed shortly after to Catherine-street, in the Strand, where his house was distinguished by Garrick's head. He was succeeded in 1778, if not before, in the same house and sign by D. Brown, the publisher of Bampfylde's Sonnets.

[1] First printed in "Prior's Life," ii. 439.

The well-known publisher in the Strand, the apprentice and successor of Andrew Millar. Died 27th December, 1800.

[3] First printed in "Prior's Life," ii. 439.

[4] Mr. Forster was the first to publish (*Life and Adventures*, p. 703) a short note from Goldsmith to James Dodsley, dated "Gray's Inn, 10th March, 1764," requesting the loan by bearer of ten guineas.

[5] Endorsed by Garrick, "Goldsmith's parlaver," and first printed in Forster's "Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith," 8vo., 1848, p. 672.

a new character in my comedy[1] and knock out *Lofty* which does not do, and will make such other alterations as you direct. I am, yours.

I beg an answer. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

XXXIII.[2]—TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

[1773.]

MY DEAR FRIEND.—I thank you! I wish I could do something to serve you. I shall have a comedy for you in a season or two at furthest, that I believe will be worth your acceptance, for I fancy I will make it a fine thing. You shall have the refusal. I wish you would not take up Newbery's note but let Wallis[3] tease him, without, however, coming to extremities; let him haggle after him and he will get it. He owes it and will pay it. I'm sorry you are ill. I will draw upon you one month after date for sixty pound,[4] and your acceptance will be ready money, part of which I want to go down to Barton[5] with. May God preserve my honest little man for he has my heart. Ever OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[1] The Good-Natured Man.

[2] First printed (but very incorrectly) in "Prior's Life," ii. 439, from the original then (1837) in the possession of Mr. Upcott. It is endorsed by Garrick "Goldsmith's Parlaver."

[3] Mr. Prior prints the name Waller, and Goldsmith may have so written it. But the person referred to is undoubtedly Albany Wallis, Garrick's solicitor and executor.

[4] Goldsmith's draft (one month after date) on Garrick for 60*l.*, dated 25th Dec., 1773, and accepted by Garrick, was sold at Sotheby and Wilkinson's, 5th August, 1851, for 3*l.* 16*s.*, and is now (1855) in the possession of George Daniel, Esq., of Islington.

[5] In Suffolk, the seat of his kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bunbury. *See* vol. i. p. 124.

ADDITIONAL NOTES AND CORRECTIONS.

MAY 1855.

VOLUME I.

Page 23. "Still let thy voice prevailing over time,"

add as note:

"Who can refuse Lodona's melting tale,
The soft complaint shall over time prevail."
Fr. Knapp. To Mr. Pope on his Windsor Forest.

59. "With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come;
'For I knew it,' he cried, 'both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and t'other with Thrale.'"

add as note:—"He [Johnson] returned next day to Mr. Thrale's; where, as Mr. Strahan once complained to me, 'he was in a great measure absorbed from the society of his old friends.'"—BOSWELL, *by Croker*, p. 571.

79. "Our Garrick's a sallad."

add as note:—"I have heard Dr. Warton mention, that he was at Mr. Robert Dodsley's with the late Mr. Moore, and several of his friends, considering what should be the name of the periodical paper which Moore had undertaken, Garrick proposed 'The Sallad,' which, by a curious coincidence, was afterwards applied to himself by Goldsmith."—BOSWELL, *by Croker*, p. 62, note 4.

Warton afterwards related the same anecdote in print. (Pope's Works, ed. 1797, ix. 381.)

110, *add* to note 2, "Sir Joshua bequeathed to Mrs. Bunbury 'the portrait of her son,' and to Mrs. Gwyn, 'her own portrait, with a turban.'"

VOLUME III.

42, note 2, *add* "Walpole tells a capital story of him in a letter to Bentley (July 9, 1754). 'I must tell you a story of Gideon. He breeds his children Christians: he had a mind to know what proficience his son had made in his new religion. "So," says he, "I began and asked him who made him? He said, 'God.' I then asked him who redeemed him? He replied very readily, 'Christ.' Well, then I was at the end of my interrogatories, and did not know what other question to put to him. I said, who—who—I did not know what to say; at last I said, Who gave you that hat? 'The Holy Ghost,' said the boy." Did you ever hear a better catechism?'"

INDEX.

A.

ABDULFEDA, Ismael, ii. 412.
Abuse of our enemies, iii. 331.
Academies of Italy, iii. 101.
Addison, iii. 130, 310, 432; iv. 156, 221, 222; his "Letter from Italy," iii. 436; his signature to papers in "The Spectator," iii. 82; "Tickell's Elegy on," reviewed, iii. 438; his lines on Birds, from "The Spectator," iv. 354.
Adultery, ii. 142.
"Adventures of a Strolling Player," iii. 228.
Æschylus, iii. 305.
Afer, Constantinus, ii. 17.
Age, life endeared by, ii. 333, iii. 194.
Ages, view of the Obscure, ii. 15.
"Ah me! when shall I marry me?" i. 123.
Agrippina, iii. 335.
Ailsbury, Bishop of, [Salisbury] iv. 144.
Akenside, Mark, ii. 52; iv. 203.
Albemarle, Duke of, ii. 124.
Albimonte, Guglielmo, iv. 248.
Albinus, Professor, iv. 403, 404.
Alcæus, iii. 326.
Alcander and Septimius, Story of, iii. 13, 146.
Aldrich, Rev. Mr., iv. 367.
Aldrovandus, iii. 386.
Alfric, ii. 16.
"Alexander's Feast," iii. 436.
Alexander the Sixth, iii. 99, 177.
Algarotte, ii. 29.
Allegory on the futility of wisdom, ii. 206.
Allen, Ralph, iv. 82-93.
"Alma," by Prior, iii. 439.
Alston, Professor, iv. 402.
Ambulaaohamed, the Arabian Poet, ii. 155.
American names, introduced into English poetry, ii. 155.
Amhurst, Nicholas, ii. 47; iii. 132,
Anacreon, iii. 327.
Anaxagoras, iii. 294.
Ancient History, Goldsmith made Professor of, i. 58.
Ancients, beauty of the, iv. 344.
Andrews, Dr. John, iv. 429.
Animals, cruelty to, ii. 128.
Anne, Queen, iv. 96; her visit to Bath, iv. 150.
Annesley, Mr., iv. 79.
"Anti-Lucretius," Cardinal de Polignac's, review of, iv. 289.
"Anti-Machiavel," iv. 33.
Antonius, sculpture in the time of, iii. 86.
Arboneau, Francis, iv. 177.
Arbuthnot, Dr., iv. 134.
Archdal, Richard, i. 30.
Aristophanes, iii. 306.
Aristotle, iii. 306, 314; his definition of Comedy, 342.
Arlington, Lord, iii. 128.
Armstrong, John, ii. 52; iii. 315.
Armstrong, Johnny, his "Last Good Night," iii. 31, 149; iv. 408.
Arne, Susannah Maria, iii. 36.
Arts made use of to appear learned, ii. 422.
Artificial miseries of some philosophers, ii. 293.
Ascham, Roger, iii. 52.
Asem the Man-hater, an Eastern tale, iii. 201.
Ash, Sir George, iv. 130.
Ashley's Punch-house, iii. 263.
Asia, treatment of females in, ii. 411; utility of travels into, 434; iii. 211.
Asia, Van Egmont's Travels in, review of, iv. 225.
Asiatic employments, projects for introducing them into the courts of Europe, ii. 441.
"Athenian Mercury, the," iii. 132.
Atterbury, Bishop, iii. 129, 431; iv. 18, 169.
Aubignac Abbé d', iv. 10.
"Auditor," Murphy's, i. 379.
Augurellus, Aurelius, iv. 142.
Augustan Age of England, iii. 125; iv. 411, 515.
Author, reflections of an, iii. 51.
Authors, in garrets, ii. 46; iv. 411, 415; titled ii. 396; by profession, ii. 46; iv. 411, 415; a Club of, described, ii. 179; proceedings of, 181; Hospital for decayed ones founded, 367.
"Author's bedchamber," description of an, i. 98.
Avaricious Miller, story of the, ii. 321.

B.

Bachelors, ii. 176.
Bacon, Lord, ii. 334; iii. 212; iv. 209.
Bagatelles of men of genius, iv. 226.
Baker, Sir George; reply to an invitation to dine with, i. 109.
Bangorian controversy, iii. 107.
Barnard, Dean, i. 79, 80; Lines to Goldsmith and Cumberland, i. 88.
Barrett's translation of Ovid's Epistles, reviewed, iv. 195.
Barrow, Dr. Isaac, ii. 129.
Bartholomew Fair, iii. 55.
Barton, in Suffolk, iv. 431.
"Bastard, The," reviewed, iii. 438.
Bath, *see* "Life of Nash," in vol. iv.
Bathurst, Earl, iv. 140.
"Battle of Frogs and Mice, The," iv. 142.
Baucis and Philemon, reviewed, iii. 438.
Bayle, M., iv. 289.
Bayly, Dr. Anselm, his "Introduction to Languages" reviewed, iv. 326.
Beard, Mr. iv. 422.
Beau, a visit from the little one, ii. 411.
Beau Tibbs, ii. 266; iii. 182.
Beauclerc, Topham, iv. 426.
Beaumelle, M., iv. 297.
Beautiful Captive, History of the, ii. 202, 283, 398.
Beauty, iv. 343; preference of Grace to, ii. 342.
Becket's house in Adam-street, ii. 438.
"Bedford coffee-house," the, iii. 38.
"Bee, The," iii. 5.
Bee-house, a floating one described, iv. 357.
Beggars' opera, ii. 371.
Bellamy, Mrs., i. 114.
Belles Lettres, on the cultivation of a taste for, iii. 292.
Bensley, Robert, prologue spoken by, i. 141.
Bentivoglio, ii. 368.
Bentley, Richard, (bookseller) iii. 127.
Berlin Academy established, ii. 23.
Berwick, Marshal, iv. 162.
Betterton, Thomas, iii. 128.
Bickerstaff, Mr., iv. 426.
Bidderman the Wise, a Flemish tradition, iii. 56.
Birch, Dr., iv. 54.
Birds, iv. 345, 352, 356; Introduction to the History of, iii. 398.
"Birth-day of Folly, The," iv. 179.
Bittern, the, iv. 355.
Blackfriars' Bridge, iii. 54.
Blacklock, Dr. Thomas, iii. 309.
Blackmore, Sir Richard, iii. 325.
Black Stone at Mecca, the, ii. 156.
"Blainville's Travels," iv. 421.
Blaize, Mrs. Mary, Elegy on the Death of, i. 96; iii. 68.
Blanco, Count de Castel, iv. 166.
Blank verse, ii. 52.
Boar's Head, Reverie at the, iii. 214.
Boccalini, iv. 202.
Boethius, ii. 368.
Boileau, iii. 104; iv. 14.
"Bolingbroke, Life of," iv. 147. *See* also iii. 431; iv. 18.
Bolton, Duke of, iv. 61.
Bonny, Anne, iii. 290.
Books, necessity of new ones, ii. 339.
Booksellers' shops, ii. 438.
Books seemingly sincere, falsehoods propagated by, ii. 131.
Bookseller's visit to the Chinese philosopher, ii. 256.
"Book Worm, The," iv. 143.
Borghese, Paulo, ii. 368.
Botany, Introduction to the Study of, iii. 412.
Bower, Archibald, i. 82.
Boyle, ii. 436; iii. 213.
Boyse, Samuel, iii. 434.
Braddock, Fanny, iv. 71.
Bradley, Bookseller, iv. 410, 414, 418.
Brent, Miss, ii. 350; iii. 273.
Brereton, Jane, iv. 86.
British, character of the, i. 17.
British Justice, ii. 211.
"British Magazine, The," iii. 266.
Broken Heart, iv. 342.
"Broom of Cowdenknows, The," iii. 267.
Browne, Hawkins, his "Pipe of Tobacco," iii. 438.
Brown, Tom, iii. 152.
Bruyère, iv. 238.
Bryanton, Robert, iv. 419; letters to, iv. 400, 410.
Buckingham, Duke of (Sheffield), iii. 439.
Buffon, iii. 387; his theory of the Earth, iv. 337.
Bulkley, Mrs., iv. 428; Epilogues intended to be spoken by, i. 127, 131; Epilogues spoken by, i. 206, 280; death of, i. 281.
Bunbury, Mrs., iv. 431; Letter in prose and verse to, i. 124; her portrait, i. 110; iv. 433.
Bunbury, Major-General Sir Henry, Bart., i. 109.
Bunyan, John, his style of writing, iii. 127.
Buonaroti, Michael Angelo, iii. 308.
Burgess, Daniel, iv. 150.
Burke, Edmund, i. 79, 80, 87.

"Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful," review of, iv. 273.
Burke, Richard, i. 81.
Burke, William, i. 79, 80.
Burnet's Theory of the Earth, iv. 337.
Burney, Dr., iv. 430.
Burton, Dr. John, his "Pentalogia" reviewed, iv. 328.
Butler, Samuel, ii. 369, 397; iv. 239, 413; his "Remains in Prose and Verse" reviewed, iv. 228.
Byrne, Thomas, i. 46.
Byrom, Dr., iii. 439.

C.

Cabiric Mysteries, iv. 322.
Cadell, Thomas, letters to, iv. 431.
Cadenus and Vanessa, reviewed, iii. 439.
Cæsar, iii. 299.
Calvert's butt, i. 98; iii. 230.
Cameron, Jenny, iii. 290.
Camoëns, ii. 368.
Capacity, iii. 294.
"Captivity, The; an Oratorio," i. 63.
Caramuel, ii. 83.
Caravaggio, iii. 87.
Carinthia, inhospitality of, i. 5.
Carolan, the blind Irish bard, account of, iii. 271.
Caroline, Queen, iv. 27.
Carter, Miss, ii. 368.
Cart race, description of a, ii. 375.
Cary, Mr., iv. 144.
Cassander, iv. 237.
Cassandre, François, ii. 369.
Catharina Alexowna of Russia, History of, ii. 293.
Catley, Miss, the actress, i. 127; iv. 428.
Catron, iii. 440.
Cawdor, Earl of, iv. 153.
"Celtes, Mythology and Poetry of the," vi. 265.
Cervantes, ii. 368.
Chaloner, Thomas and James, their history, iii. 275.
Chambers, Sir William, his work on Chinese temples, &c., ii. 190.
Champagne, ii. 368.
Champness, Mr., i. 114.
Change Alley, ii. 256; iii. 164.
Chantelon, iv. 173.
Chapelaine, iv. 25.
Charles the First, state of England at the accession of, iii. 360; his character, iv. 282.
Charles the Second, ii. 264; his character, iv. 283; age of, iii. 126.
Charles the Eighth, of France, iv. 245.
Charles the Twelfth, of Sweden, anecdotes of, iii. 26.
"Charlevoix's History of Paraguay," review of, iv. 285.
Charnet, Remi, iv. 177.
Charolais, Prince, ii. 213.
Charteris, Colonel Francis, iii. 6.
Chatelet, Madame du, iv. 9.
Chausery, Mademoiselle, iv. 163.
"Chef d'Œuvre d'un Inconnu, Le," iv. 151.
Chesterfield, Earl of, ii. 396; attributed epigram on the picture of R. Nash, iv. 97.
Chetwynd, William, iv. 177.
Cheyne, Dr., iii. 42, 163; iv. 44, 97.
Children, iv. 341.
China, state of the medical profession in, ii. 162; the history of, replete with great actions, 223; penal code of, 353; dress of the females, ii. 457.
Chinese philosopher, character of the, ii. 87; matron, story of the, 138; custom of letting the nails grow, 148; gardens, 187; mode of writing among the, 193; antipathy to beef, 194; dandy, description of a, 217; play, translated into French, iv. 214.
"Chinese in London, The," ii. 88.
Christina of Sweden, iii. 337.
Church, Ralph, iv. 202.
Churchill, Charles, i. 4; ii. 351; his "Rosciad" published, ii. 451.
Cibber, Colley, iii. 342; iv. 43.
Cibber, Theophilus, biography of, iii. 247.
Cibber, Mrs., actress, iii. 36.
Cicero, iii. 299; his treatise on Old Age, panegyric on, by Erasmus, iv. 330; "Tusculan Disputations" translated, review of, iv. 330.
"Citizen of the World," ii. 75.
City Night-piece, ii. 465; iii. 65.
Clairon, Mademoiselle, iii. 34.
Clare, Nugent, Lord, i. 56; notice of Poem by, iii. 438; iv. 426.
Clarke, Dr. Samuel, iii. 128, 431; iv. 96.
Clergy, on the English, iii. 207.
Climate, influence of, on the temper and dispositions of the English, ii. 391.
C.L.I.O., Addison's papers in "The Spectator" so signed, iii. 82.
Clive, Catherine, actress, iii. 85.
"Clown's Reply," i. 91
Club, The, iv. 424.
Club of Authors described, ii. 179.
Clubs of London, on the, iii. 152.
Coan, the dwarf, iv. 343.
Cock Lane Ghost, the, iii. 156; revelations respecting, iv. 359.
Cobbler, history of a philosophic, ii. 303.
Coffee-houses, their former influence on the sale of books, ii. 276; formerly the resort of wits, iii. 38.

Coke, Lady Mary, iv. 375.
"Colin and Lucy," by Tickell, iii. 438.
Collins, William, ii. 47; iii. 328.
Collyer, Joseph, iv. 420.
Colman, George, senior, i. 140; ii. 454; iv. 272, 422, 427, 428.
letters to, iv. 422, 427.
Columba, Signora. *See* Mattei.
Comedy, iii. 306; comparison between sentimental and laughing, i. 211; iii. 342.
Commodus, state of sculpture in the time of, iii. 86.
Common Councilman. Essay supposed to come from a, iii. 249.
Common Soldier, life of a, ii. 471; iii. 242.
Composition, Dr. Young on original, iv. 220.
Concord, national, iii. 287.
Confucius, ii. 105, 146; family of, ii. 300.
Congreve, William, iii. 432; iv. 11, 23.
"Connoisseur," review of the, iv. 272.
Consolation to the unfortunate, ii. 400.
Constitution, happiness in a great measure dependent on, iii. 31.
Contarine, Rev. Thomas, letters to, iv. 402-7.
Conway, George, iv. 402.
"Cooper's Hill," iii. 436; iv. 234.
Cooper, Samuel, portrait of Cromwell, iv. 235.
Cornacchini, iii. 136.
Cornbury, Viscount, iv. 174.
Corneille, iv. 11.
Cornely, Mrs., i. 114.
Corney, Bolton, his edition of Goldsmith's Poems, preface to vol. i.
Coronation of George III., ii. 425; iii. 286.
Countries, manners of different, ii. 98.
Country, love of, ii. 421.
Cow, the, iv. 345.
Cowley, Abraham, iii. 129; iv. 203.
Cowper, William, his description of a preacher, iii. 110.
Cradock, Joseph, his "Zobeide," i. 87, 112, 281; letters to, iv. 426-8.
Cratinus, iii. 306.
Crébillon, fils, ii. 33.
Credulity, English, ii. 431.
Crim. Con. Cases, ii. 142.
"Critical Review, Contributions to the," iv. 181.
Cromwell, Oliver, iii. 384; iv. 234; his character, iv. 283.
Cruelty to animals, ii. 128.
Cumberland, Richard, i. 81; "Poetical epistle to Dr. Goldsmith," i. 86.
Cumberland, Henry, Duke of, i. 59; William, Duke of, i. 98.
Custom and law compared, iii. 111.

D.

Dadiki, iv, 299.
D'Alembert, ii. 34; iv. 227
"Daily Advertiser, The," iv. 430.
Damiens, Robert François, i. 21; ii. 102.
Daniel George, i. 78.
Dante, ii. 19; iv. 237.
D'Argens, Marquis, ii. 34; iv. 31.
D'Argenson, M., iv. 26.
Davies, Tom, i. 21; iv. 426.
D'Aubignac, Abbé, iv. 10.
Daures, customs of the, ii. 111.
D'Avenant, Dr., iii. 130.
D'Avenant, Sir William, iv. 232.
Davis, Moll, iii. 290.
Davis, Sir John, iv. 46.
Dawley, in Middlesex, iv. 169.
Dawson, Nancy, i. 131.
D'Ayen, Duc, i. 21.
"Death of Adonis," Langhorne's, iv. 205.
Deceit and falsehood, on, iii. 120.
"Défense du Mondain, La," iv. 29.
Defoe, Daniel, i. 326; iii. 132.
Demosthenes, iii. 298.
Denham, Sir John, iv. 238; his "Cooper's Hill," iii. 436; iv. 234.
Denmark, state of polite learning in, ii. 28.
D'Ensenada, Marquis, ii. 27.
Dentrecolles, Père, ii. 138.
Derby, rules to be observed in the ladies' assembly in, iv. 54.
Derwentwater, Earl of, iv. 298.
"Description of an Author's Bedchamber," i. 98.
"Deserted Village," i. 35; notice of, iv. 432.
"Despairing beside a clear stream," iii. 439.
Destouches, ii. 34.
De Torcy, iv. 162.
Diallion, Madame, iv. 407.
"Dick's Coffee-house," ii. 276.
Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, proposed, iv. 430.
Diderot, ii. 34.
Dignity of human nature, ii. 459.
Dine, Mr., i. 114.
Dinner, a visitation one, ii. 278.
Diodorus Siculus, iii. 290.
Diphilas, iii. 307.
"Dispensary, The," iii. 437.
"Distressed Poet, The," Hogarth's Picture of, iv. 412.
Dobson, John, his translation of Cardinal de Polignac's "Anti-Lucretius" reviewed, iv. 290; his translation of "Solomon" and "Paradise Lost" into Latin, iv. 289.

Dodd, Rev. Dr. William, i. 82.
Dodsley, James, i. 63; iv. 432.
Dog House Bar, ii. 482; iii. 157.
Dogs, Eulogy on, ii. 317.
Dogs, mad, i. 105, 369; ii. 317; iii. 190.
Donne, Dr., iv. 244.
Dosa, George and Luke, i. 21.
"Double Transformation; a Tale," i. 99; iii. 254.
Douglas, Rev. Dr., i. 79-82, 86.
"Douglas," Home's tragedy of, reviewed, iv. 268.
Dover Cliff, iii. 301, 312.
Dramas, i. 135.
Drayton, Michael, ii. 122.
Dreams, iii. 269, 276.
Dress, men not to be distinguished by their, ii. 259; on the passion of women for, iii. 197; ladies' trins, ii. 357.
Drinking customs, iv. 48.
Dryden, ii. 369, 397; iii. 127; iv. 195, 221, 318; his "Alexander's Feast," iii. 436; his "Mac Flecknoe," iii. 437.
"Ducking Pond Fields," ii. 482.
Du Hamel de Monceau, iv. 403.
Dunkin, Dr. William, his "Epistle to the Earl of Chesterfield" reviewed, iv. 227.
Dunoyer, Madame, iv. 8.
Dunton, John, iii. 132.
D'Urfey, Tom, ii. 264.
Dutch, description of the, iv. 405.
Dutch, the, meanness of, at the court of Japan, ii. 468; a Dutch lady, iv. 405; a modern Dutchman, iv. 405.
Du Val, iv. 234.
Dyer, John, ii. 52.

E.

Eagles, iv. 348.
Eardley, Lord, iii. 42.
Earth, History of the, iv. 335.
East, utility of travels into the, ii. 434; iii. 211.
Eastern tales ridiculed, ii. 193.
Eastern Offices and Titles, ii. 441.
Eboli, The Princess of, i. 49.
Edda, the, iv. 265.
Educated men, iv. 340.
Education at home, iv. 418.
Education, on, iii. 88, 167; iv. 341.
Edwards, M., iii. 387.
"Edwin and Angelina," i. 23. *See* also iv. 421.
"Eight Days' Journey," Hanway's, reviewed, iv. 292.
Election, description of an, ii. 449.
"Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize," i. 96; iii. 68.
"Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog," i. 105, 369.
"Elegy, written in a Country Churchyard," by Gray, iii. 436.
Elegies, iv. 205; on the great ridiculed, ii. 429.
"Elephant in the Moon, The," iv. 229.
Ellwood, Dr., iv. 136.
"Eloisa to Abelard," Pope's, iii. 436.
Eloquence, iii. 103.
Elysium, visit to, iii. 276.
Employments of the Great, absurdity of some, ii. 244.
Enemies, on abuse of our, iii. 331.
England, state of polite learning in, i. 37; the reward of genius in, ii. 39; literary decay in France and, 49; on the war with France and, 134; some account of the republic of letters in, 145; Augustan age of, iii. 125; on the Opera in, 134; relative position of during the Seven Years' War, 362; Preface to History of, 441; enjoyments of the angler in, iv. 357.
English luxury, ii. 91; liberty, 95; pride, 95; passion for politics, 98; licentiousness, 109; funeral solemnities of the, 117; passion for flattering epitaphs, 117; nobility, 190; poets, 218; love of sight-seeing, 235; attempt to define, liberty, 250; subject to the spleen, 386; influence of climate on the temper and dispositions of the, 390; mourning ridiculed, 403; courts of justice, 408; credulity, 431; titles, absurdity of some, 476; irresolution of the, 478; temper of the, iii. 118; clergy, 207; mountains, iv. 338.
Ennui, miseries of, iii. 283.
"Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe," ii. 1. *See* iv. 409, 414, 415.
Enseneda, Marquis d', ii. 27.
"Epigoniad," Wilkie's, review of, iv. 305.
"Epigram on a beautiful Youth struck blind by Lightning," i. 94; literary contest fought by, ii. 451; "addressed to the Gentleman reflected on in the 'Rosciad,'" 453; on Beau Nash, iv. 86; on Goldsmith's Life of Nash, 98.
Epilogue to the comedy of "The Sister," i. 107; intended to be spoken by Mrs. Bulkley, 127, 131; to "She Stoops to Conquer," 127, 131, 280-1; iv. 428; spoken by Lee Lewes, in the character of Harlequin, i. 133; to "The Good-natured Man," 206.
"Epistle from Mr. Philips to the Earl of

Dorset," iii. 436; "to a Lady, An," 438.
Epitaph on Edward Purdon, i. 107; on Thomas Parnell, 111; flattering, ii. 117.
Epsom races, iii. 114.
Erasmus, his panegyric on Cicero, iv. 330.
Escobar, Anthony, ii. 83; iv. 241.
Estcourt, Richard, ii. 61.
"Ethiopia, origin of the Sciences from the Monkeys in," iv. 139.
Eupolis, iii. 306.
Euripides, iii. 305.
Europe, China more replete with great actions than, ii. 223; the present situation of the several states of, 273; "Inquiry concerning the first inhabitants, &c. of," reviewed, iv. 320.
Eustathius, iv. 133.

F.

"Faerie Queene," Spenser's, iv. 202.
"Fairy Tale, A," reviewed, iii. 438.
Falkener, Sir Edward, iv. 20.
Falsehood and Deceit, on, iii. 120.
Falsehood propagated by books seemingly sincere, ii. 31.
Falstaff, Sir John, iii. 215.
Fame Machine, the, a reverie, iii. 79.
Famous Men, a search after, ii. 438.
Fanshawe, Sir Richard, iii. 128.
Farhein, Mr., iv. 403.
Farquhar, George, ii. 397; iii. 432.
Farr, Dr., i. 127.
Faulkner, George, iv. 258.
Favour, on the instability of popular, iii. 176.
Female Beauty, iv. 344.
Female characters, iii. 334.
Female Conduct, Mariott's, reviewed, iv. 192, 241.
Female warriors, iii. 289.
Ferrers, Earl, ii. 211, 236.
Feyjoo, Father, ii. 27; some particulars relating to, ii. 50.
Fiddle-case, story of the, ii. 306.
Fielding, Henry, "Miser,' iii. 11; "Mock Doctor," 11.
Filosofi, The, ii. 20.
Finck, the Prussian General, iii. 330.
Finedy, John, iv. 402.
Fine gentleman described, ii. 91.
Fine lady described, ii. 91.
Fine Sense, fountain of, a dream, iii. 269.
Fisher, Mrs. Kitty, iii. 291.
Fishes, Introduction to the history of, iii. 403.
Flaccus, iii. 310.
"Flemish Tradition, A," iii. 56.
Fletcher, Phineas, his "Purple Island," quoted, iv. 205.
Fleury, Cardinal, iii. 382; iv. 29.
"Flying Childers," iv. 344.
Folard, Père, iv. 9.
Fontaines, Abbé des, iv. 28.
Fontenelle, iv. 15.
"Fontinella's invitation to the Assembly," iv. 56.
Ford, Mr., iv. 134.
Fordyce, Dr., iii. 433.
Formey's "Philosophical Miscellanies," review of, iv. 222.
Forster (John), his "Life of Goldsmith," vol. i. Preface, &c.
Fortune proved not to be blind, ii. 321.
Fountain of Fine Sense, a dream, iii. 269.
France, state of polite learning in, ii. 30; of the decay of literature in, 49; on the war with England and 134; relative position of during the Seven Years' War, iii. 367.
Franks, Timothy, quack-doctor, ii. 315; iii. 228.
Frederick William, of Prussia, iii. 21.
Frederick the Second, of Prussia, iv. 27.
Freedom, i. 17.
French prisoners of war, subscription for, ii. 157; nationalities, 348; the, ridiculed, 348.
Friend, Dr., iii. 431.
Friendship, iii. 348.
Frugality, on political, iii. 69.
"Fudge!" ii. 100..
Funeral elegies on the great ridiculed, ii. 429.
Funeral Solemnities, ii. 117.

G.

Game Laws, iv. 349.
Game of Chess (Vida's), iv. 377.
Gaming, iv. 62; the passion for, among ladies, ridiculed, ii. 419.
Garden, description of a Chinese, ii. 187; history of a Poet's, iii. 340.
Garrick, David, his account of "Retaliation," i. 78; extempore epitaph on Goldsmith, 78; "a salad," 79, 82, 87; iii. 235; character of, i. 82. *See* iv. 427. "Jeu d'Esprit," by, i. 85; fable of "Jupiter and Mercury," 86; prologue to "She Stoops to Conquer," 213; letters to, iv. 422, 427, 430, 431, 432.
Gassendus, iv. 292.
Garth, Samuel, iii. 432, 437.
Gaubius, ii. 29, 40.
Gay, John, ii. 371; iv. 132; his "Shepherd's Week," iii. 433, 437.
Gaza, Theodore, iv. 237.
Gemelli, ii. 434.

Generosity and Justice, essay on, iii. 46, 164.
Genius of Love, The, iii. 238.
Genius, its reward in England, ii. 39.
George's Coffee-house, iii. 38; iv. 434.
Geraghty, Catherine, i. 44.
Gerbua, the, iv. 345.
Germany, state of polite learning in, ii. 22; relative position of, during the Seven Years' War, iii. 373.
Gideon, Sampson, iii. 42, 163.
"Gift, The," i. 95; iii. 30.
Gil Morrice, iv. 270.
Glasse's, Mrs., Cookery Book, iv. 434.
Gloucester, Duke of, i. 235.
Goddess of Silence, address of the, to the Ladies, iii. 333.
Godinot, the Griper, iii. 48, 166.
Godolphin, Sir William, iii. 128.
Golden Bull, The, iii. 373.
Golden, Peggy, iv. 408.
Goldoni, ii. 29.
Goldsmith, Anne, (the Poet's mother), Letter to, iv. 397.
Goldsmith, Rev. Henry, iv. 410; dedication, to, i. 10; letter to, iv. 417.
Goldsmith, Oliver, discovered teaching a dog to beg, i. 11; made Professor of Ancient History, 58; wishes to try his epigrammatic powers with Garrick, 78; a candidate for the Secretaryship to the Society of Arts, ii. 60; engages an amanuensis, iv. 293; his own portrait, iv. 417.
Goldsmithius or Gubblegurchius, iv. 441.
"Good-Natured Man;" a Comedy, i. 137; notices of, iv. 72, 422, 427, 432.
Gosling, Rev. Dr., iii. 41.
Gottingen, University of, established, ii. 23.
Goguet, M., his "Essay on the Origin of Laws, Arts, and Sciences," reviewed, iv. 208.
Governors, duty of submission to, ii. 416.
Grace, preference of, to beauty, ii. 342.
Grandeur, instability of worldly, iii. 95.
Gratitude and love, difference between, ii. 306.
Great Britain, state of learning in, ii. 37.
Greatness, characteristics of, iii. 63.
Gray, Thomas, iii. 270, iv. 143, 203; review of his "Odes," iv. 315; his "Elegy, iii. 436."
Great, absurdity of some of the employments of the, ii. 244; happiness exchanged for a show by the, ii. 301.
Greece, extract from Thomson on, iii. 297.
Gresset, ii. 33; iii. 270.
Grief, iv. 343.
Griffin, William, iii. 137; iv. 425, 430.
Griffiths, ii. 123.
Griffiths, Ralph, iv. 262; letter to, 416.
Grosvenor, Lady, i. 59.
Grub-street, iii. 101.
"Grumbler, The," a Scene from, i. 283; notice of, iv. 144.
Guicciardini, review of his "History of Italy," iv. 243.
Gumley, Miss, iv. 150.
Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton, iv. 401.
Guthrie, William, iii. 417.
Gwyn, Mrs., i. 110; iv. 433.

H.

Hair, manner of wearing it in China, ii. 219.
Hales, Sir Matthew, iv. 361.
Haller, ii. 29.
Halley, Dr., iii. 431.
Hamilton, Duchess of, iv. 401.
Hamilton, Duke of, iv. 404.
Hamilton, General, iv. 165.
Hamlet's soliloquy analysed, iii. 316.
Hancock, Dr., iv. 88.
Happiness, in a great measure dependent on constitution, iii. 31; frequently lost by seeking after refinement, ii. 103; folly of changing it for show, 301; of temper, iii. 149.
Handel, iii. 267.
"Hans Carvel," Prior's, iii. 438.
Hanway's "Eight Days' Journey," review of, iv. 292.
Harrington, Dr., iv. 125.
Harrison, Thomas, iv. 53.
Harte, Walter, iv. 143.
"Haunch of Venison, The," i. 55.
Haunch of Venison, The idea of, where taken from, i. 61.
Hawkins's Miscellanies, review of, iv. 249, 254.
Heath, Mr., iv. 328.
Hedges, J., iv. 118.
Heinel, i. 280; iv. 433.
"Henriade, The," iv. 25.
Henriquez, Jacob, ii. 442; iii. 289.
"Henry and Rosamond," iv. 252.
"Hermit, The," *see* "Edwin and Angelina," iii. 435; Parnell's "Hermit," iv. 143.
Herodotus, iv. 13.
Herring Fishery, ii. 443; iii. 101, 179.
Hertford, Lord, iv. 375.
"Hesiod, or the Rise of Woman," iv. 142.
Hickey, Tom, i. 80, 83, 87.
Hiffernan, Dr. Paul, i. 58.
"High Life Below Stairs," Townley's farce of, iii. 84.
Hill, Sir John, iii. 80; iv. 434.

Historian, duties of an, iv. 280; qualifications of an, 284.
"History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son," Preface and Introduction to, iii. 424.
"History of the Earth and Animated Nature," Preface to, iii. 443; extracts from, iv. 335; notice of, 432.
"History of Miss Stanton," iii. 278.
"History of the World," Introduction to, iii. 417.
Hobbes, Thomas, iii. 119.
Hodson, Daniel, letters to, iv. 407, 415.
Hogan, Mr., i. 47; iv. 433.
Hogarth, William, ii. 52; iv. 411.
Holberg, Baron, ii. 28.
Holland, the actor, iii. 10.
Holland, description of, i. 15; state of polite learning in, ii. 26; relative position of, during the Seven Years' War, iii. 381; compared with Scotland, iv. 406.
Hollander, the, iv. 406.
Home, John, his tragedy of "Douglas" reviewed, iv. 268.
Homer, ii. 367; iii. 298, 310.
Horace, iii. 299.
"Horace Modernised," review of, 241
Horneck, General, i. 110.
Horneck, the Misses, i. 109.
Horse, the, iv. 345.
Houses in which great men have lived, iv. 227.
Howard, Hon. Edward, iv. 233.
Hudibras, iv. 239.
Human Nature, danger of having too high an opinion of, ii. 459.
Hume, David, iii. 82; iv. 271.
Hurd, Dr., iv. 214.
Husbands, ladies advised to get, ii. 379.
Hutchins, Mr., iv. 322.
Huxelles, Marshal de, iv. 164.
Hypatia, history of, iii. 43.
Hyperbole, on the use of, iii. 324.

I.

"Idea of a Patriot King, The," iii. 130; iv. 175.
"Il Penseroso," the, reviewed, iii. 436.
"Il Tradatores' Tradatore," iv. 191.
Independence, a life of, praised, ii. 413.
Inns of Court, their practice of entertaining kings upon accession to the crown, iv. 46.
Insects, the sagacity of some, iii. 59; Introduction to the History of, iii. 407.
"Inspector, The," iii. 80.
Ireland, iv. 407.
Iris, To, i. 95; iii. 30.
Islington, ii. 482; a frequent resort of Goldsmith, ii. 180.
Isocrates, iii. 298; his advice to his pupils, iv. 315.
Italy, description of, i. 9; state of polite learning in, ii. 19; academies of, iii. 101; review of Guicciardini's History of, iv. 243.

J.

Jacob, Hildebrand, ii. 452.
Jameson, Miss, i. 114.
James the First, state of England at his accession, iii. 359; his mode of trying witches, iii. 124; his character, iv. 281.
"Jemima and Louisa," review of, iv. 165.
Japan, meanness of the Dutch at the court of, ii. 468.
Jervas, C., iv. 132.
"Jeu d'Esprit, A, on Dr. Goldsmith's characteristical cookery," i. 85.
Johnson, Charles, ii. 452.
Johnson, Dr., i. 86, ii. 125; prologue by, i. 141; dedication to, 211; described, iii. 81; his "London," iii. 436; saying about Mallet and Bolingbroke, iv. 179; and Thrales, 426; his visit to Dr. Taylor, 427.
Jonathan's Coffee-house, iii. 164.
Journey from Pekin to Moscow, ii. 111.
Journey into the East, utility of, ii. 434; iii. 211.
"Jupiter and Mercury," a fable, i. 86.
Justice and Generosity, Essay on, iii. 46.
Justice, English Courts of, ii. 408.
Juvenal, ii. 413.

K.

Kauffman, Angelica, i 109.
Keene, Elizabeth, Caroline, iv. 196.
Kelly, Hugh, i. 83.
Kennicott, Mrs., iii. 213.
Kenrick, Dr. William, i. 82; ii. 42, 123.
Kentish-town, journey to, ii. 481.
Kent-street, i. 96; iii. 41, 68, 163.
Kilcoubry, Lord, iv. 401.
Killigrew, Tom, iii. 134.
King, Dr. William, iv. 105.
King, Mr., actor, iii. 85.
Kings, custom of choosing them at the Temple, iv. 47.
Klein, Mr., iii. 386.
Klopstock, Count, iv. 95.
Kneller, Sir Godfrey, ii. 368.

L.

Laberius, i. 91.

Ladies' trains ridiculed, ii. 357; advised to get husbands, 379; their passion for gaming, 419; a true history for the, iii. 274.
Lady of distinction, visit to, a, ii. 126.
Lafayette, Madame de, iv. 185.
"L'Allegro," Milton's, iii. 436.
Lambertus, ii, 17.
"La Metromanie," iv. 18.
La Motte, iv. 10.
Langhorne's "Death of Adonis," from the Greek of Bion, review of, iv. 205.
Langton, Bennet, letter to, iv. 425.
Language, on the use of, iii. 37, 159.
Languages, Bayley's introduction to, reviewed, iv. 326.
Lao, history of the kingdom of, ii. 163; the Looking-glass of, 238.
Lark, The, iv. 355.
"Last Good Night," Johnny Armstrong's, iii. 31; iv. 408.
Lauder, William, i. 82.
Lawder, Jane, letter to, iv. 410.
Lawder, iv. 403, 412.
Lawson, Dr. John, iv. 227.
"Lawson's Obsequies," iv. 259.
Learned, folly of useless disquisitions among the, ii. 383.
Learning, causes of the decline of, ii. 7.
Leasowes, the, iii. 340.
Le Brun, iv. 11.
"Ledger, The," iv. 430.
Lee, Mr., i. 114.
Lee, Lewis, Epigram spoken by him, i. 133.
Lee, Nat, iii. 128.
Le Franc, ii. 34.
Lennox, Mrs. Charlotte, i. 107; iv. 296.
Lennox, Duke of, ii. 334.
Leo, the philosopher, ii. 16.
Leo the Tenth,
Leslie, Charles, iii. 131.
Lessons to a Youth on entering the World, ii. 290.
Le Sueur, iii. 297.
L'Estrange, Sir Roger, iii. 126.
"Let but his lordship write some dull lampoon," ii. 277.
"Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain," i. 221.
Letters from a Nobleman to his Son, iii. 424.
Letters to various parties, iv. 397.
Lewes, Lee, Epilogue spoken by, i. 133.
Lewis the Fourteenth, iii. 356.
Liberty, English, attempt to define, ii. 251.
"Liberty," by Thomson, extracts from, iii. 297.
Life endeared by age, ii. 333, iii. 194; argument for "leading it over again," ii. 335; some cautions on, 364.
Lightning, Lines on a beautiful Youth struck blind with, i. 94; iii. 9.
Linnæus, iii. 386.
Lintot, Bernard, ii. 258.
Lissoy, or Lishoy, i. 39; iv. 408.
Literary contest, in which both sides fight by epigram, ii. 451.
Literary reputation, difficulty of obtaining, ii. 275; fame, iii. 53.
Literature, marks of its decay, ii. 49; causes of the rise and decline of, 298; almost every subject of, exhausted, 405.
Little Beau, a visit from the, ii. 411.
Little great man, description of a, ii. 336.
Lloyd, Charles, ii. 454, iv. 97.
Locke, John, iii. 128; iii. 431.
Lockman, John, ii. 442, iv. 434.
"Logicians refuted," i. 92.
Lokman, the Indian Moralist, ii. 362.
"London Chronicle, The," iv. 431.
London Coffee-houses, iii. 38.
"London," Johnson's, iii. 436.
London, streets and houses of, described, ii. 89; shopkeeper and his journeyman, ii. 345; on the clubs of, iii. 152.
"London Packet, The," iv. 430.
Londoners, their ardour for seeing sights, ii. 234.
Longinus, iii. 298, 314; iv. 196.
Looking-glass of Lao, a dream, ii. 238.
Lords, proneness to admire the writings of, ii. 396.
Love, whether it be a natural or fictitious passion, ii. 462.
Love and gratitude, difference between, ii. 306.
Love of country, ii. 421.
Lucas, Mr., iv. 50.
Lucretia, iv. 188.
Luitprandus, ii. 16.
"Luke's Iron Crown," i. 21.
Lulli, John Baptist, iii. 266.
Luxborough, Lady, iv. 470.
Luxury, i. 52; of the English, ii. 91; beneficial to the increase of wisdom, ii. 114; and pride of the middling classes, iii. 114.
Lyttelton, Lord, ii. 396.

M.

Macartney, Lord, ii. 96.
Macpherson, James, i. 82.
Macrobius, ii. 61.
"Mac Flecknoe," iii. 437.
Maclean, Mr., iv. 234.
"Mad Dog; Elegy on the Death of a," i. 105.
Mad dogs, fear of, ridiculed, ii. 317; iii. 190.

"Madrigal, a," i. 95.
Maffei, ii. 29; iii. 270; iv. 11.
Magazine in miniature, specimen of a, iii. 179.
Maintenon, Madame de, review of her Memoirs, iv. 296.
Maiolo, Simon, ii. 132.
Maladie du pais, iv. 407.
Malagrida, Father, ii. 101.
Mallet, David, iv. 179.
Mallet, Paul Henry, "Remains of the Mythology and Poetry of the Celtes," review of, iv. 265.
Man, description of a little great one, ii. 336.
Man in Black, character of the, ii. 167; history of the, ii. 170.
"Man wants but little," ii. 312.
Manners of different countries, characteristics of, ii. 98.
Manton, Dr., iv. 150.
M'Ardell, the engraver, iii. 36.
Marivaux, ii. 34.
Markland, Dr., iv. 328.
Marlborough, Sarah, Duchess of, iv. 24, 44, 76; letter from, 77.
Marlborough, Charles, third Duke of, iii. 98, 177; iv. 192.
Marriage Act censured, ii. 455; iii. 238.
Marriages, Scotch, a register of, iii. 346.
Marriott's "Female Conduct" reviewed, iv. 192, 241.
Marrowfat, Dr., ii. 281.
"Martial Review," Preface to the,
Mason, iii. 270.
Massey's translation of Ovid's Fasti, reviewed, iv. 185.
Massilon, Bishop of Clermont, iii. 106.
Mattei, Colomba, iii. 31, 134; iv. 408.
Mattocks, ii. 152.
Maty, Dr., iv. 178.
Maugiron, i. 94.
Maupertuis, M., iii. 19; iv. 31.
Maximus, Caius Julius,
Mazarine, Cardinal, iii. 33.
Mead, Dr., iii. 431.
Mecca, the black stone at, ii. 156.
"Medley, The," Hogarth's picture of, iv. 370.
Mello, Nuno de, ii. 101.
"Memoirs of a Protestant," Preface to, iii. 355.
Men, a search after famous, ii. 438; contrasted with animals, iv. 342.
Menander, iii. 307.
Mencius, ii. 198; and the hermit, ii. 306.
Merit, upon unfortunate, iii. 85.
Mesnager, M., iv. 159.
Metaphors, on the use of, iii. 314.
Metastasio, ii. 20; iii. 270.
Methodists, ii. 445.
Middle Classes, pride and luxury of, iii. 114.
Millar, Andrew, iv. 296.
Miller, story of the avaricious, ii. 321.
Mills, Edward, letter to, iv. 409.
Mills, Mrs., iv. 409.
Milner, Dr., iv. 416.
Milton, ii. 122, iii. 437, iv. 227, 235, 328; his "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," iii. 436.
Miseries of Ennui, iii. 283.
Misery best relieved by dissipation, ii. 442; manner in which philosophers make artificial, ii. 393.
Misfortunes, consolation under, ii. 400.
Molière, iv. 11.
Monroe, Dorothy, i. 58.
Montaigne, iv. 13, 43, 419; his opinion of Cicero, iv. 530.
Montesquieu, Charles, ii. 33; review of his Miscellaneous Pieces, iv. 226, 304.
"Monthly Review, Contributions to the," iv. 261.
Moore, Edward, ii. 47, 454, iii. 132, 438.
More, Dr. Henry, iv. 144.
More, Hannah, iii. 213.
Morgan, Charles, iv. 44.
Morgan, William, iv. 158.
Motte, M. de la, iv. 9.
Moufette, Thomas,
Mountains, iv. 338.
Mourning, English, ridiculed, ii. 402.
Muffs worn by men, iii. 199.
Munro, Professor, iv. 402.
Muratori, ii. 29.
Murphy, Arthur, i. 379, ii. 440, iv. 428; his "Orphan of China," reviewed, iv. 213.
Mushroom-feast amongst the Tartars described, ii. 190.
Music, on the different schools of, iii. 266.
Mystery Revealed, the, relative to the Cock-lane Ghost, iv. 359.
"Mythology and Poetry of the Celtes," iv. 265.

N.

Napier, General Robert, i. 40.
"Nash, Richard, Life of," iv. 35.
Nascotte, the, ii. 20.
National concord, on, iii. 287.
National prejudices, on, iii. 281.
Natural History, Familiar Introduction to the Study of, iii. 385.
Newbery, John, i. 63; iii. 3, 29; letters to, iv. 420.
Newgate, Essay supposed to be written by the Ordinary of, iii. 247.
Newmarket races ridiculed, ii. 374.

"New Simile, in the manner of Swift," i. 103; iii. 257.
Newspaper, specimen of a, ii. 98.
Newspapers, ii. 95.
Nightingale, the, iv. 354.
"Night Piece on Death, A," by Parnell, iii. 438; iv. 143.
"Night Thoughts," Young's, iii. 439.
Nobility, English, ii. 190.
Northumberland, Duchess of, iv. 375.
Nourse, John, letters to, iv. 430.
Novels, iv. 165, 253, 418.
Nugatorius, iii. 336.
Nugent (Lord Clare), his "Epistle to a Lady," iii. 438.
Nugosi, ii. 99.

O.

Obligations, evil of receiving,
Obscure ages, view of the, ii. 15.
"Ode for Music, on St. Cecilia's Day," Dryden's, iii. 436.
Oglethorpe, Fanny, iv. 161.
Old age, Cicero's treatise on,
Old Hag, description of the, iii. 301.
Old maids, ii. 176.
Oliver, Dr., iv. 81, 105.
Opera in England, on the, iii. 134.
Oratory, iii. 95; Ward's system of, reviewed, iv. 211.
Ormond, Duke of, iv. 160.
"Orphan of China," Murphy's, reviewed, iv. 213.
Orrery, Lord, iv. 174, 186.
Ostade, ii. 368.
Otway, Thomas, ii. 321, 369, 397; iii. 127, 193; iv. 215, 343, 413.
Ovid's "Epistles," Barrett's translation of, reviewed, iv. 195; "Fasti," Massey's translation of, reviewed, iv. 185.
Oxford, iv. 132, 152.

P.

Paddereen Mare, ii. 102; iv. 408.
Painting, passion of the nobility for, ridiculed, ii. 198.
"Palemon and Lavinia," Thomson's, iii. 438.
Palmer, John, iii. 10, 85.
Pancras Church, ii. 483.
Pandovano, Cyrillo, 344.
Paraguay, Charlevoix's History of, reviewed, iv. 285.
Paris, environs of, iv. 349; "Journey to Paris," a Comedy, iv. 424.
"Parnell, Life of," iv. 127.
Parnell, Dr. Epitaph on, i. 111; his "Night Piece on Death," iii. 438; his "Fairy Tale," iii. 438.
Parrot, the, iv. 351.
Parsons' black champagne, ii. 183.
Pauw, M., ii. 386.
Penal code of China, ii. 353.
Penal laws, evil tendency of increasing them, ii. 353.
"Pendere," delicate use made by the ancients of the verb, iv. 198.
"Pentalogia," Burton's, reviewed, iv. 328.
Percy, Bishop, iv., 214, 421.
Pergolesi, iii. 266.
Pericles, iii. 294.
Persian slavery, ii. 154; "Persian Letters," iv. 434.
"Pervigilium Veneris, The," iv. 142.
Peter the Great, iii. 92, 171.
Petit, iv. 403.
Phalerius, Demetrius, iii. 315, 324.
Philips, Ambrose, iii. 436, 437.
Philips's "Splendid Shilling," iii. 432.
Philosophic Cobbler, history of a, ii. 303.
"Phoebe" a pastoral, reviewed, iii. 439.
"Phœbus and Daphne," story of, reviewed, iii. 439.
Picus, ii. 99.
Pie Corner, iv. 365.
Pindar, iv. 315.
"Pipe of Tobacco, The," iii. 438.
Pire, Marchioness de, iv. 16.
Piron, ii. 33; iii. 270; iv. 17.
Plague of London, iv. 340.
Plato, iii. 314.
Plautus, ii. 367.
Play, the Chinese goes to see a, ii. 149.
Player, adventures of a strolling, iii. 228.
Pliny, iii. 299.
Plume, Professor, iv. 402.
Plutarch, iii. 306.
"Poem on the death of The Right Honourable . . . ," ii. 430.
"Poems for Young Ladies," Preface to, iii. 433.
"Poet and his Patron, The," reviewed, iii. 438.
"Poets Corner," The, ii. 122.
Poetry, iii. 434; iv. 420; on the origin of, iii. 302; as distinguished from other writing, iii. 308.
Poets, anecdotes of, who lived and died in wretchedness, ii. 367.
Poets, English, ii. 218.
Poet's Garden, history of a, iii. 340.
"Poetry, A Rhapsody," by Swift, iii. 437; an Essay on, iii. 349.
Polignac, Cardinal de, iv. 6; his "Anti-Lucretius," reviewed, iv. 289.

Polite Learning of England and France, ii. 71.
"Polite Learning, Enquiry into the Present State of," ii. 1.
Politeness, ii. 95; description of true, ii. 214.
Politics, passion of the English for, ii. 98.
Polnitz, Baron, iv. 31.
Polybius, iii. 422; iv. 280.
Pompadour, Madame de, iii. 264; iv. 29.
Pontoppidaro, Bishop of Bergen, ii. 53.
Poor, distresses of the, exemplified, ii. 471.
Pope, ii. 122, 258; iii. 433; iv. 23, 139, 221; his "Rape of the Lock," iii. 435; his "Eloisa to Abelard," iii. 436; his "Ode for Music on Cecilia's Day," iii. 436; inscription for the Obelisk at Bath, iv. 85; Letters to Nash, iv. 84.
Porée, iv. 3.
Porphyrogeneta, Constantine, ii. 16.
Portugal, King of, conspiracy against him, ii. 101.
Poulter, John, iv. 88.
Poyner, Colonel, iv. 45.
Preachers, on popular, iii. 207.
"Prefaces, Introductions," &c., iii. 350 to 447.
Prejudices, national, iii. 281.
Premaire, the Jesuit, iv. 214.
Pretender, the, iv. 164, 299.
Pride and luxury of the middling classes, iii. 114.
Primates, ii. 368.
"Printer, Essay to the," iii. 25.
Prior, Matthew, ii. 123, 430; iii. 432; Hans Carvel, iii. 438.
Prior, James, Preface to vol. i., iv. 433, &c.
"Prologue, written and spoken by Laberius," i. 91; "Zobeide," i. 112; "written by Dr. Johnson, spoken by Mr. Bensley," i. 141; "Good-Natured Man," i. 141; "She Stoops to Conquer," i. 213.
Prostitution in London, ii. 107.
"Protector, on the death of the Lord," iii. 438.
"Protestant, Memoirs of a," iii. 355.
Prussia, relative position of, during the Seven Years' War, iii. 371.
Psellus, Michael, ii. 16.
Pride, English, ii. 95.
Public-house signs, iii. 176.
Public, Letter to the, iv. 428.
Public rejoicings for victory, on, iii. 263.
Pulpit eloquence, iii. 110.
Purcell, iii. 267.
Purdon, Edward, Epitaph on, i. 107.
"Purple Island, The," by Fletcher, iv. 205.

Q.

QUACKS and their nostrums ridiculed, ii. 160, 313; iii. 226.
Quadrupeds, Introduction to the History of, iii. 389.
"Quebec; Stanzas on the taking of," i. 94.
Quick, John, Prologue spoken by, i. 112.
Quin, James, iv. 97.
Quintilian, iii. 292, 324.
Quinault, iii. 308.
Quiroga, Father, iv. 289.
Queensbury, Duchess of, iv. 55.

R.

RABNER, ii. 20.
Racan, Marquis de, iv. 298.
Races at Newmarket ridiculed, ii. 374.
Racine, iv. 11, 14.
Radcliffe, Dr., iv. 209, 210.
Raleigh, Sir Walter, iii. 51.
Rameau, John Philip, iii. 267.
Rameau, M., iii. 135.
"Rape of the Lock, The," Pope's, iii. 435; the translation of, iv. 143.
Raven, the, iv. 349.
Ray, John, iii. 386.
Read, Mary, iii, 290.
Reaumur, iii. 387.
Red-breast, The, iv. 352, 355.
Refinement, happiness lost by seeking after, ii. 103.
"Reflections upon Exile," iv. 168.
"Rehearsal, The," iii. 8, 145; iv. 233.
Rejoicings for Victory, iii, 263.
Religious Sects in England, ii. 445.
"Repartees between Cat and Puss, &c.," iv. 233.
Reptiles, on, iii. 407.
Republic of Letters in England, ii. 145.
"RETALIATION," i. 77.
Retaliations, effusions occasioned by, i. 85.
Retz, Cardinal de, iii. 32, 150.
Reverie, a, iii. 77.
Reverie at the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, iii. 214.
Reynolds, Miss, iv. 426.
Reynolds, Rev. Mr., iv. 322.
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, i. 11, 79, 84, 87, 109; iv. 425; letters to, iv. 423-5; dedication to, i. 37.

Rhyme, ii. 52.
Ricci, Father Matthew, ii. 423.
Riccoboni, Luigi, iii. 12.
Richelieu, Cardinal, ii. 334.
"Riches, of the use of," iii. 437.
Richmond, Duchess of, ii. 124.
Ridge, Counsellor John, i. 79, 87.
Ridpath, George, iii. 132.
Rinuccini, ii. 369.
Riskins, Bucks, iv. 140.
Rivers, iv. 338.
Rizzio, David, iii. 267.
Rock, Richard, quack, ii. 314, 454; iii. 227; iv. 434.
Rolle, Samuel, ii. 286.
Rogers, Samuel, iii. 340.
Roman History, Preface to, iii. 439.
Ronsard, iv. 25.
Rooks, iv. 349.
Rosemary Lane, iii. 229.
Ross, General, iv. 159.
Rothes, Lady, iv. 427.
Roubiliac, ii. 440.
Rouelle, ii. 32.
Rouse, Jane, iii. 225.
Rousseau, Jean Jacques, ii. 33.
Rowe, Nicholas, iii. 432, 439; iv. 215.
Royal Society of London, ii. 25.
Rulers, on the duty of submission to, ii. 416.
Russell, Elizabeth, ii. 124.
Russia, on the encroachments of, ii. 377.
Russian assembly, rules to be observed at a, iii. 237.
Russians, folly of employing them to fight battles in Europe, ii. 377.

S.

Sabinus and Olinda, iii. 115.
Saint Foix, ii. 34.
St. Hyacinth, Chevalier de, iv. 151.
"Saint James's Chronicle," iv. 428; letter to the printer of, iv. 421.
St. John, Sir Walter, iv. 152.
St. Paul's Cathedral, behaviour of the congregation at, ii. 221.
Salamone, Francisco, iv. 248.
Sale, George, ii. 47.
Salisbury, Earl of, iii. 383.
Sallust, iii. 112, 299.
Saludin, M., iv. 167.
Sappho, iii. 298.
"Satire on Marriage," iv. 234.
"Satire upon the Weakness and Misery of Man, A," iv. 229.
Savage, Richard, ii. 47; iii. 132; his "Bastard," iii. 438.
Saxe, Comte de, iii. 211.
Scaliger, iv. 326.
Scarron, Paul, i. 79; iv. 415.
Scene from "The Grumbler," a Farce, i. 283.
Schauffhausen, cataract of, iv. 339.
Schools of music, on the different, iii. 266.
Sciences useful in a populous state, prejudicial in a barbarous one, ii. 359.
"Schoolmistress, The," reviewed, iii. 436.
Scotch marriages, a register of, iii. 346; Scotch women, iv. 401, 405.
Scotland, iv. 400; compared with Holland, iv. 406.
Scott, George, iv. 39.
Scriblerus Club, iv. 140.
Sculpture, iii. 86.
Sects, religious, in England, ii. 445.
Seeing Life, iii. 151.
"Selim; or, the Shepherd's Moral," iii. 437.
Selwyn, George, ii. 281.
Seneca, iii. 37; 266.
"Seven Years' War," Preface and Introduction to the History of, iii. 357.
Sèvigné, Madame, iv. 296.
Shabby Beau, the, ii. 324.
Shadwell, Thomas, iii. 437.
Shaftesbury, Lord, ii. 147; iii. 129, 431.
Shakspeare, iii. 316; iv. 11, 215.
Sham Abraham, iii. 245.
"She Stoops to Conquer," intended Epilogue to, i. 127; letter to Joseph Cradock, iv. 429; another intended Epilogue to, i. 131.
"She Stoops to Conquer, or the Mistakes of a Night; a Comedy," i. 209; alluded to, iv. 426, 428; origin of name, iv. 483.
Shenstone's gardens, iii. 340; his "Schoolmistress," iii. 436; his ballads, iii. 439.
Sheridan, Thomas, iii. 36, 95, 173.
"Shepherd's Week, The," reviewed, iii. 437.
Sherlock, Dr. Thomas, iv. 250.
Shopkeeper and his journeyman, behaviour of, ii. 345.
Show, folly of exchanging happiness for, ii. 301.
Shuter, the actor, iii. 10.
Siddons, Mrs., iv. 271.
"Siege of Aleppo, The," iv. 252.
Signs of Public-houses, iii. 176.
Silence, address of the Goddess of, to the Ladies, iii. 333.
"Simile, in the manner of Swift," i. 103; iii. 257.
"Sister, The," Epilogue to the Comedy of, i. 107.
"Slaughter's Coffee-house," iii. 152, 265.
Sleep, iv. 342.
Sleep-walker, history of a, iii. 344.
"Slow," meaning of, i. 5; iv. 433.
Smith, William, iii. 128.

Smollett, Dr., iii. 82, 331; iv. 191, 262; review of his "History of England," iv. 280; his "Tears of Scotland," iii. 438.
Smyrna Coffee-house, iii. 41, 265; iv. 87.
Sobieski, John, iv. 299.
Soldier, life of one, exemplified, ii. 471; iii. 242.
Soloman, the German, ii. 16.
Somers, ii. 42.
Somerville, his compliment to Addison on the use of the word Clio, iii. 82.
Spain, state of polite learning in, ii. 27; relative position of, during the Seven Years' War, iii. 383
"Spectator, The," iii. 82.
Spenser's "Faerie Queene," Church's edition of, reviewed, iv. 202.
Speronis, the, ii. 20.
Spelman, H., ii. 294.
Spleen, the English subject to, ii. 386.
"Splendid Shilling, The," iii. 432, 437.
Sprat, Bishop, iii. 120, 129.
Squabbles of stage players, ii. 370.
Stag, the, iv. 345.
Stage, of the English, ii. 149.
Stage-players, the squabbles of, ridiculed, ii. 370.
Stair, Earl of, iv. 162.
"Stanton, Miss, History of," iii. 278.
"Stanzas on the Taking of Quebec," i. 94.
"Stanzas on Woman," i. 105.
Stay, ii. 29.
Steele, Sir Richard, i. 211; iii. 130.
Steevens, George, iv. 145.
Sterne, on the tendency of his writings, ii. 262.
Stillingfleet, Bishop, iii. 128.
Strolling Player, adventures of a, iii. 228.
"Sublime and Beautiful, The," by Burke, reviewed, iv. 273.
Suilius, P., ii. 414.
Sunderland, Lord, iv. 169.
Swammerdam, iii. 387.
Sweden, state of polite learning in, ii. 27.
Swift, Dean, i. 103: ii. 127; iii. 257, 293, 432; iv. 221; saying of, iii. 99; political writings, 130; Baucis and Philemon, 438; his "Cadenus and Vanessa," 439; his description of Dunkin, iv. 227.
Sydney, Sir Philip, iii. 328.
Sylvester the Eleventh, ii. 16.

T.

Talleyrand, iii. 37.
Tamerlane, ii. 300.
Taou, ii. 105.
Tankerville, Lord, iv. 169.
Tarantula, the, iv. 343.
Tasso, ii. 19, 368.
Taste, on the cultivation of, iii. 296.
Taylor, Dr., iv. 427.
Taylor, Joseph, iv. 177.
Tea, on, iv. 293.
"Tears of Scotland, The," by Smollett, iii. 438.
Temple, The, iv. 47; custom of choosing kings at the, iv. 47.
Temple Gardens, iv. 349.
"Temple of Gnidus," iv. 28, 227.
Temple, Sir William, i. 152; ii. 465; iii. 65, 128.
Templeman, Dr., ii. 60.
Terence, ii. 368; iii. 298.
Tessin, Count, ii. 27.
Teutonicus, Bertholdus, ii. 17.
T—d, Earl of, iv. 62.
Theatres, remarks on our, iii. 10, 34.
Theatrical squabbles ridiculed, ii. 350.
"The man whose mind on virtue bent," iii. 309.
Theobald, Lewis, ii. 552.
Thespis, iii. 305.
"The window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray," iv. 420.
"Thimble, The," iv. 252.
Third nights, ii. 59.
Thomson, James, iii. 297; his "Palemon and Lavinia," iii. 438.
Thornton, Bonnell, iv. 272.
Thrale, Mrs., iv. 427.
"Threnodia Augustalis; to the Princess Dowager of Wales," i. 114.
"Three Jolly Pigeons, The," i. 47; iv. 433.
Thuanus, iii. 375.
"Thyer's Genuine Remains of Samuel Butler," i. 433; iv. 228.
Tibbs, Beau, ii. 266; iii. 182.
Tibullus, iii. 298.
Tickell, Thomas, his Elegy on Addison, iii. 438; "Colin and Lucy," iii. 438.
Tillotson, Archbishop, iii. 110, 129.
Titles, influence of, ii. 396; absurdity of some English ones, ii. 476.
Toad, the, iv. 356.
Toland, John, iii. 132.
"To you, bright fair, the Nine address their lays," ii. 372.
Townley, Rev. James, ii. 56; iii. 84.
Townsend, Lord, i. 58.
Townsend, Rev. Chauncy Hare, iv. 417.
Townshend, Thomas, M.P., i. 80.
Tradition, a Flemish, iii. 56.
Tragedy, iii. 305
Trant, Olive, iv. 161.
Travels, in the East, ii. 434; iii. 211; iv. 235.
Traveller, letter from a, iii. 17.
"Traveller; or a Prospect of Society," i. 5.
Travellers, iv. 405; the manner of, in their relations, ridiculed, ii. 480.

Travelling, iv. 424.
Trenchard, Mr., iii. 130.
Tribon, Marianne, iv. 177.
Trifler, character of an important, ii. 266.
Tristia, iv. 195.
Tristram Shandy, ii. 262.
Tully, iii. 308.
"Turn, gentle Hermit of the Dale," i. 327.
Tusculan Disputations, of Cicero, reviewed, iv. 330.
Tyers, Tom, ii. 324.

U.

UNDERHILL, actor, poverty of, ii. 61.
Unfortunate merit, iii. 85.
Universities, on, ii. 62.
Urban the Eighth, ii. 367.

V.

VANBRUGH, iii. 342, 432; his "Æsop," iv. 80.
Van Egmont's Travels in Asia, review of, iv. 225.
Van Stralenberg, ii. 192.
Vaugelas, ii. 368.
Vauxhall, ii. 272; visit to, 324.
Vega, Lopez de, iv. 11.
Verbruggen, the player, ii. 61.
"Verses in reply to an invitation to dinner at Dr. Baker's," i. 109.
Versification, on, iii. 326.
Verulam, Lord. *See* BACON.
"VICAR OF WAKEFIELD," i. 293.
Victor, Benjamin, ii. 442.
Victory, on public rejoicings for, iii. 263.
Vida, ii. 19.
"Vida's Game of Chess," iv. 377.
Vincent, Mrs., ii. 350; iii. 273.
Virgil, iii. 298.
Visit to Elysium, iii. 276.
Visitation Dinner described, ii. 278.
"VOLTAIRE, MEMOIRS OF," iv. i.
Voltaire, iii. 332; iv. 419; apostrophe on the supposed death of, ii. 227; review of his Universal History, iv. 297; his Mérope, iv. 270; his Satire upon Maupertuis, iii. 21; his Œdipus, iv. 23; entertained by Pope, iv. 24.

W.

WALES, the Princess Dowager of, overture to the memory of, i. 114.
Walker, Dr., quack, ii. 316.
Waller, Edmund, i. 42; his poem on Cromwell, iii. 438
Wallis, Albany, iv. 431. [158, 173.
Walpole, Sir Robert, ii. 43; iii. 437; iv.
Walsingham, Lady, iv. 169.
War, between France and England, ii. 134.
Ward, Dr. John, his "System of Oratory" reviewed, iv. 211.
Warriors, Female, iii. 289.
Warton, Thomas, iii. 328.
Warwick, Lord, iv. 221.
Webster, Captain, iv. 50.
"Weeping, murmuring, complaining," iii. 49.
Westminster Abbey, visit to, ii. 120; second visit to, ii. 440.
Westminster Hall, description of courts of justice, ii. 408.
"What-d'ye-call-it?" a farce, iv. 145.
"When lovely woman stoops to folly," i. 415.
"Where the Red Lion, flaring o'er the way," ii. 183.
"Whimsicals," the, iv. 157.
Whiston, iv. 337.
White Conduit House, ii. 483; iii. 25, 41.
Whitefoord, Caleb, i. 84.
White Mouse, the, ii. 248.
Whitehead, William, iv. 427.
Whitfield, Rev. George, iii. 210.
Wildgoose, Dick, his character, iii. 33.
Wilkie, Sir David, iii. 437.
Wilkie's "Epigoniad," review of, iv. 305.
Williams, Mrs. iv. 431.
Will's Coffee-house, ii. 276.
Wilson, Mr., ode by, iii. 437.
Wisdom and Precept, ii. 230.
Wisdom, on the pursuit of, ii. 206; folly of attempting to learn, by being recluse, ii. 310.
Wise, Rev. Francis, his "Enquiries concerning the first Inhabitants, &c., of Europe" reviewed, iv. 320.
Witches, mode of trying, iii. 124.
Woe, iv. 215.
"Wolfe, General; Stanzas on the Death of," i. 94.
Wolfius, Christian, iv. 31.
"Woman, Stanza on," i. 105.
Woman's man, character of a, ii. 109.
Women, Asiatic notions of, iv. 341; method of treating, ii. 411; their passion for dress, iii. 197.
Woodfall, Henry Sampson, i. 85.
Woodfall, William, i. 83.
Woodward, the actor, prologue spoken by, i. 213.
Woodward, Dr., his theory of the Earth, iv. 337.
World, General History of the, Introduction to, iii. 417.
Worldly grandeur, instability of, iii. 95.
Wormius, Olaus, ii. 53.

Wow-wow in the country, description of a, iii. 329.
Wright, J., his edition of Goldsmith, Preface to vol. i.
Wright, Thomas, iii. 260.
Writings of Lords, our proneness to admire them, ii. 396.
Wyndham, Sir William, iv. 168.

X.

Xenophon, iii. 315.

Y.

Yaou, Emperor of China, ii. 300.
Yates, Mr. i. 112; iv. 428.
Yescombe, William, iv. 104.
Yong-lo, ii. 300.
York, Duke of, iv. 375.
Young, Dr., ii. 42; iii. 37; his "Conjectures on Original Composition," character of, iv. 220; his Satires, reviewed, iii. 439; Epigram on Voltaire, iv. 24.
Young, John, iv. 431.
Youth, Lessons to a, on entering the World, ii. 290; on the education of, iii. 167; the irresolution of, iii. 188.

Z.

Zecklers, or Szecklers, i. 21.
"Zendavesta of Zoroaster," a story from, ii. 128.
Zenim and Galhenda, an Eastern tale, iii. 337.
Zeno, Apostol, ii. 29.
Zeuxis, iii. 300.
"Zobeide," Prologue to, i. 112; notice of, iv. 428.
"Zoilus, Life of," iv. 144.

THE END.

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

50, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON.
July, 1883.

MR. MURRAY'S
GENERAL LIST OF WORKS.

ALBERT MEMORIAL. A Descriptive and Illustrated Account of the National Monument erected to the PRINCE CONSORT at Kensington. Illustrated by Engravings of its Architecture, Decorations, Sculptured Groups, Statues, Mosaics, Metalwork, &c. With Descriptive Text. By DOYNE C. BELL. With 24 Plates. Folio. 12*l.* 12*s.*

——————— HANDBOOK TO. Post 8vo. 1*s.*; or Illustrated Edition, 2*s.* 6*d.*

———(PRINCE) SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES. Fcap. 8vo. 1*s.*

ABBOTT (REV. J.). Memoirs of a Church of England Missionary in the North American Colonies. Post 8vo. 2*s.*

ABERCROMBIE (JOHN). Enquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers and the Investigation of Truth. Fcap. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

ACLAND (REV. CHARLES). Popular Account of the Manners and Customs of India. Post 8vo. 2*s.*

ADMIRALTY PUBLICATIONS; **Issued by direction of the Lords** Commissioners of the Admiralty:—

CHALLENGER EXPEDITION, 1873—1876: Report of the Scientific Results of. Zoology. Vol. I. 37*s.* 6*d.* Vol. II. 50*s.* Vol. III. 50*s.* Vol. IV. 50*s.* Vol. V. 50*s.*

A MANUAL OF SCIENTIFIC ENQUIRY, for the Use of Travellers. *Fourth Edition.* Edited by ROBERT MAIN, M.A. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

GREENWICH ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS, 1841 to 1847, and 1847 to 1880. Royal 4to. 20*s.* each.

GREENWICH ASTRONOMICAL RESULTS, 1847 to 1880. 4to. 3*s.* each.

MAGNETICAL AND METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS, 1844 to 1847. Royal 4to. 20*s.* each.

MAGNETICAL AND METEOROLOGICAL RESULTS, 1848 to 1880. 4to. 3*s.* each.

APPENDICES TO OBSERVATIONS.

1837. Logarithms of Sines and Cosines in Time. 3*s.*
1842. Catalogue of 1439 Stars, from Observations made in 1836, 1841. 4*s.*
1845. Longitude of Valentia (Chronometrical). 3*s.*
1847. Description of Altazimuth. 3*s.*
Description of Photographic Apparatus. 2*s.*
1851. Maskelyne's Ledger of Stars. 3*s.*
1852. I. Description of the Transit Circle. 3*s.*
1853. Bessel's Refraction Tables. 3*s.*
1854. I. Description of the Reflex Zenith Tube. 3*s.*
II. Six Years' Catalogue of Stars from Observations. 1848 to 1853. 4*s.*
1860. Reduction of Deep Thermometer Observations. 2*s.*
1862. II. Plan of Ground and Buildings of Royal Observatory, Greenwich 3*s.*
III. Longitude of Valentia (Galvanic). 2*s.*
1864. I. Moon's Semi-diameter, from Occultations. 2*s.*
II. Reductions of Planetary Observations. 1831 to 1835. 2*s.*
1868. I. Corrections of Elements of Jupiter and Saturn. 2*s.*
II. Second Seven Years' Catalogue of 2760 Stars. 1861-7. 4*s.*
III. Description of the Great Equatorial. 3*s.*
1871. Description of Water Telescope. 3*s.*
1873. Regulations of the Royal Observatory. 2*s.*
1876. II. Nine Years' Catalogue of 2283 Stars. (1838-76.) 6*s.*
79. Description of Greenwich Time Signal System. 2*s.*

ADMIRALTY PUBLICATIONS—*continued.*

Cape of Good Hope Observations (Star Ledgers): 1856 to 1863. 2·.
——— 1856. 5*s.*
——— Astronomical Results. 1857 to 1858. 5*s.*
Cape Catalogue, 1834 to 1840, reduced to Epoch 1840. 7*s.* 6*d.*
——— of 1159 Stars, 1856 to 1861, reduced to the Epoch 1860. 3*s.*
———, 12,441 Stars for Epoch 1880. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Cape of Good Hope Astronomical Results. 1859 to 1860. 5*s.*
——— 1871 to 1873. 5*s.*
——— 1874 to 1876. 5*s.* each.
Report on Teneriffe Astronomical Experiment. 1856. 5*s.*
Paramatta Catalogue of 7385 Stars. 1822 to 1826. 4*s.*

REDUCTION OF THE OBSERVATIONS OF PLANETS. 1750 to 1830. Royal 4to. 20*s.* each.

——— LUNAR OBSERVATIONS. 1750 to 1830. 2 Vols. Royal 4to. 20*s.* each.

——— 1831 to 1851. 4to. 10*s.* each.

——— GREENWICH METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS. Chiefly 1847 to 1873. 5*s.*

ARCTIC PAPERS. 13*s.* 6*d.*

BERNOULLI'S SEXCENTENARY TABLE. 1779. 4to. 5*s.*

BESSEL'S AUXILIARY TABLES FOR HIS METHOD OF CLEARING LUNAR DISTANCES. 8vo. 2*s.*

ENCKE'S BERLINER JAHRBUCH, for 1830. *Berlin*, 1828. 8vo. 9*s.*

HANNYNGTON'S HAVERSINES. 21*s.*

HANSEN'S TABLES DE LA LUNE. 4to. 20*s.*

LAX'S TABLES FOR FINDING THE LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE. 1821. 8vo. 10*s*

LUNAR OBSERVATIONS at GREENWICH. 1783 to 1819. Compared with the Tables, 1821. 4to. 7*s.* 6*d.*

MACLEAR ON LACAILLE'S ARC OF MERIDIAN. 2 Vols. 20*s.* each

MAYER'S DISTANCES of the MOON'S CENTRE from the PLANETS. 1822, 3*s.*; 1823, 4*s.* 6*d.* 1824 to 1835. 8vo. 4*s.* each.

MAYER'S TABULÆ MOTUUM SOLIS ET LUNÆ. 1770. 5*s.*

——— ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS MADE AT GÖTTINGEN, from 1756 to 1761. 1826. Folio. 7*s.* 6*d.*

NAUTICAL ALMANACS, from 1767 to 1886. 2*s.* 6*d.* each.

——— SELECTIONS FROM, up to 1812. 8vo. 5*s.* 1834-54. 5*s.*

——— SUPPLEMENTS, 1828 to 1833, 1837 and 1838. 2*s.* each.

——— TABLE requisite to be used with the N.A. 1781. 8vo. 5*s.*

OBSERVATIONS ON THE TRANSIT OF VENUS, 1874. 20*s.*

SABINE'S PENDULUM EXPERIMENTS to DETERMINE THE FIGURE OF THE EARTH. 1825. 4to. 40*s.*

SHEPHERD'S TABLES for CORRECTING LUNAR DISTANCES. 1772. Royal 4to. 21*s.*

——— TABLES, GENERAL, of the MOON'S DISTANCE from the SUN, and 10 STARS. 1787. Folio. 5*s.* 6*d.*

TAYLOR'S SEXAGESIMAL TABLE. 1780. 4to. 15*s.*

——— TABLES OF LOGARITHMS. 4to. 60*s.*

TIARK'S ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS for the LONGITUDE of MADEIRA. 1822. 4to. 5*s.*

——— CHRONOMETRICAL OBSERVATIONS for DIFFERENCES of LONGITUDE between DOVER, PORTSMOUTH, and FALMOUTH. 1823. 4to. 5*s.*

VENUS and JUPITER: OBSERVATIONS of, compared with the TABLES. *London*, 1822. 4to. 2*s.*

WALES AND BAYLY'S ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS. 1777. 4to. 21*s.*

——— REDUCTION OF ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS MADE IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE. 1764—1771. 1788. 4to. 10*s.* 6*d.*

ÆSOP'S FABLES. A New Version. By REV. THOMAS JAMES. With 100 Woodcuts, by TENNIEL and WOLFF. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.

AGRICULTURAL (ROYAL) JOURNAL. (*Published half-yearly.*)

AMBER-WITCH (THE). A most interesting Trial for Witchcraft. Translated by LADY DUFF GORDON. Post 8vo. 2s.

APOCRYPHA: With a Commentary Explanatory and Critical, by various Writers. Edited by the REV. HENRY WACE, D.D. 2 vols. Medium 8vo.

VOL. I.—INTRODUCTION. REV. DR. SALMON.
ESDRAS I. & II. DEAN GWYNN.
TOBIT & ESTHER. REV. J. M. FULLER.
JUDITH. REV. C. J. BALL.
WISDOM. CANON FARRAR. [*In the Press.*

ARISTOTLE. [See GROTE, HATCH.]

ARMY LIST (THE). *Published Monthly by Authority.*

——— (THE NEW OFFICIAL). *Published Quarterly.* Royal 8vo. 15s.

ARTHUR'S (LITTLE) History of England. By LADY CALLCOTT. *New Edition, continued to* 1878. With 36 Woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

AUSTIN (JOHN). LECTURES ON GENERAL JURISPRUDENCE; or, the Philosophy of Positive Law. Edited by ROBERT CAMPBELL. 2 Vols. 8vo. 32s.

——— STUDENT'S EDITION, compiled from the above work, by ROBERT CAMPBELL. Post 8vo. 12s.

——— Analysis of. By GORDON CAMPBELL. Post 8vo. 6s.

BABER (E. C.) Travels in W. China. Maps. Royal 8vo. 5s.

BARCLAY (BISHOP). Extracts from the Talmud, illustrating the Teaching of the Bible. With an Introduction. 8vo. 14s.

BARKLEY (H. C.). Five Years among the Bulgarians and Turks between the Danube and the Black Sea. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

——— Bulgaria Before the War; during a Seven Years' Experience of European Turkey and its Inhabitants. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

——— My Boyhood: a True Story. Illustrations. Post 8vo. 6s.

BARROW (JOHN). Life, Exploits, and Voyages of Sir Francis Drake. Post 8vo. 2s.

BARRY (CANON). The Manifold Witness for Christ. An Attempt to Exhibit the Combined Force of various Evidences, Direct and Indirect, of Christianity. 8vo. 12s.

——— (EDW. M.), R.A. Lectures on Architecture, delivered before the Royal Academy. Edited, with Memoir by Canon Barry. Portrait and Illustrations. 8vo. 16s.

BATES (H. W.). Records of a Naturalist on the Amazons during Eleven Years' Adventure and Travel. Illustrations. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

BAX (CAPT.). Russian Tartary, Eastern Siberia, China, Japan, &c. Illustrations. Cr. 8vo. 12s.

BECKETT (SIR EDMUND). "Should the Revised New Testament be Authorised?" Post 8vo. 6s.

BELL (SIR CHAS.). Familiar Letters. Portrait. Post 8vo. 12s.

——— (DOYNE C.). Notices of the Historic Persons buried in the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula, in the Tower of London. Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 14s.

BENSON (ARCHBISHOP). The Cathedral; its necessary place in the Life and Work of the Church. Post 8vo. 6s.

BERTRAM (JAS. G.). Harvest of the Sea: an Account of British Food Fishes, including Fisheries and Fisher Folk. Illustrations. Post 8vo. 9s.

BIBLE COMMENTARY. THE OLD TESTAMENT. EXPLANATORY and CRITICAL. With a REVISION of the TRANSLATION. By BISHOPS and CLERGY of the ANGLICAN CHURCH. Edited by F. C. COOK, M.A., Canon of Exeter. 6 VOLS. Medium 8vo. 6*l.* 15*s.*

Vol. I. 30*s.* — GENESIS. EXODUS. LEVITICUS. NUMBERS. DEUTERONOMY.

Vols. II. and III. 36*s.* — JOSHUA, JUDGES, RUTH, SAMUEL, KINGS, CHRONICLES, EZRA, NEHEMIAH, ESTHER.

VOL. IV. 24*s.* — JOB. PSALMS. PROVERBS. ECCLESIASTES. SONG OF SOLOMON.

Vol. V. 20*s.* — ISAIAH. JEREMIAH.

Vol. VI. 25*s.* — EZEKIEL. DANIEL. MINOR PROPHETS.

THE NEW TESTAMENT. 4 VOLS. Medium 8vo. 4*l.* 14*s.*

Vol. I. 18*s.* — INTRODUCTION. ST. MATTHEW. ST. MARK. ST. LUKE.

Vol. II. 20*s.* — ST. JOHN. ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

Vol. III. 28*s.* — ROMANS, CORINTHIANS, GALATIANS, PHILIPPIANS, EPHESIANS, COLOSSIANS, THESSALONIANS, PASTORAL EPISTLES, PHILEMON.

Vol. IV. 28*s.* — HEBREWS, SS. JAMES, PETER, JOHN, JUDE, AND THE REVELATION.

——— THE STUDENT'S EDITION OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. Abridged and Edited by JOHN M. FULLER, M.A., Vicar of Bexley. 4 Vols. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* each.

BIGG-WITHER (T. P.). Pioneering in South Brazil; Three Years of Forest and Prairie Life in the Province of Parana. Map and Illustrations. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. 24*s.*

BIRD (ISABELLA). Hawaiian Archipelago; or Six Months among the Palm Groves, Coral Reefs, and Volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands. Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— Unbeaten Tracks in Japan: Travels of a Lady in the Interior, including Visits to the Aborigines of Yezo and the Shrines of Nikko and Ise. Illustrations. 2 Vols. Crown 8vo. 24*s.*

——— Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains. Illustrations. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— The Golden Chersonese and the Way Thither. With Map and Illustrations. Post 8vo. 14*s.*

BISSET (SIR JOHN). Sport and War in South Africa from 1834 to 1867, with a Narrative of the Duke of Edinburgh's Visit. Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 14*s.*

BLUNT (LADY ANNE). The Bedouins of the Euphrates Valley. With some account of the Arabs and their Horses. Illustrations. 2 Vols. Crown 8vo. 24*s.*

——— A Pilgrimage to Nejd, the Cradle of the Arab Race, and a Visit to the Court of the Arab Emir. Illustrations. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 24*s.*

BLUNT (REV. J. J.). Undesigned Coincidences in the Writings of the Old and New Testaments, an Argument of their Veracity. Post 8vo. 6*s.*

——— History of the Christian Church in the First Three Centuries. Post 8vo. 6*s.*

——— The Parish Priest; His Duties, Acquirements, and Obligations. Post 8vo. 6*s.*

——— University Sermons. Post 8vo. 6*s.*

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER. Illustrated with Coloured Borders, Initial Letters, and Woodcuts. 8vo. 18*s.*

BORROW (George). The Bible in Spain; or the Journeys, Adventures, and Imprisonments of an Englishman in an Attempt to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula. Post 8vo. 5s.

——— Gypsies of Spain; their Manners and Customs. Portrait. Post 8vo. 5s.

——— Lavengro; The Scholar—The Gypsy—and the Priest. Post 8vo. 5s.

——— Romany Rye. Post 8vo. 5s.

——— Wild Wales: its People, Language, and Scenery. Post 8vo. 5s.

——— Romano Lavo-Lil; Word-Book of the Romany, or English Gypsy Language. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

BOSWELL'S Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. Including the Tour to the Hebrides. Edited by Mr. Croker. *Seventh Edition.* Portraits. 1 vol. Medium 8vo. 12s.

BRADLEY (Dean). Arthur Penrhyn Stanley; Biographical Lectures. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

BREWER (Rev. J. S.). English Studies, or Essays on English History and Literature. 8vo. 14s.

——— History of the Reign of Henry VIII. till the Death of Wolsey. A reprint of Prefaces to the State Papers. Edited by James Gairdner. 2 vols. 8vo.

BRIDGES (Mrs. F. D.). Travels to Japan, Thibet, Yarkand, Kashmir, Java, the Straits of Malacca, Vancouver's Island, &c. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 15s.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION REPORTS. 8vo.

York and Oxford, 1831-32, 13s. 6d.
Cambridge, 1833, 12s.
Edinburgh, 1834, 15s.
Dublin, 1835, 13s. 6d.
Bristol, 1836, 12s.
Liverpool, 1837, 16s. 6d.
Newcastle, 1838, 15s.
Birmingham, 1839, 13s. 6d.
Glasgow, 1840, 15s.
Plymouth, 1841, 13s. 6d.
Manchester, 1842, 10s. 6d.
Cork, 1843, 12s.
York, 1844, 20s.
Cambridge, 1845, 12s.
Southampton, 1846, 15s.
Oxford, 1847, 18s.
Swansea, 1848, 9s.
Birmingham, 1849, 10s.
Edinburgh, 1850, 15s.
Ipswich, 1851, 16s. 6d.
Belfast, 1852, 15s.
Hull, 1853, 10s. 6d.
Liverpool, 1854, 18s.
Glasgow, 1855, 15s.
Cheltenham, 1856, 18s.
Dublin, 1857, 15s.
Leeds, 1858, 20s.
Aberdeen, 1859, 15s.
Oxford, 1860, 25s.
Manchester, 1861, 15s.
Cambridge, 1862, 20s.
Newcastle, 1863, 25s.
Bath, 1864, 18s.
Birmingham, 1865, 25s.
Nottingham, 1866, 24s.
Dundee, 1867, 26s.
Norwich, 1868, 25s.
Exeter, 1869, 22s.
Liverpool, 1870, 18s.
Edinburgh, 1871, 16s.
Brighton, 1872, 24s.
Bradford, 1873, 25s.
Belfast, 1874, 25s.
Bristol, 1875, 25s.
Glasgow, 1876, 25s.
Plymouth, 1877, 24s.
Dublin, 1878, 24s.
Sheffield, 1879, 24s.
Swansea, 1880, 24s.
York, 1881, 24s.

BROCKLEHURST (Thomas U.). Mexico To-day: A country with a Great Future. With a Glance at the Prehistoric Remains and Antiquities of the Montezumas. Plates and Woodcuts. Medium 8vo. 21s.

BRUGSCH (Professor). A History of Egypt, under the Pharaohs. Derived entirely from Monuments, with a Memoir on the Exodus of the Israelites. Maps. 2 vols. 8vo. 32s.

BUNBURY (E. H.). A History of Ancient Geography, among the Greeks and Romans, from the Earliest Ages till the Fall of the Roman Empire. Maps. 2 Vols. 8vo.

BURBIDGE (F. W.). The Gardens of the Sun: or A Naturalist's Journal in Borneo and the Sulu Archipelago. Illustrations. Cr. 8vo. 14s.

BURCKHARDT'S Cicerone; or Art Guide to Painting in Italy. Translated from the German by MRS. A. CLOUGH. New Edition, revised by J. A. CROWE. Post 8vo. 6*s.*

BURGON (J. W.), DEAN OF CHICHESTER. The Revision Revised: (1.) The New Greek Text; (2.) The New English Version; (3.) Westcott and Hort's Textual Theory. With a Reply to the Bishop of Gloucester's Pamphlet. 8vo.

BURN (COL.). Dictionary of Naval and Military Technical Terms, English and French—French and English. Crown 8vo. 15*s.*

BUTTMANN'S Lexilogus; a Critical Examination of the Meaning of numerous Greek Words, chiefly in Homer and Hesiod. By Rev. J. R. FISHLAKE. 8vo. 12*s.*

BUXTON (CHARLES). Memoirs of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart. Portrait. 8vo. 16*s.* *Popular Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 5*s.*

——— (SYDNEY C.). A Handbook to the Political Questions of the Day; with the Arguments on Either Side. 8vo. 6*s.*

BYLES (SIR JOHN). Foundations of Religion in the Mind and Heart of Man. Post 8vo. 6*s.*

BYRON'S (LORD) LIFE AND WORKS:—

LIFE, LETTERS, AND JOURNALS. By THOMAS MOORE. *Cabinet Edition.* Plates. 6 Vols. Fcap. 8vo. 18*s.*; or One Volume, Portraits. Royal 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

LIFE AND POETICAL WORKS. *Popular Edition.* Portraits. 2 vols. Royal 8vo. 15*s.*

POETICAL WORKS. *Library Edition.* Portrait. 6 Vols. 8vo. 45*s.*

POETICAL WORKS. *Cabinet Edition.* Plates. 10 Vols. 12mo. 30*s.*

POETICAL WORKS. *Pocket Ed.* 8 Vols. 16mo. In a case. 21*s.*

POETICAL WORKS. *Popular Edition.* Plates. Royal 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

POETICAL WORKS. *Pearl Edition.* Crown 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* Cloth Boards. 3*s.* 6*d.*

CHILDE HAROLD. With 80 Engravings. Crown 8vo. 12*s.*

CHILDE HAROLD. 16mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

CHILDE HAROLD. Vignettes. 16mo. 1*s.*

CHILDE HAROLD. Portrait. 16mo. 6*d.*

TALES AND POEMS. 16mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

MISCELLANEOUS. 2 Vols. 16mo. 5*s.*

DRAMAS AND PLAYS. 2 Vols. 16mo. 5*s.*

DON JUAN AND BEPPO. 2 Vols. 16mo. 5*s.*

BEAUTIES. Poetry and Prose. Portrait. Fcap. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

CAMPBELL (LORD). Life: Based on his Autobiography, with selections from Journals, and Correspondence. Edited by Mrs. Hardcastle. Portrait. 2 Vols. 8vo. 30*s.*

——— Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England. From the Earliest Times to the Death of Lord Eldon in 1838. 10 Vols. Crown 8vo. 6*s.* each.

——— Chief Justices of England. From the Norman Conquest to the Death of Lord Tenterden. 4 Vols. Crown 8vo. 6*s.* each.

——— (THOS.) Essay on English Poetry. With Short Lives of the British Poets. Post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

CARLISLE (BISHOP OF). Walks in the Regions of Science and Faith—a Series of Essays. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

CARNARVON (LORD). Portugal, Gallicia, and the Basque Provinces. Post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— The Agamemnon: Translated from Æschylus. Sm. 8vo. 6*s.*

CARNOTA (Conde da). Memoirs of the Life and Eventful Career of F.M. the Duke of Saldanha; Soldier and Statesman. 2 Vols. 8vo. 32s.

CARTWRIGHT (W. C.). The Jesuits: their Constitution and Teaching. An Historical Sketch. 8vo. 9s.

CAVALCASELLE'S WORKS. [See Crowe.]

CESNOLA (Gen.). Cyprus; its Ancient Cities, Tombs, and Temples. Researches and Excavations during Ten Years' Residence in that Island. With 400 Illustrations. Medium 8vo. 50s.

CHAMBERS (G. F.). A Practical and Conversational Pocket Dictionary of the English, French, and German Languages. Designed for Travellers and Students generally. Small 8vo. 6s.

CHILD-CHAPLIN (Dr.). Benedicite; or, Song of the Three Children; being Illustrations of the Power, Beneficence, and Design manifested by the Creator in his Works. Post 8vo. 6s.

CHISHOLM (Mrs.). Perils of the Polar Seas; True Stories of Arctic Discovery and Adventure. Illustrations. Post 8vo. 6s.

CHURTON (Archdeacon). Poetical Remains. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

CLASSIC PREACHERS OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH. Lectures delivered at St. James', Westminster. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. each.

CLIVE'S (Lord) Life. By Rev. G. R. Gleig. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

CLODE (C. M.). Military Forces of the Crown; their Administration and Government. 2 Vols. 8vo. 21s. each.

——— Administration of Justice under Military and Martial Law, as applicable to the Army, Navy, Marine, and Auxiliary Forces. 8vo. 12s.

COLERIDGE'S (S. Taylor) Table-Talk. Portrait. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

COLES (John). Summer Travelling in Iceland. Being the Narrative of Two Journeys Across the Island by Unfrequented Routes. With a Chapter on Askja. By E. Delmar Morgan, F.R.G.S. Illustrations. 13s.

COLONIAL LIBRARY. [See Home and Colonial Library.]

COMPANIONS FOR THE DEVOUT LIFE. Lectures on well-known Devotional Works. Crown 8vo. 6s.

COOK (Canon F. C.). The Revised Version of the Three First Gospels, considered in its Bearings upon the Record of Our Lord's Words and Incidents in His Life. 8vo. 9s.

COOKE (E. W.). Leaves from my Sketch-Book. Being a Selection from Sketches made during many Tours. With Descriptive Text. 50 Plates. 2 Vols. Small folio. 31s. 6d. each.

COOKE (W. H.). Collections towards the History and Antiquities of the County of Hereford. In continuation of Duncumb's History, and forming the Third Volume of that Work. Illustrations. 4to. £2 12s. 6d.

COOKERY (Modern Domestic). Founded on Principles of Economy and Practical Knowledge, and Adapted for Private Families. By a Lady. Woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

CRABBE (Rev. George). Life & Poetical Works. Illustrations. Royal 8vo. 7s.

CRAIK (Henry). Life of Jonathan Swift. Portrait. 8vo. 18s.

CRIPPS (Wilfred). Old English Plate: Ecclesiastical, Decorative, and Domestic, its Makers and Marks. With a Complete Table of Date Letters, &c. New Edition. With 70 Illustrations. Medium 8vo. 16s.
*** Tables of the Date Letters and Marks sold separately. 5s.

——— Old French Plate; With Paris Date Letters, and Other Marks. With Illustrations. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

CROKER (J. W.). Progressive Geography for Children. 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*

——— Boswell's Life of Johnson. Including the Tour to the Hebrides. *Seventh Edition.* Portraits. 8vo. 12*s.*

——— Historical Essay on the Guillotine. Fcap. 8vo. 1*s.*

CROWE AND CAVALCASELLE. Lives of the Early Flemish Painters. Woodcuts. Post 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*; or Large Paper, 8vo, 15*s.*

——— History of Painting in North Italy, from 14th to 16th Century. With Illustrations. 2 Vols. 8vo. 42*s.*

——— Life and Times of Titian, with some Account of his Family, chiefly from new and unpublished records. With Portrait and Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. 21*s.*

——— Raphael; His Life and Works, with Particular Reference to recently discovered Records, and an exhaustive Study of Extant Drawings and Pictures. Vol. I. 8vo. 15*s.*

CUMMING (R. GORDON). Five Years of a Hunter's Life in the Far Interior of South Africa. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 6*s.*

CURRIE (C. L.) An Argument for the Divinity of Jesus Christ. Translated from "Le Christianisme et les Temps Présents," of the ABBÉ EM. BOUGAUD. Post 8vo. 6*s.*

CURTIUS' (PROFESSOR) Student's Greek Grammar, for the Upper Forms. Edited by DR. WM. SMITH. Post 8vo. 6*s.*

——— Elucidations of the above Grammar. Translated by EVELYN ABBOT. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— Smaller Greek Grammar for the Middle and Lower Forms. Abridged from the larger work. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— Accidence of the Greek Language. Extracted from the above work. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— Principles of Greek Etymology. Translated by A. S. WILKINS, M.A., and E. B. ENGLAND, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo.

——— The Greek Verb, its Structure and Development. Translated by A. S. WILKINS, M.A., and E. B. ENGLAND, M.A. 8vo. 18*s.*

CURZON (HON. ROBERT). Visits to the Monasteries of the Levant. Illustrations. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

CUST (GENERAL). Warriors of the 17th Century—Civil Wars of France and England. 2 Vols. 16*s.* Commanders of Fleets and Armies. 2 Vols. 18*s.*

——— Annals of the Wars—18th & 19th Century. With Maps. 9 Vols. Post 8vo. 5*s.* each.

DAVY (SIR HUMPHRY). Consolations in Travel; or, Last Days of a Philosopher. Woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— Salmonia; or, Days of Fly Fishing. Woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

DE COSSON (E. A.). The Cradle of the Blue Nile; a Journey through Abyssinia and Soudan, and a Residence at the Court of King John of Ethiopia. Map and Illustrations. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 21*s.*

DENNIS (GEORGE). The Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria. A new Edition, revised, recording all the latest Discoveries. With 20 Plans and 200 Illustrations. 2 vols. Medium 8vo. 42*s.*

DENT (EMMA). Annals of Winchcombe and Sudeley. With 120 Portraits, Plates and Woodcuts. 4to. 42*s.*

DERBY (EARL OF). Iliad of Homer rendered into English Blank Verse. With Portrait. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 10*s.*

DARWIN'S (CHARLES) WORKS:—

JOURNAL OF A NATURALIST DURING A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD. Crown 8vo. 9*s.*

ORIGIN OF SPECIES BY MEANS OF NATURAL SELECTION; or, the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life. Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

VARIATION OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS UNDER DOMESTICATION. Woodcuts. 2 Vols. Crown 8vo. 18*s.*

DESCENT OF MAN, AND SELECTION IN RELATION TO SEX. Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 9*s.*

EXPRESSIONS OF THE EMOTIONS IN MAN AND ANIMALS. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 12*s.*

VARIOUS CONTRIVANCES BY WHICH ORCHIDS ARE FERTILIZED BY INSECTS. Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 9*s.*

MOVEMENTS AND HABITS OF CLIMBING PLANTS. Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

INSECTIVOROUS PLANTS. Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 14*s.*

EFFECTS OF CROSS AND SELF-FERTILIZATION IN THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM. Crown 8vo. 12*s.*

DIFFERENT FORMS OF FLOWERS ON PLANTS OF THE SAME SPECIES. Crown 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

POWER OF MOVEMENT IN PLANTS. Woodcuts. Cr. 8vo. 15*s.*

THE FORMATION OF VEGETABLE MOULD THROUGH THE ACTION OF WORMS; with Observations on their Habits. With Illustrations. Post 8vo. 9*s.*

LIFE OF ERASMUS DARWIN. With a Study of his Works by ERNEST KRAUSE. Portrait. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

FACTS AND ARGUMENTS FOR DARWIN. By FRITZ MULLER. Translated by W. S. DALLAS. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 6*s.*

DERRY (BISHOP OF). Witness of the Psalms to Christ and Christianity. The Bampton Lectures for 1876. 8vo. 14*s.*

DEUTSCH (EMANUEL). Talmud, Islam, The Targums and other Literary Remains. With a brief Memoir. 8vo. 12*s.*

DILKE (SIR C. W.). Papers from the Writings of CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE. 2 Vols. 8vo. 24*s.*

DOG-BREAKING. [See HUTCHINSON.]

DOUGLAS'S (SIR HOWARD) Theory and Practice of Gunnery. Plates. 8vo. 21*s.*

DRAKE'S (SIR FRANCIS) Life, Voyages, and Exploits, by Sea and Land. By JOHN BARROW. Post 8vo. 2*s.*

DRINKWATER (JOHN). History of the Siege of Gibraltar, 1779-1783. With a Description of that Garrison. Post 8vo. 2*s.*

DU CHAILLU (PAUL B.). Land of the Midnight Sun; Journeys through Sweden, Norway, Lapland, and Northern Finland, with Descriptions of the Inner Life of the People. Illustrations. 2 Vols. 8vo. 36*s.*

——————— Journey to Ashango Land; and Further Penetration into Equatorial Africa. Illustrations. 8vo. 21*s.*

DUFFERIN (LORD). Letters from High Latitudes; a Yacht Voyage to Iceland, Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——————— Speeches and Addresses, Political and Literary, delivered in the House of Lords, in Canada, and elsewhere. 8vo.

DUNCAN (MAJOR). History of the Royal Artillery. Compiled from the Original Records. Portraits. 2 Vols. 8vo. 18s.

——— English in Spain; or, The Story of the War of Succession. 1834-1840. Compiled from the Reports of the British Commissioners. With Illustrations. 8vo. 16s.

DÜRER (ALBERT); his Life and Work. By DR. THAUSING. Translated from the German. Edited by F. A. EATON, M.A. With Portrait and Illustrations. 2 vols. Medium 8vo. 42s.

EASTLAKE (SIR CHARLES). Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts. With Memoir of the Author, and Selections from his Correspondence. By LADY EASTLAKE. 2 Vols. 8vo. 24s.

EDWARDS (W. H.). Voyage up the River Amazon, including a Visit to Para. Post 8vo. 2s.

ELDON'S (LORD) Public and Private Life, with Selections from his Diaries, &c. By HORACE TWISS. Portrait. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 21s.

ELGIN (LORD). Letters and Journals. Edited by THEODORE WALROND. With Preface by Dean Stanley. 8vo. 14s.

ELLESMERE (LORD). Two Sieges of Vienna by the Turks. Translated from the German. Post 8vo. 2s.

ELLIS (W.). Madagascar Revisited. The Persecutions and Heroic Sufferings of the Native Christians. Illustrations. 8vo. 16s.

——— Memoir. By HIS SON. With his Character and Work. By REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D. Portrait. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

——— (ROBINSON) Poems and Fragments of Catullus. 16mo. 5s.

ELPHINSTONE (HON. MOUNTSTUART). History of India—the Hindoo and Mahomedan Periods. Edited by PROFESSOR COWELL. Map. 8vo. 18s.

——— (H. W.). Patterns for Turning; Comprising Elliptical and other Figures cut on the Lathe without the use of any Ornamental Chuck. With 70 Illustrations. Small 4to. 15s.

ELTON (CAPT.) and H. B. COTTERILL. Adventures and Discoveries Among the Lakes and Mountains of Eastern and Central Africa. With Map and Illustrations. 8vo. 21s.

ENGLAND. [See ARTHUR, CROKER, HUME, MARKHAM, SMITH, and STANHOPE.]

ESSAYS ON CATHEDRALS. Edited, with an Introduction. By DEAN HOWSON. 8vo. 12s.

FERGUSSON (JAMES). History of Architecture in all Countries from the Earliest Times. With 1,600 Illustrations. 4 Vols. Medium 8vo.
I. & II. Ancient and Mediæval. 63s.
III. Indian & Eastern. 42s. IV. Modern. 31s. 6d.

——— Rude Stone Monuments in all Countries; their Age and Uses. With 230 Illustrations. Medium 8vo. 24s.

——— Holy Sepulchre and the Temple at Jerusalem. Woodcuts. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

——— Temples of the Jews and other buildings in the Haram Area at Jerusalem. With Illustrations. 4to. 42s.

——— The Parthenon. An Essay on the mode in which Light was Introduced into Greek and Roman Temples. 4to. 21s.

FLEMING (PROFESSOR). Student's Manual of Moral Philosophy. With Quotations and References. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

FLOWER GARDEN. By REV. THOS. JAMES. Fcap. 8vo. 1s.

FORBES (CAPT.) British Burma and its People; Native Manners, Customs, and Religion. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

FORD (RICHARD). Gatherings from Spain. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

FORSTER (JOHN). The Early Life of Jonathan Swift. 1667-1711. With Portrait. 8vo. 15s.

FORSYTH (WILLIAM). Hortensius; an Historical Essay on the Office and Duties of an Advocate. Illustrations. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

——— Novels and Novelists of the 18th Century, in Illustration of the Manners and Morals of the Age. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

FRANCE (HISTORY OF). [See MARKHAM—SMITH—STUDENTS'—TOCQUEVILLE.]

FRENCH IN ALGIERS; The Soldier of the Foreign Legion—and the Prisoners of Abd-el-Kadir. Translated by Lady DUFF GORDON. Post 8vo. 2s.

FRERE (SIR BARTLE). Indian Missions. Small 8vo. 2s. 6d.

——— Eastern Africa as a Field for Missionary Labour. With Map. Crown 8vo. 5s.

——— Bengal Famine. How it will be Met and How to Prevent Future Famines in India. With Maps. Crown 8vo. 5s.

——— (MARY). Old Deccan Days, or Hindoo Fairy Legends current in Southern India, with Introduction by Sir BARTLE FRERE. With 50 Illustrations. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

GALTON (F.). Art of Travel; or, Hints on the Shifts and Contrivances available in Wild Countries. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

GEOGRAPHY. [See BUNBURY—CROKER—RICHARDSON—SMITH—STUDENTS'.]

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY'S JOURNAL. (1846 to 1881.)

——— Supplementary Papers (i), Travels and Researches in Western China. By E. COLBORNE BABER. Maps. Royal 8vo. 5s.

GEORGE (ERNEST). The Mosel; a Series of Twenty Etchings, with Descriptive Letterpress. Imperial 4to. 42s.

——— Loire and South of France; a Series of Twenty Etchings, with Descriptive Text. Folio. 42s.

GERMANY (HISTORY OF). [See MARKHAM.]

GIBBON (EDWARD). History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Edited by MILMAN, GUIZOT, and Dr. WM. SMITH. Maps. 8 Vols. 8vo. 60s.

——— The Student's Edition; an Epitome of the above work, incorporating the Researches of Recent Commentators. By Dr. WM. SMITH. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

GIFFARD (EDWARD). Deeds of Naval Daring; or, Anecdotes of the British Navy. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

GILL (MRS.). Six Months in Ascension. An Unscientific Account of a Scientific Expedition. Map. Crown 8vo. 9s.

——— (CAPT. W.). The River of Golden Sand. A Narrative of a Journey through China to Burmah. New and Popular Edition. Illustrations. Crown 8vo.

GLADSTONE (W. E.). Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion. Three Tracts. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

——— Gleanings of Past Years, 1843-78. 7 vols. Small 8vo. 2s. 6d. each. I. The Throne, the Prince Consort, the Cabinet and Constitution. II. Personal and Literary. III. Historical and Speculative. IV. Foreign. V. and VI. Ecclesiastical. VII. Miscellaneous.

GLEIG (G. R.). Campaigns of the British Army at Washington and New Orleans. Post 8vo. 2s.

——— Story of the Battle of Waterloo. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— Narrative of Sale's Brigade in Affghanistan. Post 8vo. 2s.

——— Life of Lord Clive. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— Sir Thomas Munro. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

GLYNNE (SIR STEPHEN R.). Notes on the Churches of Kent, With Preface by W. H. Gladstone, M.P. Illustrations. 8vo. 12s.

GOLDSMITH'S (OLIVER) Works. Edited with Notes by PETER CUNNINGHAM. Vignettes. 4 Vols. 8vo. 30*s.*

GOMM (SIR WM. M.), Commander-in-Chief in India, Constable of the Tower, and Colonel of the Coldstream Guards. His Letters and Journals. 1799 to 1815. Edited by F. C. Carr Gomm. With Portrait. 8vo. 12*s.*

GORDON (SIR ALEX.). Sketches of German Life, and Scenes from the War of Liberation. Post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— (LADY DUFF) Amber-Witch: A Trial for Witchcraft. Post 8vo. 2*s.*

——— French in Algiers. 1. The Soldier of the Foreign Legion. 2. The Prisoners of Abd-el-Kadir. Post 8vo. 2*s.*

GRAMMARS. [See CURTIUS; HALL; HUTTON; KING EDWARD; LEATHES; MARTZNER; MATTHIÆ; SMITH.]

GREECE (HISTORY OF). [See GROTE—SMITH—STUDENTS'.]

GROTE'S (GEORGE) WORKS:—

HISTORY OF GREECE. From the Earliest Times to the close of the generation contemporary with the Death of Alexander the Great. *Library Edition.* Portrait, Maps, and Plans. 10 Vols. 8vo. 120*s.* *Cabinet Edition.* Portrait and Plans. 12 Vols. Post 8vo. 6*s.* each.

PLATO, and other Companions of Socrates. 3 Vols. 8vo. 45*s.*

ARISTOTLE. With additional Essays. 8vo. 18*s.*

MINOR WORKS. Portrait. 8vo. 14*s.*

LETTERS ON SWITZERLAND IN 1847. 6*s.*

PERSONAL LIFE. Portrait. 8vo. 12*s.*

GROTE (MRS.). A Sketch. By LADY EASTLAKE. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

HALL'S (T. D.) School Manual of English Grammar. With Copious Exercises. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— Primary English Grammar for Elementary Schoo's. With 134 Exercises. Based on the above work. 16mo. 1*s.*

——— Manual of English Composition. With Copious Illustrations and Practical Exercises. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— Child's First Latin Book, comprising a full Practice of Nouns, Pronouns, and Adjectives, with the Active Verbs. 16mo. 2*s.*

HALLAM'S (HENRY) WORKS:—

THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the Accession of Henry the Seventh to the Death of George the Second. *Library Edition*, 3 Vols. 8vo. 30*s.* *Cabinet Edition*, 3 Vols. Post 8vo. 12*s.* *Student's Edition*, Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

HISTORY OF EUROPE DURING THE MIDDLE AGES. *Library Edition*, 3 Vols. 8vo. 30*s.* *Cabinet Edition*, 3 Vols. Post 8vo. 12*s.* *Student's Edition*, Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

LITERARY HISTORY OF EUROPE DURING THE 15TH, 16TH, AND 17TH CENTURIES. *Library Edition*, 3 Vols. 8vo. 36*s.* *Cabinet Edition*, 4 Vols. Post 8vo. 16*s.*

——— (ARTHUR) Literary Remains; in Verse and Prose. Portrait. Fcap. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

HAMILTON (ANDREW). Rheinsberg: Memorials of Frederick the Great and Prince Henry of Prussia. 2 Vols. Crown 8vo. 21*s.*

HART'S ARMY LIST. (*Published Quarterly and Annually.*)

HATCH (W. M.). The Moral Philosophy of Aristotle, consisting of a translation of the Nichomachean Ethics, and of the Paraphrase attributed to Andronicus, with an Introductory Analysis of each book. 8vo. 18*s.*

HATHERLEY (Lord). The Continuity of Scripture, as Declared by the Testimony of our Lord and of the Evangelists and Apostles. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.

HAY (Sir J. H. Drummond). Western Barbary, its Wild Tribes and Savage Animals. Post 8vo. 2s.

HAYWARD (A.). Sketches of Eminent Statesmen and Writers. Contents: Thiers, Bismarck, Cavour, Metternich, Montalembert, Melbourne, Wellesley, Byron and Tennyson, Venice, St. Simon, Sevigné, Du Deffand, Holland House, Strawberry Hill. 2 Vols. 8vo. 28s.

HEAD'S (Sir Francis) WORKS:—

The Royal Engineer. Illustrations. 8vo. 12s.

Life of Sir John Burgoyne. Post 8vo. 1s.

Rapid Journeys across the Pampas. Post 8vo. 2s.

Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau. Illustrations. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Stokers and Pokers; or, the London and North Western Railway. Post 8vo. 2s.

HEBER'S (Bishop) Journals in India. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 7s.

——— Poetical Works. Portrait. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— Hymns adapted to the Church Service. 16mo. 1s. 6d.

HERODOTUS. A New English Version. Edited, with Notes and Essays, Historical, Ethnographical, and Geographical, by Canon Rawlinson, Sir H. Rawlinson and Sir J. G. Wilkinson. Maps and Woodcuts. 4 Vols. 8vo. 48s.

HERRIES (Rt. Hon. John). Memoir of his Public Life during the Reigns of George III. and IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria. Founded on his Letters and other Unpublished Documents. By his son, Edward Herries, C.B. 2 Vols. 8vo. 24s.

HERSCHEL'S (Caroline) Memoir and Correspondence. By Mrs. John Herschel. With Portrait. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

FOREIGN HANDBOOKS.

HAND-BOOK—TRAVEL-TALK. English, French, German, and Italian. New and Revised Edition. 18mo. 3s. 6d.

——— HOLLAND AND BELGIUM. Map and Plans. Post 8vo. 6s.

——— NORTH GERMANY and THE RHINE,—The Black Forest, the Hartz, Thüringerwald, Saxon Switzerland, Rügen, the Giant Mountains, Taunus, Odenwald, Elass, and Lothringen. Map and Plans. Post 8vo. 10s.

——— SOUTH GERMANY,—Wurtemburg, Bavaria, Austria, Styria, Salzburg, the Alps, Tyrol, Hungary, and the Danube, from Ulm to the Black Sea. Maps and Plans. Post 8vo. 10s.

——— PAINTING. German, Flemish, and Dutch Schools. Illustrations. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 24s.

——— LIVES AND WORKS OF EARLY FLEMISH Painters. Illustrations. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

——— SWITZERLAND, Alps of Savoy, and Piedmont. In Two Parts. Maps and Plans. Post 8vo. 10s.

——— FRANCE, Part I. Normandy, Brittany, the French Alps, the Loire, Seine, Garonne, and Pyrenees. Maps and Plans. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

HAND-BOOK—FRANCE, Part II. Central France, Auvergne, the Cevennes, Burgundy, the Rhone and Saone, Provence, Nimes, Arles, Marseilles, the French Alps, Alsace, Lorraine, Champagne, &c. Maps and Plans. Post 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*.

——— MEDITERRANEAN—its Principal Islands, Cities, Seaports, Harbours, and Border Lands. For Travellers and Yachtsmen, with nearly 50 Maps and Plans. Post 8vo. 20*s*.

——— ALGERIA AND TUNIS. Algiers, Constantine, Oran, the Atlas Range. Maps and Plans. Post 8vo. 10*s*.

——— PARIS, and its Environs. Maps and Plans. 16mo. 3*s*. 6*d*.

——— SPAIN, Madrid, The Castiles, The Basque Provinces, Leon, The Asturias, Galicia, Estremadura, Andalusia, Ronda, Granada, Murcia, Valencia, Catalonia, Aragon, Navarre, The Balearic Islands, &c. &c. In Two Parts. Maps and Plans. Post 8vo. 20*s*.

——— PORTUGAL, Lisbon, Porto, Cintra, Mafra, &c. Map and Plan. Post 8vo. 12*s*.

——— NORTH ITALY, Turin, Milan, Cremona, the Italian Lakes, Bergamo, Brescia, Verona, Mantua, Vicenza, Padua, Ferrara, Bologna, Ravenna, Rimini, Piacenza, Genoa, the Riviera, Venice, Parma, Modena, and Romagna. Maps and Plans. Post 8vo.

——— CENTRAL ITALY, Florence, Lucca, Tuscany, The Marches, Umbria, &c. Maps and Plans. Post 8vo. 10*s*.

——— ROME and its Environs. With 50 Maps and Plans. Post 8vo. 10*s*.

——— SOUTH ITALY, Naples, Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Vesuvius. Maps and Plans. Post 8vo. 10*s*.

——— PAINTING. The Italian Schools. Illustrations. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 30*s*.

——— LIVES OF ITALIAN PAINTERS, from Cimabue to Bassano. By Mrs. Jameson. Portraits. Post 8vo. 12*s*.

——— NORWAY, Christiania, Bergen, Trondhjem. The Fjelds and Fjords. Maps and Plans. Post 8vo. 9*s*.

——— SWEDEN, Stockholm, Upsala, Gothenburg, the Shores of the Baltic, &c. Maps and Plan. Post 8vo. 6*s*.

——— DENMARK, Sleswig, Holstein, Copenhagen, Jutland, Iceland. Maps and Plans. Post 8vo. 6*s*.

——— RUSSIA, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Poland, and Finland. Maps and Plans. Post 8vo. 18*s*.

——— GREECE, the Ionian Islands, Continental Greece, Athens, the Peloponnesus, the Islands of the Ægean Sea, Albania, Thessaly, and Macedonia. In Two Parts. Maps, Plans, and Views. Post 8vo.

——— TURKEY IN ASIA—Constantinople, the Bosphorus, Dardanelles, Brousa, Plain of Troy, Crete, Cyprus, Smyrna, Ephesus, the Seven Churches, Coasts of the Black Sea, Armenia, Euphrates Valley, Route to India, &c. Maps and Plans. Post 8vo. 15*s*.

——— EGYPT, including Descriptions of the Course of the Nile through Egypt and Nubia, Alexandria, Cairo, and Thebes, the Suez Canal, the Pyramids, the Peninsula of Sinai, the Oases, the Fyoom, &c. In Two Parts. Maps and Plans. Post 8vo. 15*s*.

——— HOLY LAND—Syria, Palestine, Peninsula of Sinai, Edom, Syrian Deserts, Petra, Damascus; and Palmyra. Maps and Plans. Post 8vo. 20*s*. *** Travelling Map of Palestine. In a case. 12*s*.

——— BOMBAY—Poonah, Beejapoor, Kolapoor, Goa, Jubulpoor, Indore, Surat, Baroda, Ahmedabad, Somnauth, Kurrachee, &c. Map and Plans. Post 8vo. 15*s*.

HANDBOOK—MADRAS—Trichinopoli, Madura Tinnevelly, Tuticorin, Bangalore, Mysore, The Nilgiris, Wynaad, Ootacamund, Calicut, Hyderabad, Ajanta, Elura Caves, &c. Maps and Plans. Post 8vo. 15s.

——— BENGAL—Calcutta, Orissa, British Burmah, Rangoon, Moulmein, Mandalay, Darjiling, Dacca, Patna, Gaya, Benares, N.-W. Provinces, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra, Gwalior, Naini Tal, Delhi, Khatmandu, &c. Maps and Plans. Post 8vo 20s

——— PUNJAB—Western Rajputana, Kashmér, and Upper Sindh. Map. Post 8vo.

ENGLISH HAND-BOOKS.

HAND-BOOK—ENGLAND AND WALES. An Alphabetical Hand-Book. Condensed into One Volume for the Use of Travellers. With a Map. Post 8vo. 10s.

——— MODERN LONDON. Maps and Plans. 16mo. 3s. 6d.

——— ENVIRONS OF LONDON within a circuit of 20 miles. 2 Vols. Crown 8vo. 21s.

——— ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL. 20 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

——— EASTERN COUNTIES, Chelmsford, Harwich, Colchester, Maldon, Cambridge, Ely, Newmarket, Bury St. Edmunds, Ipswich, Woodbridge, Felixstowe, Lowestoft, Norwich, Yarmouth, Cromer, &c. Map and Plans. Post 8vo. 12s.

——— CATHEDRALS of Oxford, Peterborough, Norwich, Ely, and Lincoln. With 90 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 21s.

——— KENT, Canterbury, Dover, Ramsgate, Sheerness, Rochester, Chatham, Woolwich. Maps and Plans. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

——— SUSSEX, Brighton, Chichester, Worthing, Hastings, Lewes, Arundel, &c. Maps and Plans. Post 8vo. 6s.

——— SURREY AND HANTS, Kingston, Croydon, Reigate, Guildford, Dorking, Boxhill, Winchester, Southampton, New Forest, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, &c. Maps and Plans. Post 8vo. 10s.

——— BERKS, BUCKS, AND OXON, Windsor, Eton, Reading, Aylesbury, Uxbridge, Wycombe, Henley, the City and University of Oxford, Blenheim, and the Descent of the Thames. Maps and Plans. Post 8vo. 9s.

——— WILTS, DORSET, AND SOMERSET, Salisbury, Chippenham, Weymouth, Sherborne, Wells, Bath, Bristol, Taunton, &c. Map. Post 8vo. 12s

——— DEVON, Exeter, Ilfracombe, Linton, Sidmouth, Dawlish, Teignmouth, Plymouth, Devonport, Torquay. Maps and Plans. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

——— CORNWALL, Launceston, Penzance, Falmouth, the Lizard, Land's End, &c. Maps. Post 8vo. 6s.

——— CATHEDRALS of Winchester, Salisbury, Exeter, Wells, Chichester, Rochester, Canterbury, and St. Albans. With 130 Illustrations. 2 Vols. Crown 8vo. 36s. St. Albans separately, crown 8vo. 6s.

——— GLOUCESTER, HEREFORD, and WORCESTER, Cirencester, Cheltenham, Strond, Tewkesbury, Leominster, Ross, Malvern, Kidderminster, Dudley, Bromsgrove, Evesham. Map. Post 8vo.

——— CATHEDRALS of Bristol, Gloucester, Hereford, Worcester, and Lichfield. With 50 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 16s.

——— NORTH WALES, Bangor, Carnarvon, Beaumaris, Snowdon, Llanberis, Dolgelly, Cader Idris, Conway, &c. Map. Post 8vo. 7s.

HAND-BOOK—SOUTH WALES, Monmouth, Llandaff, Merthyr, Vale of Neath, Pembroke, Carmarthen, Tenby, Swansea, The Wye, &c. Map. Post 8vo. 7*s.*

——— CATHEDRALS OF BANGOR, ST. ASAPH, Llandaff, and St. David's. With Illustrations. Post 8vo. 15*s.*

——— NORTHAMPTONSHIRE AND RUTLAND—Northampton, Peterborough, Towcester, Daventry, Market Harborough, Kettering, Wellingborough, Thrapston, Stamford, Uppingham, Oakham. Maps. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— DERBY, NOTTS, LEICESTER, STAFFORD, Matlock, Bakewell, Chatsworth, The Peak, Buxton, Hardwick, Dove Dale, Ashborne, Southwell, Mansfield, Retford, Burton, Belvoir, Melton Mowbray, Wolverhampton, Lichfield, Walsall, Tamworth. Map. Post 8vo. 9*s.*

——— SHROPSHIRE AND CHESHIRE, Shrewsbury, Ludlow, Bridgnorth, Oswestry, Chester, Crewe, Alderley, Stockport, Birkenhead. Maps and Plans. Post 8vo. 6*s.*

——— LANCASHIRE, Warrington, Bury, Manchester, Liverpool, Burnley, Clitheroe, Bolton, Blackburn, Wigan, Preston, Rochdale, Lancaster, Southport, Blackpool, &c. Maps and Plans. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— YORKSHIRE, Doncaster, Hull, Selby, Beverley, Scarborough, Whitby, Harrogate, Ripon, Leeds, Wakefield, Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, Sheffield. Map and Plans. Post 8vo. 12*s.*

——— CATHEDRALS of York, Ripon, Durham, Carlisle, Chester, and Manchester. With 60 Illustrations. 2 Vols. Cr. 8vo. 21*s.*

——— DURHAM AND NORTHUMBERLAND, Newcastle, Darlington, Gateshead, Bishop Auckland, Stockton, Hartlepool, Sunderland, Shields, Berwick-on-Tweed, Morpeth, Tynemouth, Coldstream, Alnwick, &c. Map. Post 8vo. 9*s.*

——— WESTMORELAND AND CUMBERLAND—Lancaster, Furness Abbey, Ambleside, Kendal, Windermere, Coniston, Keswick, Grasmere, Ulswater, Carlisle, Cockermouth, Penrith, Appleby. Map. Post 8vo.

*** MURRAY'S MAP OF THE LAKE DISTRICT, on canvas. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— SCOTLAND, Edinburgh, Melrose, Kelso, Glasgow, Dumfries, Ayr, Stirling, Arran, The Clyde, Oban, Inverary, Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine and Trossachs, Caledonian Canal, Inverness, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Braemar, Skye, Caithness, Ross, Sutherland, &c. Maps and Plans. Post 8vo. 9*s.*

——— IRELAND, Dublin, Belfast, the Giant's Causeway, Donegal, Galway, Wexford, Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Killarney, Bantry, Glengariff, &c. Maps and Plans. Post 8vo. 10*s.*

HAYWARD (A.). The Art of Dining; or, Gastronomy and Gastronomers. Post 8vo. 2*s.*

HOLLWAY (J. G.). A Month in Norway. Fcap. 8vo. 2*s.*

HONEY BEE. By REV. THOMAS JAMES. Fcap. 8vo. 1*s.*

HOOK (DEAN). Church Dictionary. 8vo. 16*s.*

——— (THEODORE) Life. By J. G. LOCKHART. Fcap. 8vo. 1*s.*

HOPE (A. J. BERESFORD). Worship in the Church of England. 8vo. 9*s.*, or. *Popular Selections from.* 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— WORSHIP AND ORDER. 8vo. 9*s.*

HORACE; a New Edition of the Text. Edited by DEAN MILMAN. With 100 Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

HOSACK (JOHN). The rise and growth of the Law of Nations: as established by general usage and by treaties, from the earliest times to the treaty of Utrecht. 8vo. 12*s.*

HOUGHTON'S (LORD) Monographs, Personal and Social. With Portraits. Crown 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

——— POETICAL WORKS. *Collected Edition.* With Portrait. 2 Vols. Fcap. 8vo. 12*s.*

HOUSTOUN (MRS.). Twenty Years in the Wild West of Ireland, or Life in Connaught. Post 8vo. 9s.

HOME AND COLONIAL LIBRARY. A Series of Works adapted for all circles and classes of Readers, having been selected for their acknowledged interest, and ability of the Authors. Post 8vo. Published at 2s. and 3s. 6d. each, and arranged under two distinctive heads as follows:—

CLASS A.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND HISTORIC TALES.

1. SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR. By JOHN DRINKWATER. 2s.
2. THE AMBER-WITCH By LADY DUFF GORDON. 2s.
3. CROMWELL AND BUNYAN. By ROBERT SOUTHEY. 2s.
4. LIFE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE. By JOHN BARROW. 2s.
5. CAMPAIGNS AT WASHINGTON. By REV. G. R. GLEIG. 2s.
6. THE FRENCH IN ALGIERS. By LADY DUFF GORDON. 2s.
7. THE FALL OF THE JESUITS. 2s.
8. LIVONIAN TALES. 2s.
9. LIFE OF CONDÉ. By LORD MAHON. 3s. 6d.
10. SALE'S BRIGADE. By REV. G. R. GLEIG. 2s.
11. THE SIEGES OF VIENNA. By LORD ELLESMERE. 2s.
12. THE WAYSIDE CROSS. By CAPT. MILMAN. 2s.
13. SKETCHES OF GERMAN LIFE. By SIR A. GORDON. 3s. 6d.
14. THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO. By REV. G. R. GLEIG. 3s. 6d.
15. AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF STEFFENS. 2s.
16. THE BRITISH POETS. By THOMAS CAMPBELL. 3s. 6d.
17. HISTORICAL ESSAYS. By LORD MAHON. 3s. 6d.
18. LIFE OF LORD CLIVE. By REV. G. R. GLEIG. 3s. 6d.
19. NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY. By SIR F. B. HEAD. 2s.
20. LIFE OF MUNRO. By REV. G. R. GLEIG. 3s. 6d.

CLASS B.

VOYAGES, TRAVELS, AND ADVENTURES.

1. BIBLE IN SPAIN. By GEORGE BORROW. 3s. 6d.
2. GYPSIES OF SPAIN. By GEORGE BORROW 3s. 6d.
3 & 4. JOURNALS IN INDIA. By BISHOP HEBER. 2 Vols. 7s.
5. TRAVELS IN THE HOLY LAND. By IRBY and MANGLES. 2s.
6. MOROCCO AND THE MOORS. By J. DRUMMOND HAY. 2s.
7. LETTERS FROM THE BALTIC. By a LADY.
8. NEW SOUTH WALES. By MRS. MEREDITH. 2s.
9. THE WEST INDIES. By M. G. LEWIS. 2s.
10. SKETCHES OF PERSIA. By SIR JOHN MALCOLM. 3s. 6d.
11. MEMOIRS OF FATHER RIPA. 2s.
12 & 13. TYPEE AND OMOO. By HERMANN MELVILLE. 2 Vols. 7s.
14. MISSIONARY LIFE IN CANADA. By REV. J. ABBOTT. 2s.
15. LETTERS FROM MADRAS. By a LADY. 2s.
16. HIGHLAND SPORTS. By CHARLES ST. JOHN. 3s. 6d.
17. PAMPAS JOURNEYS. By SIR F. B. HEAD. 2s.
18 GATHERINGS FROM SPAIN. By RICHARD FORD. 3s. 6d.
19. THE RIVER AMAZON. By W H. EDWARDS. 2s.
20. MANNERS & CUSTOMS OF INDIA. By REV. C. ACLAND. 2s.
21. ADVENTURES IN MEXICO. By G. F. RUXTON. 3s. 6d.
22. PORTUGAL AND GALICIA. By LORD CARNARVON. 3s. 6d.
23. BUSH LIFE IN AUSTRALIA. By REV. H. W. HAYGARTH. 2s.
24. THE LIBYAN DESERT. By BAYLE ST. JOHN. 2s.
25. SIERRA LEONE. By A LADY. 3s. 6d.

*** Each work may be had separately.

HUME (The Student's). A History of England, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Revolution of 1688. New Edition, revised, corrected, and continued to the Treaty of Berlin, 1878. By J. S. BREWER, M.A. With 7 Coloured Maps & 70 Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

HUTCHINSON (GEN.). Dog Breaking, with Odds and Ends for those who love the Dog and the Gun. With 40 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

*** A Summary of the Rules for Gamekeepers. 1*s.*

HUTTON (H. E.). Principia Græca; an Introduction to the Study of Greek. Comprehending Grammar, Delectus, and Exercise-book, with Vocabularies. *Sixth Edition.* 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

HUTTON (JAMES). James and Philip van Artevelde. Two remarkable Episodes in the annals of Flanders: with a description of the state of Society in Flanders in the 14th Century. Cr. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

HYMNOLOGY, DICTIONARY OF. See JULIAN.

ICELAND. [See COLES, DUFFERIN.]

INDIA. [See ELPHINSTONE, HAND-BOOK, SMITH, TEMPLE.]

IRBY AND MANGLES' Travels in Egypt, Nubia, Syria, and the Holy Land. Post 8vo. 2*s.*

JAMESON (MRS.). Lives of the Early Italian Painters—and the Progress of Painting in Italy—Cimabue to Bassano. With 50 Portraits Post 8vo. 12*s.*

JAPAN. [See BIRD, MOSSMAN, MOUNSEY, REED.]

JENNINGS (LOUIS J.). Field Paths and Green Lanes in Surrey and Sussex. Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

——— Rambles among the Hills in the Peak of Derbyshire and on the South Downs. With sketches of people by the way. With 23 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 12*s.*

JERVIS (REV. W. H.). The Gallican Church, from the Concordat of Bologna, 1516, to the Revolution. With an Introduction. Portraits. 2 Vols. 8vo. 28*s.*

JESSE (EDWARD). Gleanings in Natural History. Fcp. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

JEX-BLAKE (REV. T. W.). Life in Faith: Sermons Preached at Cheltenham and Rugby. Fcap. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

JOHNSON'S (DR. SAMUEL) Life. By James Boswell. Including the Tour to the Hebrides. Edited by MR. CROKER. 1 Vol. Royal 8vo. 12*s.*

JULIAN (REV. JOHN J.). A Dictionary of Hymnology. A Companion to Existing Hymn Books. Setting forth the Origin and History of the Hymns contained in the Principal Hymnals used by the Churches of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and various Dissenting Bodies, with Notices of their Authors. Post 8vo. [*In the Press.*

JUNIUS' HANDWRITING Professionally investigated. By MR. CHABOT, Expert. With Preface and Collateral Evidence, by the Hon. EDWARD TWISLETON. With Facsimiles, Woodcuts, &c. 4to. £3 3*s.*

KERR (R. MALCOLM). Student's Blackstone. A Systematic Abridgment of the entire Commentaries, adapted to the present state of the law. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

KING EDWARD VITH'S Latin Grammar. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— First Latin Book. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

KING (R. J.). Archæology, Travel and Art; being Sketches and Studies, Historical and Descriptive. 8vo. 12*s.*

KIRK (J. FOSTER). History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. Portrait. 3 Vols. 8vo. 45*s.*

KIRKES' Handbook of Physiology. Edited by W. MORRANT BAKER, F.R.C.S. With 400 Illustrations. Post 8vo. 14*s.*

KUGLER'S Handbook of Painting.—The Italian Schools. Revised and Remodelled from the most recent Researches. By LADY EASTLAKE. With 140 Illustrations. 2 Vols. Crown 8vo. 30*s.*

KUGLER'S Handbook of Painting.—The German, Flemish, and Dutch Schools. Revised and in part re-written. By J. A. CROWE. With 60 Illustrations. 2 Vols. Crown 8vo. 24*s.*

LANE (E. W.). Account of the Manners and Customs of Modern Egyptians. With Illustrations. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 12*s.*

LAYARD (A. H.). Nineveh and its Remains; a Popular Account of Researches and Discoveries amidst the Ruins of Assyria. With Illustrations. Post 8vo. 7*s* 6*d.*

——— Nineveh and Babylon; A Popular Account of Discoveries in the Ruins, with Travels in Armenia, Kurdistan and the Desert, during a Second Expedition to Assyria. With Illustrations Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

LEATHES (STANLEY). Practical Hebrew Grammar. With the Hebrew Text of Genesis i.—vi., and Psalms i.—vi. Grammatical Analysis and Vocabulary. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

LENNEP (REV. H. J. VAN). Missionary Travels in Asia Minor. With Illustrations of Biblical History and Archæology. Map and Woodcuts. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 24*s.*

——— Modern Customs and Manners of Bible Lands in Illustration of Scripture. Maps and Illustrations. 2 Vols. 8vo. 21*s.*

LESLIE (C. R.). Handbook for Young Painters. Illustrations. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— Life and Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Portraits. 2 Vols. 8vo. 42*s.*

LETO (POMPONIO). Eight Months at Rome during the Vatican Council. 8vo. 12*s.*

LETTERS FROM THE BALTIC. By a LADY. Post 8vo. 2*s.*

——— MADRAS. By a LADY. Post 8vo. 2*s.*

——— SIERRA LEONE. By a LADY. Post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

LEVI (LEONE). History of British Commerce: and Economic Progress of the Nation, from 1763 to 1878. 8vo. 18*s.*

LEX SALICA; the Ten Texts with the Glosses and the Lex Emendata. Synoptically edited by J. H. HESSELS. With Notes on the Frankish Words in the Lex Salica by H. KERN, of Leyden. 4to. 42*s.*

LIDDELL (DEAN). Student's History of Rome, from the earliest Times to the establishment of the Empire. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

LISPINGS from LOW LATITUDES; or, the Journal of the Hon. Impulsia Gushington. Edited by LORD DUFFERIN. With 24 Plates. 4to. 21*s.*

LIVINGSTONE (DR.). First Expedition to Africa, 1840–56. Illustrations. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— ——— Second Expedition to Africa, 1858–64. Illustrations. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— ——— Last Journals in Central Africa, from 1865 to his Death. Continued by a Narrative of his last moments and sufferings. By Rev. HORACE WALLER. Maps and Illustrations. 2 Vols. 8vo. 15*s.*

——— Personal Life. From his unpublished Journals and Correspondence. By Wm. G. Blaikie, D.D. Popular Edition. With Map and Portrait. 8vo. 6*s.*

LIVINGSTONIA. Journal of Adventures in Exploring Lake Nyassa, and Establishing a Missionary Settlement there. By R. D. YOUNG, R.N. Maps. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

LIVONIAN TALES. By the Author of "Letters from the Baltic." Post 8vo. 2*s.*

LOCKHART (J. G.). Ancient Spanish Ballads. Historical and Romantic. Translated, with Notes. Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 5*s.*

——— Life of Theodore Hook. Fcap. 8vo. 1*s.*

LOUDON (MRS.). Gardening for Ladies. With Directions and Calendar of Operations for Every Month. Woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

LUTHER. Three Primary Works of the Reformer. Christian Liberty—The Babylonian Captivity of the Church—And the Address to the Nobility of the German Nation. Translated by C. A. BUCHHEIM. Edited, with Introductions, by HENRY WACE, D.D. Crown 8vo.

LYALL (SIR ALFRED C.), K.C.B. Asiatic Studies; Religious and Social. 8vo. 12s.

LYELL (SIR CHARLES). Student's Elements of Geology. With Table of British Fossils and 600 Illustrations. Third Edition, Revised. Post 8vo. 9s.

——— Life, Letters, and Journals. Edited by his sister-in-law, MRS. LYELL. With Portraits. 2 Vols. 8vo. 30s.

——— (K. M.). Geographical Handbook of Ferns. With Tables to show their Distribution. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

LYNDHURST (LORD). [See Martin.]

LYTTON (LORD). A Memoir of Julian Fane. With Portrait. Post 8vo. 5s.

McCLINTOCK (SIR L.). Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin and his Companions in the Arctic Seas. With Illustrations. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

MACDOUGALL (COL.). Modern Warfare as Influenced by Modern Artillery. With Plans. Post 8vo. 12s.

MACGREGOR (J.). Rob Roy on the Jordan, Nile, Red Sea, Gennesareth, &c. A Canoe Cruise in Palestine and Egypt and the Waters of Damascus. With 70 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

MAETZNER'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR. A Methodical, Analytical, and Historical Treatise on the Orthography, Prosody, Inflections, and Syntax. By CLAIR J. GRECE, LL.D. 3 Vols. 8vo. 36s.

MAHON (LORD), see STANHOPE.

MAINE (SIR H. SUMNER). Ancient Law: its Connection with the Early History of Society, and its Relation to Modern Ideas. 8vo. 12s.

——— Village Communities in the East and West. 8vo. 12s.

——— Early History of Institutions. 8vo. 12s.

——— Dissertations on Early Law and Custom. Being Selections from Lectures delivered at Oxford. 8vo. 12s.

MALCOLM (SIR JOHN). Sketches of Persia. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

MANSEL (DEAN). Letters, Lectures, and Reviews. 8vo. 12s.

MANUAL OF SCIENTIFIC ENQUIRY. For the Use of Travellers. Edited by REV. R. MAIN. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d. (*Published by order of the Lords of the Admiralty.*)

MARCO POLO. The Book of Ser Marco Polo, the Venetian. Concerning the Kingdoms and Marvels of the East. A new English Version. Illustrated by the light of Oriental Writers and Modern Travels. By COL. HENRY YULE. Maps and Illustrations. 2 Vols. Medium 8vo. 63s.

MARKHAM (MRS.). History of England. From the First Invasion by the Romans, continued down to 1880. Woodcuts. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

——— History of France. From the Conquest of Gaul by Julius Cæsar, continued down to 1878. Woodcuts. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

——— History of Germany. From its Invasion by Marius, continued down to the completion of Cologne Cathedral. Woodcuts. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

——— (CLEMENTS R.). A Popular Account of Peruvian Bark and its introduction into British India. With Maps. Post 8vo. 14s.

MARRYAT (JOSEPH). History of Modern and Mediæval Pottery and Porcelain. With a Description of the Manufacture. Plates and Woodcuts. 8vo. 42s.

MARSH (G. P.). Student's Manual of the English Language. Edited with Additions. By DR. WM. SMITH. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

MARTIN (Sir Theodore). Memoir of the Life of Lord Lyndhurst, three times Lord Chancellor of England. From Letters and Papers in possession of his family. With Portrait. 8vo.

MASTERS in English Theology. Lectures delivered at King's College, London, in 1877, by Eminent Divines. With Introduction by Canon Barry. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

MATTHIÆ'S Greek Grammar. Abridged by Blomfield, *Revised* by E. S. Crooke. 12mo. 4*s.*

MAUREL'S Character, Actions, and Writings of Wellington. Fcap. 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.*

MAYO (Lord). Sport in Abyssinia; or, the Mareb and Tackazzee. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 12*s.*

MELVILLE (Hermann). Marquesas and South Sea Islands. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 7*s.*

MEREDITH (Mrs. Charles). Notes and Sketches of New South Wales. Post 8vo. 2*s.*

MEXICO. [See Brocklehurst.]

MICHAEL ANGELO, Sculptor, Painter, and Architect. His Life and Works. By C. Heath Wilson. With Portrait, Illustrations and Index. 8vo. 15*s.*

MIDDLETON (Chas. H.) A Descriptive Catalogue of the Etched Work of Rembrandt, with Life and Introductions. With Explanatory Cuts. Medium 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*

MILLINGTON (Rev. T. S.). Signs and Wonders in the Land of Ham, or the Ten Plagues of Egypt, with Ancient and Modern Illustrations. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

MILMAN'S (Dean) WORKS:—

History of the Jews, from the earliest Period down to Modern Times. 3 Vols. Post 8vo. 18*s.*

Early Christianity, from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire. 3 Vols. Post 8vo. 18*s.*

Latin Christianity, including that of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicholas V. 9 Vols. Post 8vo. 54*s.*

Handbook to St. Paul's Cathedral. Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Quinti Horatii Flacci Opera. Woodcuts. Sm. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Fall of Jerusalem. Fcap. 8vo. 1*s.*

MILMAN'S (Capt. E. A.) Wayside Cross. Post 8vo. 2*s.*

——— (Bishop, D.D.,) Life. With a Selection from his Correspondence and Journals. By his Sister. Map. 8vo. 12*s.*

MIVART (St. George). Lessons from Nature; as manifested in Mind and Matter. 8vo. 15*s.*

——— The Cat. An Introduction to the Study of Backboned Animals, especially Mammals. With 200 Illustrations. Medium 8vo. 30*s.*

MOGGRIDGE (M. W.). Method in Almsgiving. A Handbook for Helpers. Post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

MOORE (Thomas). Life and Letters of Lord Byron. *Cabinet Edition.* With Plates. 6 Vols. Fcap. 8vo. 18*s.*; *Popular Edition,* with Portraits. Royal 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

MORESBY (Capt.), R.N. Discoveries in New Guinea, Polynesia, Torres Straits, &c., during the cruise of H.M.S. Basilisk. Map and Illustrations. 8vo. 15*s.*

MOSSMAN (Samuel). New Japan; the Land of the Rising Sun; its Annals during the past Twenty Years, recording the remarkable Progress of the Japanese in Western Civilisation. With Map. 8vo. 15*s.*

MOTLEY (J. L.). History of the United Netherlands: from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce, 1609. Portraits. 4 Vols. Post 8vo. 6*s.* each.

——— Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland. With a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of the Thirty Years' War. Illustrations. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 12*s.*

MOZLEY (Canon). Treatise on the Augustinian doctrine of Predestination, with an Analysis of the Contents. Crown 8vo. 9*s.*

MUIRHEAD (Jas.). The Vaux-de-Vire of Maistre Jean Le Houx, Advocate of Vire. Translated and Edited. With Portrait and Illustrations. 8vo. 21*s.*

MUNRO'S (General) Life and Letters. By Rev. G. R. Gleig. Post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

MURCHISON (Sir Roderick). Siluria; or, a History of the Oldest Rocks containing Organic Remains. Map and Plates. 8vo. 18*s.*

——— Memoirs. With Notices of his Contemporaries, and Rise and Progress of Palæozoic Geology. By Archibald Geikie. Portraits. 2 Vols. 8vo. 30*s.*

MURRAY (A. S.). A History of Greek Sculpture. With Illustrations. 2 Vols. Royal 8vo. 21*s.* each.
Vol. I.—From the Earliest Times down to the Age of Phidias.
Vol. II.—Phidias and his Successors.

MUSTERS' (Capt.) Patagonians; a Year's Wanderings over Untrodden Ground from the Straits of Magellan to the Rio Negro. Illustrations. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

NAPIER (Sir Wm.). English Battles and Sieges of the Peninsular War. Portrait. Post 8vo. 9*s.*

NAPOLEON at Fontainebleau and Elba. Journal of Occurrences and Notes of Conversations. By Sir Neil Campbell. Portrait. 8vo. 15*s.*

NARES (Sir George), R.N. Official Report to the Admiralty of the recent Arctic Expedition. Map. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

NASMYTH (James). An Autobiography. Edited by Samuel Smiles, LL.D., with Portrait, and 70 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 16*s.*

NAUTICAL ALMANAC (The). (*By Authority.*) 2*s.* 6*d.*

NAVY LIST. (Monthly and Quarterly.) Post 8vo.

NEW TESTAMENT. With Short Explanatory Commentary. By Archdeacon Churton, M.A., and the Bishop of St. David's. With 110 authentic Views, &c. 2 Vols. Crown 8vo. 21*s.* *bound.*

NEWTH (Samuel). First Book of Natural Philosophy; an Introduction to the Study of Statics, Dynamics, Hydrostatics, Light, Heat, and Sound, with numerous Examples. Small 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— Elements of Mechanics, including Hydrostatics, with numerous Examples. Small 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*

——— Mathematical Examples. A Graduated Series of Elementary Examples in Arithmetic, Algebra, Logarithms, Trigonometry, and Mechanics. Small 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*

NICOLAS (Sir Harris). Historic Peerage of England. Exhibiting the Origin, Descent, and Present State of every Title of Peerage which has existed in this Country since the Conquest. By William Courthope. 8vo. 30*s.*

NILE GLEANINGS. See Stuart.

NIMROD. On the Chace—Turf—and Road. With Portrait and Plates. Crown 8vo. 5*s.* Or with Coloured Plates, 7*s.* 6*d.*

NORDHOFF (Chas.). Communistic Societies of the United States; including Detailed Accounts of the Shakers, the Amana, Oneida, Bethell, Aurora, Icarian and other existing Societies. With 40 Illustrations. 8vo. 15*s.*

NORTHCOTE'S (SIR JOHN) Notebook in the Long Parliament. Containing Proceedings during its First Session, 1640. Edited, with a Memoir, by A. H. A. Hamilton. Crown 8vo. 9s.

OTTER (R. H.). Winters Abroad: Some Information respecting Places visited by the Author on account of his Health. Intended for the Use and Guidance of Invalids. 7s. 6d.

CONTENTS.

Australia:—Melbourne, Tasmania, Sydney, Queensland, The Riverina, Algiers, Egypt, Cape of Good Hope, Davos.

OWEN (LIEUT.-COL.). Principles and Practice of Modern Artillery, including Artillery Material, Gunnery, and Organisation and Use of Artillery in Warfare. With Illustrations. 8vo. 15s.

OXENHAM (REV. W.). English Notes for Latin Elegiacs; designed for early Proficients in the Art of Latin Versification, with Prefatory Rules of Composition in Elegiac Metre. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

PAGET (LORD GEORGE). The Light Cavalry Brigade in the Crimea. Containing Extracts from Journal and Correspondence. Map. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

PALGRAVE (R. H. I.). Local Taxation of Great Britain and Ireland. 8vo. 5s.

PALLISER (MRS.). Mottoes for Monuments, or Epitaphs selected for General Use and Study. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

PALMER (PROFESSOR E. H.). His Life and Achievements, from his Birth to his Murder by the Arabs of the Desert, 1882. By WALTER BESANT, M.A. With Portrait. Crown 8vo. 17s.

PARIS (DR.) Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest; or, the First Principles of Natural Philosophy inculcated by aid of the Toys and Sports of Youth. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

PARKYNS' (MANSFIELD) Three Years' Residence in Abyssinia: with Travels in that Country. With Illustrations. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

PEEL'S (SIR ROBERT) Memoirs. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 15s.

PENN (RICHARD). Maxims and Hints for an Angler and Chess-player. Woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo. 1s.

PERCY (JOHN, M.D.). METALLURGY. Fuel, Wood, Peat, Coal, Charcoal, Coke. Fire-Clays. Illustrations. 8vo. 30s.

—— Lead, including part of Silver. Illustrations. 8vo. 30s.

—— Silver and Gold. Part I. Illustrations. 8vo. 30s.

PERRY (REV. CANON). Life of St. Hugh of Avalon, Bishop of Lincoln. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

—— History of the English Church. See STUDENTS' Manuals.

PHILLIPS (SAMUEL). Literary Essays from "The Times." With Portrait. 2 Vols. Fcap. 8vo. 7s.

POLLOCK (C. E.). A book of Family Prayers. Selected from the Liturgy of the Church of England. 16mo. 3s. 6d.

POPE'S (ALEXANDER) Works. With Introductions and Notes, by REV. WHITWELL ELWIN, and W. J. COURTHOPE. Vols. I., II., III., IV., VI., VII., VIII. With Portraits. 8vo. 10s. 6d. each.

PORTER (REV. J. L.). Damascus, Palmyra, and Lebanon. With Travels among the Giant Cities of Bashan and the Hauran. Map and Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

PRAYER-BOOK (ILLUSTRATED), with Borders, Initials, Vignettes, &c. Edited, with Notes, by REV. THOS. JAMES. Medium 8vo. 18s. *cloth*.

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES. A Brief Memoir. With Selections from her Correspondence and other unpublished Papers. By LADY ROSE WEIGALL. With Portrait. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

PRIVY COUNCIL JUDGMENTS in Ecclesiastical Cases relating to Doctrine and Discipline. With Historical Introduction, by G. C. BRODRICK and W. H. FREMANTLE. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

PSALMS OF DAVID. With Notes Explanatory and Critical by Dean Johnson, Canon Elliott, and Canon Cook. Medium 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

PUSS IN BOOTS. With 12 Illustrations. By OTTO SPECKTER. 16mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* Or coloured, 2*s.* 6*d.*

QUARTERLY REVIEW (THE). 8vo. 6*s.*

RAE (EDWARD). Country of the Moors. A Journey from Tripoli to the Holy City of Kairwan. Map and Etchings. Crown 8vo. 12*s.*

—— The White Sea Peninsula. Journey to the White Sea, and the Kola Peninsula. With Map and Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 15*s.*

RAMBLES in the Syrian Deserts. Post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

RASSAM (HORMUZD). British Mission to Abyssinia. Illustrations. 2 Vols. 8vo. 28*s.*

RAWLINSON'S (CANON) Herodotus. A New English Version. Edited with Notes and Essays. Maps and Woodcuts. 4 Vols. 8vo. 48*s.*

—— Five Great Monarchies of Chaldæa, Assyria, Media, Babylonia, and Persia. With Maps and Illustrations. 3 Vols. 8vo. 42*s.*

—— (SIR HENRY) England and Russia in the East; a Series of Papers on the Political and Geographical Condition of Central Asia. Map. 8vo. 12*s.*

REED (Sir E. J.) Iron-Clad Ships; their Qualities, Performances, and Cost. With Chapters on Turret Ships, Iron-Clad Rams, &c. With Illustrations. 8vo. 12*s.*

—— Letters from Russia in 1875. 8vo. 5*s.*

—— Japan: Its History, Traditions, and Religions. With Narrative of a Visit in 1879. Illustrations. 2 Vols. 8vo. 28*s.*

REJECTED ADDRESSES (THE). By JAMES AND HORACE SMITH. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*; or *Popular Edition*, Fcap. 8vo. 1*s.*

REMBRANDT. See MIDDLETON.

REVISED VERSION OF N.T. [See BECKETT, BURGON, COOK.]

REYNOLDS' (SIR JOSHUA) Life and Times. By C. R. LESLIE, R.A. and TOM TAYLOR. Portraits. 2 Vols. 8vo. 42*s.*

RICARDO'S (DAVID) Political Works. With a Notice of his Life and Writings. By J. R. M'CULLOCH. 8vo. 16*s.*

RIPA (FATHER). Thirteen Years at the Court of Peking. Post 8vo. 2*s.*

ROBERTSON (CANON). History of the Christian Church, from the Apostolic Age to the Reformation, 1517. 8 Vols. Post 8vo. 6*s.* each.

ROBINSON (REV. DR.). Biblical Researches in Palestine and the Adjacent Regions, 1838—52. Maps. 3 Vols. 8vo. 42*s.*

—— (WM.) Alpine Flowers for English Gardens. With 70 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

—— Sub-Tropical Garden. Illustrations. Small 8vo. 5*s.*

—— Parks and Gardens of Paris, considered in Relation to the Wants of other Cities and of Public and Private Gardens. With 350 Illustrations. 8vo. 18*s.*

—— Wild Garden; or, Our Groves and Gardens made Beautiful by the Naturalization of Hardy Exotic Plants. With 90 Illustrations. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

—— Hardy Flowers. Descriptions of upwards of 1300 of the most Ornamental Species; with Directions for their Culture. Post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— God's Acre Made Beautiful; or, the Cemeteries of the Future With 8 Illustrations. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

ROBSON (E. R.). SCHOOL ARCHITECTURE. Remarks on the Planning, Designing, Building, and Furnishing of School-houses. Illustrations. Medium 8vo. 18*s.*

ROME (HISTORY OF). See GIBBON—LIDDELL—SMITH—STUDENTS'.

ROYAL SOCIETY CATALOGUE OF SCIENTIFIC PAPERS. 8 vols. 8vo. 20*s.* each. Half morocco, 28*s.* each.

RUXTON (Geo. F.). Travels in Mexico; with Adventures among Wild Tribes and Animals of the Prairies and Rocky Mountains. Post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

ST. HUGH OF AVALON, Bishop of Lincoln; his Life by G. G. Perry, Canon of Lincoln. Post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

ST. JOHN (Charles). Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands of Scotland. Illustrated Edition. Crown 8vo. 15*s.* *Cheap Edition*, Post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— (Bayle) Adventures in the Libyan Desert. Post 8vo. 2*s.*

SALDANHA (Duke of). See Carnota.

SALE'S (Sir Robert) Brigade in Affghanistan. With an Account of the Defence of Jellalabad. By Rev. G. R. Gleig. Post 8vo. 2*s.*

SCEPTICISM IN GEOLOGY; and the Reasons for It. An assemblage of facts from Nature combining to refute the theory of "Causes now in Action." By Verifier. Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

SCHLIEMANN (Dr. Henry). Troy and Its Remains. A Narrative of Researches and Discoveries made on the Site of Ilium, and in the Trojan Plain. With 500 Illustrations. Medium 8vo. 42*s.*

——— Ancient Mycenæ and Tiryns. With 500 Illustrations. Medium 8vo. 50*s.*

——— Ilios; the City and Country of the Trojans, including all Recent Discoveries and Researches made on the Site of Troy and the Troad. With an Autobiography. With 2000 Illustrations. Imperial 8vo. 50*s.*

——— Latest Excavations at Troy (Hissarlik). With a Recent Journey through the Troad. Illustrations Medium 8vo.

SCHOMBERG (General). The Odyssey of Homer, rendered into English verse. 2 vols. 8vo. 24*s.*

SCOTT (Sir Gilbert). Lectures on the Rise and Development of Mediæval Architecture. Delivered at the Royal Academy. With 400 Illustrations. 2 Vols. Medium 8vo. 42*s.*

SCRUTTON (Thos. Edward). Literary and Artistic Property in England. The Principles which should Regulate the Laws of Copyright, &c., and their application to this and other Countries. 8vo.

SEEBOHM (Henry). Siberia in Europe; a Naturalist's Visit to the Valley of the Petchora in N.E. Russia. With notices of Birds and their migrations. Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 14*s.*

——— Siberia in Asia. A visit to the Valley of the Yenessy in Eastern Siberia. With Descriptions of the Natural History, Migrations of Birds, &c. Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 14*s.*

SELBORNE (Lord). Notes on some Passages in the Liturgical History of the Reformed English Church. 8vo. 6*s.*

SHADOWS OF A SICK ROOM. Preface by Canon Liddon. 16mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

SHAH OF PERSIA'S Diary during his Tour through Europe in 1873. With Portrait. Crown 8vo. 12*s.*

SHAW (T. B.). Manual of English Literature. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— Specimens of English Literature. Selected from the Chief Writers. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— (Robert). Visit to High Tartary, Yarkand, and Kashgar (formerly Chinese Tartary), and Return Journey over the Karakorum Pass. With Map and Illustrations. 8vo. 16*s.*

SIERRA LEONE; Described in Letters to Friends at Home. By A Lady. Post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

SIMMONS (Capt.). Constitution and Practice of Courts-Martial. 8vo. 15*s.*

SMILES' (SAMUEL, LL.D.) WORKS:—

BRITISH ENGINEERS; from the Earliest Period to the death of the Stephensons. Illustrations. 5 Vols. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. each.

GEORGE STEPHENSON. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

JAMES NASMYTH. Portrait and Illustrations. Cr. 8vo. 16s.

SCOTCH NATURALIST (THOS. EDWARD). Illustrations. Post 8vo. 6s.

SCOTCH GEOLOGIST AND BOTANIST. (ROBERT DICK). Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 12s.

HUGUENOTS IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

SELF-HELP. With Illustrations of Conduct and Perseverance. Post 8vo. 6s.

CHARACTER. A Book of Noble Characteristics. Post 8vo. 6s.

THRIFT. A Book of Domestic Counsel. Post 8vo. 6s.

DUTY. With Illustrations of Courage, Patience, and Endurance. Post 8vo. 6s.

INDUSTRIAL BIOGRAPHY; or, Iron Workers and Tool Makers. Post 8vo. 6s.

BOY'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD. Illustrations. Post 8vo. 6s.

SMITH (DR. GEORGE) Student's Manual of the Geography of British India. Physical and Political. With Maps. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

——— Life of John Wilson, D.D. (Bombay), Missionary and Philanthropist. Portrait. Post 8vo. 9s.

——— (PHILIP). History of the Ancient World, from the Creation to the Fall of the Roman Empire, A.D. 476. 3 Vols. 8vo. 31s. 6d.

SMITH'S (DR. WM.) DICTIONARIES:—

DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE; its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History. Illustrations. 3 Vols. 8vo. 105s.

CONCISE BIBLE DICTIONARY. Illustrations. 8vo. 21s.

SMALLER BIBLE DICTIONARY. Illustrations. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

CHRISTIAN ANTIQUITIES. Comprising the History, Institutions, and Antiquities of the Christian Church. Illustrations. 2 Vols. Medium 8vo. 3l. 13s. 6d.

CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE, SECTS, AND DOCTRINES; from the Times of the Apostles to the Age of Charlemagne. Medium 8vo. Vols. I. II. & III. 31s 6d. each. (To be completed in 4 Vols.)

GREEK AND ROMAN ANTIQUITIES. Illustrations. Medium 8vo. 28s.

GREEK AND ROMAN BIOGRAPHY AND MYTHOLOGY. Illustrations. 3 Vols. Medium 8vo. 4l. 4s.

GREEK AND ROMAN GEOGRAPHY. 2 Vols. Illustrations. Medium 8vo. 56s.

ATLAS OF ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY—BIBLICAL AND CLASSICAL. Folio. 6l. 6s.

CLASSICAL DICTIONARY OF MYTHOLOGY, BIOGRAPHY, AND GEOGRAPHY. 1 Vol. With 750 Woodcuts. 8vo. 18s.

SMALLER CLASSICAL DICTIONARY. Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

SMALLER GREEK AND ROMAN ANTIQUITIES. Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

COMPLETE LATIN-ENGLISH DICTIONARY. With Tables of the Roman Calendar, Measures, Weights, and Money. 8vo. 21s.

SMALLER LATIN-ENGLISH DICTIONARY. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

COPIOUS AND CRITICAL ENGLISH-LATIN DICTIONARY. 8vo. 21s.

SMALLER ENGLISH-LATIN DICTIONARY. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

SMITH'S (DR. WM.) ENGLISH COURSE:—

SCHOOL MANUAL OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR, WITH COPIOUS EXERCISES. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

PRIMARY ENGLISH GRAMMAR. 16mo. 1s.

MANUAL OF ENGLISH COMPOSITION. With Copious Illustrations and Practical Exercises. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

PRIMARY HISTORY OF BRITAIN. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

SCHOOL MANUAL OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY, PHYSICAL AND Political. Post 8vo. 5s.

A SMALLER MANUAL OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY. 16mo. 2s. 6d.

SMITH'S (DR. WM.) FRENCH COURSE:—

FRENCH PRINCIPIA. Part I. A First Course, containing a Grammar, Delectus, Exercises, and Vocabularies. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

APPENDIX TO FRENCH PRINCIPIA. Part I. Containing additional Exercises, with Examination Papers. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

FRENCH PRINCIPIA. Part II. A Reading Book, containing Fables, Stories, and Anecdotes, Natural History, and Scenes from the History of France. With Grammatical Questions, Notes and copious Etymological Dictionary. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

FRENCH PRINCIPIA. Part III. Prose Composition, containing a Systematic Course of Exercises on the Syntax, with the Principal Rules of Syntax. 12mo. [*In the Press.*

STUDENT'S FRENCH GRAMMAR. By C. HERON-WALL. With Introduction by M. Litré. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

SMALLER GRAMMAR OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE. Abridged from the above. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

SMITH'S (DR. WM.) GERMAN COURSE:—

GERMAN PRINCIPIA. Part I. A First German Course, containing a Grammar, Delectus, Exercise Book, and Vocabularies. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

GERMAN PRINCIPIA. Part II. A Reading Book; containing Fables, Stories, and Anecdotes, Natural History, and Scenes from the History of Germany. With Grammatical Questions, Notes, and Dictionary. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

PRACTICAL GERMAN GRAMMAR. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

SMITH'S (DR. WM.) ITALIAN COURSE:—

ITALIAN PRINCIPIA. Part I. An Italian Course, containing a Grammar, Delectus, Exercise Book, with Vocabularies, and Materials for Italian Conversation. By SIGNOR RICCI, Professor of Italian at the City of London College. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

ITALIAN PRINCIPIA. Part II. A First Italian Reading Book, containing Fables, Anecdotes, History, and Passages from the best Italian Authors, with Grammatical Questions, Notes, and a Copious Etymological Dictionary. By SIGNOR RICCI. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

SMITH'S (DR. WM.) LATIN COURSE:—

THE YOUNG BEGINNER'S FIRST LATIN BOOK: Containing the Rudiments of Grammar, Easy Grammatical Questions and Exercises, with Vocabularies. Being a Stepping stone to Principia Latina, Part I. for Young Children. 12mo. 2s.

THE YOUNG BEGINNER'S SECOND LATIN BOOK: Containing an easy Latin Reading Book, with an Analysis of the Sentences, Notes, and a Dictionary. Being a Stepping-stone to Principia Latina, Part II. for Young Children. 12mo. 2s.

PRINCIPIA LATINA. Part I. First Latin Course, containing a Grammar, Delectus, and Exercise Book, with Vocabularies. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

*** In this Edition the Cases of the Nouns, Adjectives, and Pronouns are arranged both as in the ORDINARY GRAMMARS and as in the PUBLIC SCHOOL PRIMER, together with the corresponding Exercises.

SMITH'S (DR. WM.) LATIN COURSE—*continued.*

APPENDIX TO PRINCIPIA LATINA. Part I.; being Additional Exercises, with Examination Papers. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

PRINCIPIA LATINA. Part II. A Reading-book of Mythology, Geography, Roman Antiquities, and History. With Notes and Dictionary. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

PRINCIPIA LATINA. Part III. A Poetry Book. Hexameters and Pentameters; Eclog. Ovidianæ; Latin Prosody. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

PRINCIPIA LATINA. Part IV. Prose Composition. Rules of Syntax with Examples, Explanations of Synonyms, and Exercises on the Syntax. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

PRINCIPIA LATINA. Part V. Short Tales and Anecdotes for Translation into Latin. 12mo. 3*s.*

LATIN-ENGLISH VOCABULARY AND FIRST LATIN-ENGLISH DICTIONARY FOR PHÆDRUS, CORNELIUS NEPOS, AND CÆSAR. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

STUDENT'S LATIN GRAMMAR. For the Higher Forms. Post 8vo. 6*s.*

SMALLER LATIN GRAMMAR. For the Middle and Lower Forms. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

TACITUS, Germania, Agricola, &c. With English Notes. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

SMITH'S (DR. WM.) GREEK COURSE:—

INITIA GRÆCA. Part I. A First Greek Course, containing a Grammar, Delectus, and Exercise-book. With Vocabularies. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

APPENDIX TO INITIA GRÆCA. Part I. Containing additional Exercises. With Examination Papers. Post 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

INITIA GRÆCA. Part II. A Reading Book. Containing Short Tales, Anecdotes, Fables, Mythology, and Grecian History 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

INITIA GRÆCA. Part III. Prose Composition. Containing the Rules of Syntax, with copious Examples and Exercises. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d*

STUDENT'S GREEK GRAMMAR. For the Higher Forms. By CURTIUS. Post 8vo. 6*s.*

SMALLER GREEK GRAMMAR. For the Middle and Lower Forms. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

GREEK ACCIDENCE. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

PLATO, Apology of Socrates, &c. With Notes. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d*

SMITH'S (DR. WM.) SMALLER HISTORIES:—

SCRIPTURE HISTORY. Woodcuts. 16mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

ANCIENT HISTORY. Woodcuts. 16mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY. Woodcuts. 16mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

MODERN GEOGRAPHY. 16mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

GREECE. Maps and Woodcuts. 16mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

ROME. Maps and Woodcuts. 16mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

CLASSICAL MYTHOLOGY. Woodcuts. 16mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

ENGLAND. Maps and Woodcuts. 16mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

ENGLISH LITERATURE. 16mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

SPECIMENS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. 16mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

SOMERVILLE (MARY). Personal Recollections from Early Life to Old Age. Portrait. Crown 8vo. 12*s.*

——— Physical Geography. Portrait. Post 8vo. 9*s.*

——— Connexion of the Physical Sciences. Post 8vo. 9*s.*

——— Molecular & Microscopic Science. Illustrations. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 21*s.*

SOUTH (John F.). Household Surgery; or, Hints for Emergencies. With Woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

SOUTHEY (Robt.). Lives of Bunyan and Cromwell. Post 8vo. 2s.

STANHOPE'S (Earl) WORKS:—

History of England from the Reign of Queen Anne to the Peace of Versailles, 1701-83. 9 vols. Post 8vo. 5s. each.

Life of William Pitt. Portraits. 3 Vols. 8vo. 36s.

Miscellanies. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 13s.

British India, from its Origin to 1783. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

History of "Forty-Five." Post 8vo. 3s.

Historical and Critical Essays. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

The Retreat from Moscow, and other Essays. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Life of Belisarius. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Life of Condé. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Story of Joan of Arc. Fcap. 8vo. 1s.

Addresses on Various Occasions. 16mo. 1s.

STANLEY'S (Dean) WORKS:—

Sinai and Palestine. Maps. 8vo. 14s.

Bible in the Holy Land; Extracted from the above Work. Woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Eastern Church. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Jewish Church. From the Earliest Times to the Christian Era. 3 Vols. 8vo. 38s.

Church of Scotland. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians. 8vo. 18s.

Life of Dr. Arnold. Portrait. 2 Vols. Cr. 8vo. 12s.

Canterbury Cathedral. Illustrations. Post 8vo.

Westminster Abbey. Illustrations. 8vo. 15s.

Sermons during a Tour in the East. 8vo. 9s.

——— on Special Occasions, Preached in Westminster Abbey. 8vo. 12s.

Memoir of Edward, Catherine, and Mary Stanley. Cr. 8vo. 9s.

Christian Institutions. Essays on Ecclesiastical Subjects. 8vo. 12s.

[See also Bradley]

STEPHENS (Rev. W. R. W.). Life and Times of St. John Chrysostom. A Sketch of the Church and the Empire in the Fourth Century. Portrait. 8vo. 12s.

STRATFORD de REDCLIFFE (Lord). The Eastern Question. Being a Selection from his Writings during the last Five Years of his Life. With a Preface by Dean Stanley. With Map. 8vo. 9s.

STREET (G. E.). Gothic Architecture in Spain. Illustrations. Royal 8vo. 30s.

——— ——— in Brick and Marble. With Notes on North of Italy. Illustrations. Royal 8vo. 28s.

STUART (Villiers). Nile Gleanings: The Ethnology, History, and Art of Ancient Egypt, as Revealed by Paintings and Bas-Reliefs. With Descriptions of Nubia and its Great Rock Temples, 58 Coloured Illustrations, &c. Medium 8vo. 31s. 6d.

——— The Funeral Tent of an Egyptian Queen, discovered at Thebes. Printed in colours from the author's original drawings. With Translations and Explanations of the hieroglyphics, &c. Roy. 8vo. 18s.

STUDENTS' MANUALS:—

OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY; from the Creation to the Return of the Jews from Captivity. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

NEW TESTAMENT HISTORY. With an Introduction connecting the History of the Old and New Testaments. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY. By H. WACE, D.D. Post 8vo. [*In the press.*

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY. By PHILIP SMITH, B.A.

PART I.—First Ten Centuries. From the Foundation of the Christian Church to the full establishment of the Holy Roman Empire and the Papal Power, A.D. 30—1003. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

PART II.—The Middle Ages and the Reformation, 1003—1598. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. [*In the Press.*

ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORY. By Canon PERRY. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. each.

First Period, from the planting of the Church in Britain to the Accession of Henry VIII. A.D. 596—1509.

Second Period, from the accession of Henry VIII. to the silencing of Convocation in the 18th Century, 1509—1717.

ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE EAST; Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, Persia, Asia Minor, and Phœnicia. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY. By Canon BEVAN. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

HISTORY OF GREECE; from the Earliest Times to the Roman Conquest. By WM. SMITH, D.C.L. Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

*** Questions on the above Work, 12mo. 2s.

HISTORY OF ROME; from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Empire. By DEAN LIDDELL. Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

GIBBON'S DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

HALLAM'S HISTORY OF EUROPE during the Middle Ages. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE, from the end of the Middle Ages to the Treaty of Berlin, 1878. Post 8vo. [*In the Press.*

HALLAM'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND; from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

HUME'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Revolution in 1688. Revised, and continued to the Treaty of Berlin, 1878. By J. S. BREWER, M.A. Coloured Maps and Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

*** Questions on the above Work, 12mo. 2s.

HISTORY OF FRANCE; from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Second Empire, 1852. By H. W. JERVIS. Woodcuts. Post 8vo 7s. 6d.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By GEO. P. MARSH. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

ENGLISH LITERATURE. By T. B. SHAW, M.A. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d

SPECIMENS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By T. B. SHAW. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

MODERN GEOGRAPHY; Mathematical, Physical and Descriptive. By Canon BEVAN. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

GEOGRAPHY OF BRITISH INDIA. Political and Physical. By GEORGE SMITH, LL.D. Maps. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY. By WM. FLEMING. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

BLACKSTONE'S COMMENTARIES. By MALCOLM KERR. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

SUMNER'S (BISHOP) Life and Episcopate during 40 Years. By Rev. G. H. SUMNER. Portrait. 8vo. 14s.

SWAINSON (CANON). Nicene and Apostles' Creeds; Their Literary History; together with some Account of "The Creed of St. Athanasius." 8vo. 16s.

SWIFT (JONATHAN). [See CRAIK, FORSTER.]

SYBEL (VON) History of Europe during the French Revolution, 1789—1795. 4 Vols. 8vo. 48*s.*

SYMONDS' (REV. W.) Records of the Rocks; or Notes on the Geology of Wales, Devon, and Cornwall. Crown 8vo. 12*s.*

TALMUD. See BARCLAY; DEUTSCH.

TEMPLE (SIR RICHARD). India in 1880. With Maps. 8vo. 16*s.*

——— Men and Events of My Time in India. 8vo. 16*s.*

THIBAUT'S (ANTOINE) Purity in Musical Art. With Prefatory Memoir by W. H. Gladstone, M.P. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

THIELMANN (BARON). Journey through the Caucasus to Tabreez, Kurdistan, down the Tigris and Euphrates to Nineveh and Palmyra. Illustrations. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 18*s.*

THOMSON (ARCHBISHOP). Lincoln's Inn Sermons. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

——— Life in the Light of God's Word. Post 8vo. 5*s.*

——— Word, Work, & Will: Collected Essays. Crown 8vo. 9*s.*

TITIAN'S LIFE AND TIMES. With some account of his Family, from unpublished Records. By CROWE and CAVALCASELLE. Illustrations. 2 Vols. 8vo. 21*s.*

TOCQUEVILLE'S State of Society in France before the Revolution, 1789, and on the Causes which led to that Event. 8vo. 14*s.*

TOMLINSON (CHAS.); The Sonnet; Its Origin, Structure, and Place in Poetry. Post 8vo. 9*s.*

TOZER (REV. H. F.) Highlands of Turkey, with Visits to Mounts Ida, Athos, Olympus, and Pelion. 2 Vols. Crown 8vo. 24*s.*

——— Lectures on the Geography of Greece. Post 8vo. 9*s.*

TRISTRAM (CANON). Great Sahara. Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 15*s.*

——— Land of Moab; Travels and Discoveries on the East Side of the Dead Sea and the Jordan. Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 15*s.*

TWENTY YEARS' RESIDENCE among the Greeks, Albanians, Turks, Armenians, and Bulgarians. By an ENGLISH LADY. 2 Vols. Crown 8vo. 21*s.*

TWINING (REV. THOS.). Recreations and Studies of a Country Clergyman of the Last Century. Crown 8vo. 9*s.*

TWISS' (HORACE) Life of Lord Eldon. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 21*s.*

TYLOR (E. B.) Researches into the Early History of Mankind, and Development of Civilization. 3rd Edition. 8vo. 12*s.*

——— Primitive Culture; the Development of Mythology, Philosophy, Religion, Art, and Custom. 2 Vols. 8vo. 24*s.*

VATICAN COUNCIL. See LETO.

VIRCHOW (PROFESSOR). The Freedom of Science in the Modern State. Fcap. 8vo. 2*s.*

WACE (REV. HENRY), D.D. The Principal Facts in the Life of our Lord, and the Authority of the Evangelical Narratives. Post 8vo. 6*s.*

WELLINGTON'S Despatches during his Campaigns in India, Denmark, Portugal, Spain, the Low Countries, and France. 8 Vols. 8vo. £8 8*s.*

——— Supplementary Despatches, relating to India, Ireland, Denmark, Spanish America, Spain, Portugal, France, Congress of Vienna, Waterloo and Paris. With Index. 15 Vols. 8vo. 20*s.* each.

——— Civil and Political Correspondence. Vols. I. to VIII. 8vo. 20*s.* each.

——— Speeches in Parliament. 2 Vols. 8vo. 42*s.*

WHARTON (Capt. W. J. L.), R.N. Hydrographical Surveying, being a description of the means and methods employed in constructing Marine Charts. With Illustrations. 8vo. 15*s.*

WHEELER (G.). Choice of a Dwelling. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

WHITE (W. H.). Manual of Naval Architecture, for the use of Naval Officers, Shipowners, Shipbuilders, and Yachtsmen. Illustrations. 8vo. 24*s.*

WHYMPER (Edward). The Ascent of the Matterhorn. With 100 Illustrations. Medium 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

WILBERFORCE'S (Bishop) Life of William Wilberforce. Portrait. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

——— (Samuel, LL.D.), Lord Bishop of Oxford and Winchester; his Life. By Canon Ashwell, D.D., and R. G. Wilberforce. With Portraits and Woodcuts. 3 Vols. 8vo. 15*s.* each.

WILKINSON (Sir J. G.). Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians, their Private Life, Laws, Arts, Religion, &c. A new edition. Edited by Samuel Birch, LL.D. Illustrations. 3 Vols. 8vo. 84*s.*

——— Popular Account of the Ancient Egyptians. With 500 Woodcuts. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 12*s.*

WILKINSON (Hugh). Sunny Lands and Seas: A Cruise Round the World in the S.S. "Ceylon." Being Notes made in a Five Months' Tour in India, the Straits Settlements, Manila, China, Japan, the Sandwich Islands, and California. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 12*s.*

WILLIAMS (Monier). Religious Life and Thought in India. An Account of the Religions of the Indian People. Based on a Life's Study of their Literature and on personal Investigations in their own country. 8vo. [*In the press.*

WILSON (John, D.D.). See Smith (Geo.).

WOOD'S (Captain) Source of the Oxus. With the Geography of the Valley of the Oxus. By Col. Yule. Map. 8vo. 12*s.*

WORDS OF HUMAN WISDOM. Collected and Arranged by E. S. With a Preface by Canon Liddon. Fcap. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

WORDSWORTH'S (Bishop) Greece; Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical. With an Introduction on the Characteristics of Greek Art, by Geo Scharf. New Edition revised by the Rev. H. F. Tozer, M.A. With 400 Illustrations. Royal 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*

YORK (Archbishop of). Collected Essays. Contents.—Synoptic Gospels. Death of Christ. God Exists. Worth of Life. Design in Nature. Sports and Pastimes. Emotions in Preaching. Defects in Missionary Work. Limits of Philosophical Enquiry. Crown 8vo. 9*s.*

YORK GATE Geographical and Colonial Library (Catalogue of). Medium 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

YULE (Colonel). Book of Marco Polo. Illustrated by the Light of Oriental Writers and Modern Travels. With Maps and 80 Plates. 2 Vols. Medium 8vo. 63*s.*

——— (A. F.) A Little Light on Cretan Insurrection. Post 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

[redacted]

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
3 9015 03074 66

[redacted]

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
3 9015 03074 6625

958,966

PROPERTY OF
University of Michigan Libraries
1817
ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS

Ast

OLD AND NEW MASTERS

BY

ROBERT LYND

LONDON
T. FISHER UNWIN LTD.
ADELPHI TERRACE

828
L9863n
cop.2

First published in 1919

(*All rights reserved*)

Replacement Fund
Barham
11-5-51
76318

TO

SYLVIA LYND

The various chapters in this book have appeared in slightly different form in the *Daily News*, the *Nation*, the *New Statesman*, and *Land and Water*.

R. L.

CONTENTS

PAGE

I. DOSTOEVSKY THE SENSATIONALIST . . . 9

II. JANE AUSTEN: NATURAL HISTORIAN . . . 17

III. MR. G. K. CHESTERTON AND MR. HILAIRE BELLOC . 25
(1) The Heavenly Twins
(2) The Copiousness of Mr. Belloc
(3) The Two Mr. Chestertons

IV. WORDSWORTH 42
(1) His Personality and Genius
(2) His Politics

V. KEATS 58
(1) The Biography
(2) The Matthew Arnold View

VI. HENRY JAMES 70
(1) The Novelist of Grains and Scruples
(2) The Artist at Work
(3) How He was Born Again

VII. BROWNING: THE POET OF LOVE . . . 86

VIII. THE FAME OF J. M. SYNGE 94

IX. VILLON: THE GENIUS OF THE TAVERN . . 98

X. POPE 105

XI. JAMES ELROY FLECKER 112

XII. TURGENEV 117

PAGE

XIII. THE MADNESS OF STRINDBERG . . . 123

XIV. "THE PRINCE OF FRENCH POETS" . . . 130

XV. ROSSETTI AND RITUAL 137

XVI. MR. BERNARD SHAW 142

XVII. MR. MASEFIELD'S SECRET 149

XVIII. MR. W. B. YEATS 156
(1) His Own Account of Himself
(2) His Poetry

XIX. TCHEHOV: THE PERFECT STORY-TELLER . . 171

XX. LADY GREGORY 178

XXI. MR. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM 184

XXII. SWINBURNE 188
(1) The Exotic Bird
(2) Genius without Eyes

XXIII. THE WORK OF T. M. KETTLE 200

XXIV. MR. J. C. SQUIRE 206

XXV. MR. JOSEPH CONRAD 212
(1) The Making of an Author
(2) Tales of Mystery

XXVI. MR. RUDYARD KIPLING 224
(1) The Good Story-teller
(2) The Poet of Life with a Capital Hell

XXVII. MR. THOMAS HARDY 234
(1) His Genius as a Poet
(2) A Poet in Winter

OLD AND NEW MASTERS

I

DOSTOEVSKY THE SENSATIONALIST

MR. GEORGE MOORE once summed up *Crime and Punishment* as "Gaboriau with psychological sauce." He afterwards apologized for the epigram, but he insisted that all the same there is a certain amount of truth in it. And so there is.

Dostoevsky's visible world was a world of sensationalism. He may in the last analysis be a great mystic or a great psychologist; but he almost always reveals his genius on a stage crowded with people who behave like the men and women one reads about in the police news. There are more murders and attempted murders in his books than in those of any other great novelist. His people more nearly resemble madmen and wild beasts than normal human beings.

He releases them from most of the ordinary inhibitions. He is fascinated by the loss of self-control—by the disturbance and excitement which this produces, often in the most respectable circles. He is beyond all his rivals the novelist of "scenes." His characters get drunk, or go mad with jealousy, or fall in epileptic fits, or rave hysterically. If Dostoevsky had had less vision he would have been Strindberg. If his vision had been æsthetic and sensual, he might have been D'Annunzio.

Like them, he is a novelist of torture. Turgenev found in his work something Sadistic, because of the intensity

with which he dwells on cruelty and pain. Certainly the lust of cruelty—the lust of destruction for destruction's sake—is the most conspicuous of the deadly sins in Dostoevsky's men and women. He may not be a "cruel author." Mr. J. Middleton Murry, in his very able "critical study," *Dostoevsky*, denies the charge indignantly. But it is the sensational drama of a cruel world that most persistently haunts his imagination.

Love itself is with him, as with Strindberg and D'Annunzio, for the most part only a sort of rearrangement of hatred. Or, rather, both hatred and love are volcanic outbursts of the same passion. He does also portray an almost Christ-like love, a love that is outside the body and has the nature of a melting and exquisite charity. He sometimes even portrays the two kinds of love in the same person. But they are never in balance; they are always in demoniacal conflict. Their ups and downs are like the ups and downs in a fight between cat and dog. Even the lust is never, or hardly ever, the lust of a more or less sane man. It is always lust with a knife.

Dostoevsky could not have described the sin of Nekhludov in *Resurrection*. His passions are such as come before the criminal rather than the civil courts. His people are possessed with devils as the people in all but religious fiction have long ceased to be. "This is a madhouse," cries some one in *The Idiot*. The cry is, I fancy, repeated in others of Dostoevsky's novels. His world is an inferno.

One result of this is a multiplicity of action. There was never so much talk in any other novels, and there was never so much action. Even the talk is of actions more than of ideas. Dostoevsky's characters describe the execution of a criminal, the whipping of an ass, the torture of a child. He sows violent deeds, not with the hand, but with the sack. Even Prince Myshkin, the Christ-like sufferer in *The Idiot*, narrates atrocities, though he perpetrates none. Here, for

example, is a characteristic Dostoevsky story put in the Prince's mouth :

> In the evening I stopped for the night at a provincial hotel, and a murder had been committed there the night before. . . . Two peasants, middle-aged men, friends who had known each other for a long time and were not drunk, had had tea and were meaning to go to bed in the same room. But one had noticed during those last two days that the other was wearing a silver watch on a yellow bead chain, which he seems not to have seen on him before. The man was not a thief ; he was an honest man, in fact, and by a peasant's standard by no means poor. But he was so taken with that watch and so fascinated by it that at last he could not restrain himself. He took a knife, and when his friend had turned away, he approached him cautiously from behind, took aim, turned his eyes heavenwards, crossed himself, and praying fervently " God forgive me, for Christ's sake ! " he cut his friend's throat at one stroke like a sheep and took his watch.

One would not accept that incident from any Western author. One would not even accept it from Tolstoi or Turgenev. It is too abnormal, too obviously tainted with madness. Yet to Dostoevsky such aberrations of conduct make a continuous and overwhelming appeal. The crimes in his books seem to spring, not from more or less rational causes, but from some seed of lunacy.

He never paints Everyman ; he always projects Dostoevsky, or a nightmare of Dostoevsky. That is why *Crime and Punishment* belongs to a lower range of fiction than *Anna Karénina* or *Fathers and Sons*. Raskolnikov's crime is the cold-blooded crime of a diseased mind. It interests us like a story from Suetonius or like *Bluebeard*. But there is no communicable passion in it such as we find in *Agamemnon* or *Othello*. We sympathize, indeed, with the fears, the bravado, the despair that succeed the crime. But when all is said, the central figure of the book is born out of fantasy. He is a grotesque made alive by sheer imaginative intensity and passion. He is as distantly related to the humanity we know in life and the humanity we know in literature as the sober peasant

For an awful moment I seem to see things with the eye of eternity, and have a vision of suns grown cold, and hear the echo of voices calling without sound across the waste and frozen universe. And those voices take shape in certain unforgettable fragments of dialogue that have been spoken by one spirit to another in some ugly, mean tavern, set in surrounding darkness.

Dostoevsky's people, it is suggested, " are not so much men and women as disembodied spirits who have for the moment put on mortality."

They have no physical being. Ultimately they are the creations, not of a man who desired to be, but of a spirit which sought to know. They are the imaginations of a God-tormented mind. . . . Because they are possessed they are no longer men and women.

This is all in a measure true. Dostoevsky was no realist. Nor, on the other hand, was he a novelist of horrors for horrors' sake. He could never have written *Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar* like Poe for the sake of the æsthetic thrill.

None the less he remains a novelist who dramatized his spiritual experiences through the medium of actions performed by human beings. Clearly he believed that human beings—though not ordinary human beings—were capable of performing the actions he narrates with such energy. Mr. Murry will have it that the actions in the novels take place in a " timeless " world, largely because Dostoevsky has the habit of crowding an impossible rout of incidents into a single day. But surely the Greeks took the same license with events. This habit of packing into a few hours actions enough to fill a lifetime seems to me in Dostoevsky to be a novelist's device rather than the result of a spiritual escape into timelessness.

To say this, is not to deny the spiritual content of Dostoevsky's work—the anguish of the imprisoned soul as it battles with doubt and denial and despair. There is in Dostoevsky a suggestion of Caliban trying to discover some better god than Setebos. At the same

time one would be going a great deal too far in accepting the description of himself as "a child of unbelief." The ultimate attitude of Dostoevsky is as Christian as the Apostle Peter's, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief!" When Dostoevsky writes, "If any one could prove to me that Christ is outside the truth, and if the truth really did exclude Christ, I shall prefer to stay with Christ and not with the truth," Mr. Murry interprets this as a denial of Christ. It is surely a kind of faith, though a despairing kind. And beyond the dark night of suffering, and dissipating the night, Dostoevsky still sees the light of Christian compassion. His work is all earthquake and eclipse and dead stars apart from this.

He does not, Mr. Murry urges, believe, as has often been said, that men are purified by suffering. It seems to me that Dostoevsky believes that men are purified, if not by their own sufferings, at least by the sufferings of others. Or even by the compassion of others, like Prince Myshkin in *The Idiot*. But the truth is, it is by no means easy to systematize the creed of a creature at war with life, as Dostoevsky was—a man tortured by the eternal conflict of the devilish and the divine in his own breast.

His work, like his face, bears the mark of this terrible conflict. The novels are the perfect image of the man. As to the man himself, the Vicomte de Vogüé described him as he saw him in the last years of his life:—

> Short, lean, neurotic, worn and bowed down with sixty years of misfortune, faded rather than aged, with a look of an invalid of uncertain age, with a long beard and hair still fair, and for all that still breathing forth the "cat-life." . . . The face was that of a Russian peasant; a real Moscow mujik, with a flat nose, small, sharp eyes deeply set, sometimes dark and gloomy, sometimes gentle and mild. The forehead was large and lumpy, the temples were hollow as if hammered in. His drawn, twitching features seemed to press down on his sad-looking mouth. . . . Eyelids, lips, and every muscle of his face twitched nervously the whole time. When he became excited on a certain point, one could have

sworn that one had seen him before seated on a bench in a police-court awaiting trial, or among vagabonds who passed their time begging before the prison doors. At all other times he carried that look of sad and gentle meekness seen on the images of old Slavonic saints.

That is the portrait of the man one sees behind Dostoevsky's novels—a portrait one might almost have inferred from the novels. It is a figure that at once fascinates and repels. It is a figure that leads one to the edge of the abyss. One cannot live at all times with such an author. But his books will endure as the confession of the most terrible spiritual and imaginative experiences that modern literature has given us.

II

JANE AUSTEN: NATURAL HISTORIAN

JANE AUSTEN has often been praised as a natural historian. She is a naturalist among tame animals. She does not study man (as Dostoevsky does) in his wild state before he has been domesticated. Her men and women are essentially men and women of the fireside.

Nor is Jane Austen entirely a realist in her treatment even of these. She idealizes them to the point of making most of them good-looking, and she hates poverty to such a degree that she seldom can endure to write about anybody who is poor. She is not happy in the company of a character who has not at least a thousand pounds. "People get so horridly poor and economical in this part of the world," she writes on one occasion, "that I have no patience with them. Kent is the only place for happiness; everybody is rich there." Her novels do not introduce us to the most exalted levels of the aristocracy. They provide us, however, with a natural history of county people and of people who are just below the level of county people and live in the eager hope of being taken notice of by them. There is more caste snobbishness, I think, in Jane Austen's novels than in any other fiction of equal genius. She, far more than Thackeray, is the novelist of snobs.

How far Jane Austen herself shared the social prejudices of her characters it is not easy to say. Unquestionably, she satirized them. At the same time, she imputes the sense of superior rank not only to her butts, but to her heroes and heroines, as no other novelist has ever done. Emma Woodhouse lamented

the deficiency of this sense in Frank Churchill. "His indifference to a confusion of rank," she thought, "bordered too much on inelegance of mind." Mr. Darcy, again, even when he melts so far as to become an avowed lover, neither forgets his social position, nor omits to talk about it. "His sense of her inferiority, of its being a degradation . . . was dwelt on with a warmth which seemed due to the consequence he was wounding, but was very unlikely to recommend his suit." On discovering, to his amazement, that Elizabeth is offended rather than overwhelmed by his condescension, he defends himself warmly. "Disguise of every sort," he declares, "is my abhorrence. Nor am I ashamed of the feelings I related. They were natural and just. Could you expect me to rejoice in the inferiority of your connections? To congratulate myself on the hope of relations whose condition in life is so decidedly beneath my own?"

It is perfectly true that Darcy and Emma Woodhouse are the butts of Miss Austen as well as being among her heroes and heroines. She mocks them—Darcy especially—no less than she admires. She loves to let her wit play about the egoism of social caste. She is quite merciless in deriding it when it becomes overbearing, as in Lady Catherine de Bourgh, or when it produces flunkeyish reactions, as in Mr. Collins. But I fancy she liked a modest measure of it. Most people do. Jane Austen, in writing so much about the sense of family and position, chose as her theme one of the most widespread passions of civilized human nature.

She was herself a clergyman's daughter. She was the seventh of a family of eight, born in the parsonage at Steventon, in Hampshire. Her life seems to have been far from exciting. Her father, like the clergy in her novels, was a man of leisure—of so much leisure, as Mr. Cornish reminds us, that he was able to read out Cowper to his family in the mornings. Jane was brought up to be a young lady of leisure. She learned

French and Italian and sewing: she was "especially great in satin-stitch." She excelled at the game of spillikins.

She must have begun to write at an early age. In later life, she urges an ambitious niece, aged twelve, to give up writing till she is sixteen, adding that "she had herself often wished she had read more and written less in the corresponding years of her life." She was only twenty when she began to write *First Impressions*, the perfect book which was not published till seventeen years later with the title altered to *Pride and Prejudice*. She wrote secretly for many years. Her family knew of it, but the world did not—not even the servants or the visitors to the house. She used to hide the little sheets of paper on which she was writing when any one approached. She had not, apparently, a room to herself, and must have written under constant threat of interruption. She objected to having a creaking door mended on one occasion, because she knew by it when any one was coming.

She got little encouragement to write. *Pride and Prejudice* was offered to a publisher in 1797: he would not even read it. *Northanger Abbey* was written in the next two years. It was not accepted by a publisher, however, till 1803; and he, having paid ten pounds for it, refused to publish it. One of Miss Austen's brothers bought back the manuscript at the price at which it had been sold twelve or thirteen years later; but even then it was not published till 1818, when the author was dead.

The first of her books to appear was *Sense and Sensibility*. She had begun to write it immediately after finishing *Pride and Prejudice*. It was published in 1811, a good many years later, when Miss Austen was thirty-six years old. The title-page merely said that it was written "By a Lady." The author never put her name to any of her books. For an anonymous first novel, it must be admitted, *Sense and Sensibility* was not un-

successful. It brought Miss Austen £150—" a prodigious recompense," she thought, " for that which had cost her nothing." The fact, however, that she had not earned more than £700 from her novels by the time of her death shows that she never became a really popular author in her lifetime.

She was rewarded as poorly in credit as in cash, though the Prince Regent became an enthusiastic admirer of her books, and kept a set of them in each of his residences. It was the Prince Regent's librarian, the Rev. J. S. Clarke, who, on becoming chaplain to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, made the suggestion to her that " an historical romance, illustrative of the history of the august House of Coburg, would just now be very interesting." Mr. Collins, had he been able to wean himself from Fordyce's *Sermons* so far as to allow himself to take an interest in fiction, could hardly have made a proposal more exquisitely grotesque. One is glad the proposal was made, however, not only for its own sake, but because it drew an admirable reply from Miss Austen on the nature of her genius. " I could not sit seriously down," she declared, " to write a serious romance under any other motive than to save my life; and, if it were indispensable for me to keep it up, and never relax into laughing at myself or at other people, I am sure I should be hung before I had finished the first chapter."

Jane Austen knew herself for what she was, an inveterate laugher. She belonged essentially to the eighteenth century—the century of the wits. She enjoyed the spectacle of men and women making fools of themselves, and she did not hide her enjoyment under a pretence of unobservant good-nature. She observed with malice. It is tolerably certain that Miss Mitford was wrong in accepting the description of her in private life as " perpendicular, precise, taciturn, a poker of whom every one is afraid." Miss Austen, one is sure, was a lady of good-humour, as well as a novelist of good-

humour; but the good-humour had a flavour. It was the good-humour of the satirist, not of the sentimentalizer. One can imagine Jane Austen herself speaking as Elizabeth Bennet once spoke to her monotonously soft-worded sister. "That is the most unforgiving speech," she said, "that I ever heard you utter. Good girl!"

Miss Austen has even been accused of irreverence, and we occasionally find her in her letters as irreverent in the presence of death as Mr. Shaw. "Only think," she writes in one letter—a remark she works into a chapter of *Emma*, by the way—"of Mrs. Holder being dead! Poor woman, she has done the only thing in the world she could possibly do to make one cease to abuse her." And on another occasion she writes: "Mrs. Hall, of Sherborne, was brought to bed yesterday of a dead child, some weeks before she expected, owing to a fright. I suppose she happened unawares to look at her husband." It is possible that Miss Austen's sense of the comic ran away with her at times as Emma Woodhouse's did. I do not know of any similar instance of cruelty in conversation on the part of a likeable person so unpardonable as Emma Woodhouse's witticism at the expense of Miss Bates at the Box Hill picnic. Miss Austen makes Emma ashamed of her witticism, however, after Mr. Knightley has lectured her for it. She sets a limit to the rights of wit, again, in *Pride and Prejudice*, when Elizabeth defends her sharp tongue against Darcy. "The wisest and best of men," . . . he protests, "may be rendered ridiculous by a person whose first object in life is a joke." "I hope I never ridicule what is wise or good," says Elizabeth in the course of her answer. "Follies and nonsense, whims and inconsistencies, *do* divert me, I own, and I laugh at them whenever I can." The six novels that Jane Austen has left us might be described as the record of the diversions of a clergyman's daughter.

The diversions of Jane Austen were, beyond those of most novelists, the diversions of a spectator. (That is

what Scott and Macaulay meant by comparing her to Shakespeare.) Or, rather, they were the diversions of a listener. She observed with her ears rather than with her eyes. With her, conversation was three-fourths of life. Her stories are stories of people who reveal themselves almost exclusively in talk. She wastes no time in telling us what people and places looked like. She will dismiss a man or a house or a view or a dinner with an adjective such as "handsome." There is more description of persons and places in Mr. Shaw's stage-directions than in all Miss Austen's novels. She cuts the 'osses and comes to the cackle as no other English novelist of the same eminence has ever done. If we know anything of the setting or character or even the appearance of her men and women, it is due far more to what they say than to anything that is said about them. And yet how perfect is her gallery of portraits! One can guess the very angle of Mr. Collins's toes.

One seems, too, to be able to follow her characters through the trivial round of the day's idleness as closely as if one were pursuing them under the guidance of a modern realist. They are the most unoccupied people, I think, who ever lived in literature. They are people in whose lives a slight fall of snow is an event. Louisa Musgrave's jump on the Cobb at Lyme Regis produces more commotion in the Jane Austen world than murder and arson do in an ordinary novel. Her people do not even seem, for the most part, to be interested in anything but their opinions of each other. They have few passions beyond match-making. They are unconcerned about any of the great events of their time. Almost the only reference in the novels to the Napoleonic Wars is a mention of the prize-money of naval officers. "Many a noble fortune," says Mr. Shepherd in *Persuasion*, "has been made during the war." Miss Austen's principal use of the Navy outside *Mansfield Park* is as a means of portraying the exquisite vanity of Sir Walter Elliott—his inimitable manner of em-

phasizing the importance of both rank and good looks in the make-up of a gentleman. "The profession has its utility," he says of the Navy, "but I should be sorry to see any friend of mine belonging to it." He goes on to explain his reasons:

> It is in two points offensive to me; I have two strong grounds of objection to it. First as being the means of bringing persons of obscure birth into undue distinction, and raising men to honours which their fathers and grandfathers never dreamt of; and, secondly, as it cuts up a man's youth and vigour most terribly; a sailor grows older sooner than any other man.

Sir Walter complains that he had once had to give place at dinner to Lord St. Ives, the son of a curate, and "a certain Admiral Baldwin, the most deplorable-looking personage you can imagine: his face the colour of mahogany, rough and rugged to the last degree, all lines and wrinkles, nine grey hairs of a side, and nothing but a dab of powder at top":

> "In the name of heaven, who is that old fellow?" said I to a friend of mine who was standing near (Sir Basil Morley). "Old fellow!" cried Sir Basil, "it is Admiral Baldwin. What do you take his age to be?" "Sixty," said I, "or perhaps sixty-two." "Forty," replied Sir Basil, "forty, and no more." Picture to yourselves my amazement; I shall not easily forget Admiral Baldwin. I never saw quite so wretched an example of what a sea-faring life can do; but to a degree, I know, it is the same with them all; they are all knocked about, and exposed to every climate and every weather, till they are not fit to be seen. It is a pity they are not knocked on the head at once, before they reach Admiral Baldwin's age.

That, I think, is an excellent example of Miss Austen's genius for making her characters talk. Luckily, conversation was still formal in her day, and it was as possible for her as for Congreve to make middling men and women talk first-rate prose. She did more than this, however. She was the first English novelist before Meredith to portray charming women with free personalities. Elizabeth Bennet and Emma Woodhouse have

an independence (rare in English fiction) of the accident of being fallen in love with. Elizabeth is a delightful prose counterpart of Beatrice.

Miss Austen has another point of resemblance to Meredith besides that which I have mentioned. She loves to portray men puffed up with self-approval. She, too, is a satirist of the male egoist. Her books are the most finished social satires in English fiction. They are so perfect in the delicacy of their raillery as to be charming. One is conscious in them, indeed, of the presence of a sparkling spirit. Miss Austen comes as near being a star as it is possible to come in eighteenth-century conversational prose. She used to say that, if ever she should marry, she would fancy being Mrs. Crabbe. She had much of Crabbe's realism, indeed; but what a dance she led realism with the mocking light of her wit!

III

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON AND MR. HILAIRE BELLOC

1. The Heavenly Twins

It was Mr. Shaw who, in the course of a memorable controversy, invented a fantastic pantomime animal, which he called the "Chester-Belloc." Some such invention was necessary as a symbol of the literary comradeship of Mr. Hilaire Belloc and Mr. Gilbert Chesterton. For Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton, whatever may be the dissimilarities in the form and spirit of their work, cannot be thought of apart from each other. They are as inseparable as the red and green lights of a ship: the one illumines this side and the other that, but they are both equally concerned with announcing the path of the good ship "Mediævalism" through the dangerous currents of our times. Fifty years ago, when philology was one of the imaginative arts, it would have been easy enough to gain credit for the theory that they are veritable reincarnations of the Heavenly Twins going about the earth with corrupted names. Chesterton is merely English for Castor, and Belloc is Pollux transmuted into French. Certainly, if the philologist had also been an evangelical Protestant, he would have felt a double confidence in identifying the two authors with Castor and Pollux as the

> Great Twin Brethren,
> Who fought so well for Rome.

A critic was struck some years ago by the propriety of the fact that Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc

brought out books of the same kind and the same size, through the same publisher, almost in the same week. Mr. Belloc, to be sure, called his volume of essays *This, That, and the Other*, and Mr. Chesterton called his *A Miscellany of Men*. But if Mr. Chesterton had called his book *This, That, and the Other* and Mr. Belloc had called his *A Miscellany of Men*, it would not have made a pennyworth of difference. Each book is simply a ragbag of essays—the riotous and fantastically joyous essays of Mr. Chesterton, the sardonic and arrogantly gay essays of Mr. Belloc. Each, however, has a unity of outlook, not only an internal unity, but a unity with the other. Each has the outlook of the mediævalist spirit—the spirit which finds crusades and miracles more natural than peace meetings and the discoveries of science, which gives Heaven and Hell a place on the map of the world, which casts a sinister eye on Turks and Jews, which brings its gaiety to the altar as the tumbler in the story brought his cap and bells, which praises dogma and wine and the rule of the male, which abominates the scientific spirit, and curses the day on which Bacon was born. Probably, neither of the authors would object to being labelled a mediævalist, except in so far as we all object to having labels affixed to us by other people. Mr. Chesterton's attitude on the matter, indeed, is clear from that sentence in *What's Wrong with the World*, in which he affirms: "Mankind has not passed through the Middle Ages. Rather mankind has retreated from the Middle Ages in reaction and rout." And if, on learning some of the inferences he makes from this, you protest that he is reactionary, and is trying to put back the hands of the clock, he is quite unashamed, and replies that the moderns "are always saying 'you can't put the clock back.' The simple and obvious answer is, 'You can.' A clock, being a piece of human construction, can be restored by the human finger to any figure or hour." The effrontery of an answer like that is so magnificent that it takes

one's breath away. The chief difficulty of Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc, however, seems to be that they want their clock to point to two different hours at the same time, neither of which happens to be the hour which the sun has just marked at Greenwich. They want it to point at once to 878 and 1789—to Ethandune and the French Revolution.

Similar though they are in the revolutio-mediævalist background of their philosophy, however, Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc are as unlike as possible in the spirit in which they proclaim it. If Mr. Chesterton gets up on his box to prophesy against the times, he seems to do so out of a passionate and unreasoning affection for his fellows. If Mr. Belloc denounces the age, he seems also to be denouncing the human race. Mr. Chesterton is jovial and democratic; Mr. Belloc is (to some extent) saturnine and autocratic. Mr. Chesterton belongs to the exuberantly lovable tradition of Dickens; indeed, he is, in the opinion of many people, the most exuberantly lovable personality which has expressed itself in English literature since Dickens. Mr. Belloc, on the other hand, has something of the gleaming and solitary fierceness of Swift and Hazlitt. Mr. Chesterton's vision, coloured though it is with the colours of the past, projects itself generously into the future. He is foretelling the eve of the Utopia of the poor and the oppressed when he speaks of

> the riot that all good men, even the most conservative, really dream of, when the sneer shall be struck from the face of the well-fed; when the wine of honour shall be poured down the throat of despair; when we shall, so far as to the sons of flesh is possible, take tyranny, and usury, and public treason, and bind them into bundles, and burn them.

There is anger, as well as affection, in this eloquence —anger as of a new sort of knight thirsting to spill the blood of a new sort of barbarian in the name of Christ. Mr. Belloc's attack on the barbarians lacks

the charity of these fiery sentences. He concludes his essay on the scientific spirit, as embodied in Lombroso, for instance, with the words, "The Ass!" And he seems to sneer the insult where Mr. Chesterton would have roared it. Mr. Chesterton and he may be at one in the way in which they regard the scientific criminologists, eugenists, collectivists, pragmatists, post-impressionists, and most of the other "ists" of recent times, as an army of barbarians invading the territories of mediæval Christendom. But while Mr. Chesterton is in the gap of danger, waving against his enemies the sword of the spirit, Mr. Belloc stands on a little height apart, aiming at them the more cruel shafts of the intellect. It is not that he is less courageous than Mr. Chesterton, but that he is more contemptuous. Here, for example, is how he meets the barbarian attack, especially as it is delivered by M. Bergson and his school:—

> In its most grotesque form, it challenges the accuracy of mathematics; in its most vicious, the processes of the human reason. The Barbarian is as proud as a savage in a top hat when he talks of the elliptical or the hyperbolic universe, and tries to picture parallel straight lines converging or diverging—but never doing anything so vulgarly old-fashioned as to remain parallel.
>
> The Barbarian, when he has graduated to be a "pragmatist," struts like a nigger in evening clothes, and believes himself superior to the gift of reason, etc., etc.

It would be unfair to offer this passage as an example of Mr. Belloc's dominating genius, but it is an excellent example of his domineering temper. His genius and his temper, one may add, seem, in these essays, to be always trying to climb on one another's shoulders, and it is when his genius gets uppermost that he becomes one of the most biting and exhilarating writers of his time. On such occasions his malice ceases to be a talent, and rises into an enthusiasm, as in *The Servants of the Rich*, where, like a mediæval bard, he shows no hesitation in housing his enemies in the circles of Hell. His gloating proclamation of the eternal doom of the rich

men's servants is an infectious piece of humour, at once grim and irresponsible:—

> Their doom is an eternal sleeplessness and a nakedness in the gloom. . . . These are those men who were wont to come into the room of the Poor Guest at early morning, with a steadfast and assured step, and a look of insult. These are those who would take the tattered garments and hold them at arm's length, as much as to say: "What rags these scribblers wear!" and then, casting them over the arm, with a gesture that meant: "Well, they must be brushed, but Heaven knows if they will stand it without coming to pieces!" would next discover in the pockets a great quantity of middle-class things, and notably loose tobacco. . . .
>
> . . . Then one would see him turn one's socks inside out, which is a ritual with the horrid tribe. Then a great bath would be trundled in, and he would set beside it a great can, and silently pronounce the judgment that, whatever else was forgiven the middle-class, one thing would not be forgiven them—the neglect of the bath, of the splashing about of the water, and of the adequate wetting of the towel.
>
> All these things we have suffered, you and I, at their hands. But be comforted. They writhe in Hell with their fellows.

Mr. Belloc is not one of those authors who can be seen at their best in quotations, but even the mutilated fragment just given suggests to some extent the mixture of gaiety and malice that distinguishes his work from the work of any of his contemporaries. His gifts run to satire, as Mr. Chesterton's run to imaginative argument. It is this, perhaps, which accounts for the fact that, of these two authors, who write with their heads in the Middle Ages, it is Mr. Chesterton who is the more comprehensive critic of his own times. He never fights private, but always public, battles in his essays. His mediævalism seldom degenerates into a prejudice, as it often does with Mr. Belloc. It represents a genuine theory of the human soul, and of human freedom. He laments as he sees men exchanging the authority of a spiritual institution, like the Church, for the authority of a carnal institution, like a bureaucracy. He rages as he sees them abandoning charters that gave men

was always in him something of the pedagogue who has been revealed so famously in these last months. Not only had he a passion for facts and for stringing facts upon theories. He had also a high-headed and dogmatic and assured way of imparting his facts and theories to the human race as it sat—or in so far as it could be persuaded to sit—on its little forms.

It is his schoolmasterishness which chiefly distinguishes the genius of Mr. Belloc from the genius of his great and uproarious comrade, Mr. Chesterton. Mr. Belloc is not a humorist to anything like the same degree as Mr. Chesterton. If Mr. Chesterton were a schoolmaster he would give all the triangles noses and eyes, and he would turn the Latin verbs into nonsense rhymes. Humour is his breath and being. He cannot speak of the Kingdom of Heaven or of Robert Browning without it any more than of asparagus. He is a laughing theologian, a laughing politician, a laughing critic, a laughing philosopher. He retains a fantastic cheerfulness even amid the blind furies—and how blindly furious he can sometimes be !—of controversy. With Mr. Belloc, on the other hand, laughter is a separate and relinquishable gift. He can at will lay aside the mirth of one who has broken bounds for the solemnity of the man in authority. He can be scapegrace prince and sober king by turns, and in such a way that the two personalities seem scarcely to be related to each other. Compared with Mr. Chesterton he is like a man in a mask, or a series of masks. He reveals more of his intellect to the world than of his heart. He is not one of those authors whom one reads with a sense of personal intimacy. He is too arrogant even in his merriment for that.

Perhaps the figure we see reflected most obtrusively in his works is that of a man delighting in immense physical and intellectual energies. It is this that makes him one of the happiest of travellers. On his travels, one feels, every inch and nook of his being is intent

upon the passing earth. The world is to him at once a map and a history and a poem and a church and an ale-house. The birds in the greenwood, the beer, the site of an old battle, the meaning of an old road, sacred emblems by the roadside, the comic events of wayfaring—he has an equal appetite for them all. Has he not made a perfect book of these things, with a thousand fancies added, in *The Four Men*? In *The Four Men* he has written a travel-book which more than any other of his works has something of the passion of a personal confession. Here the pilgrim becomes nearly genial as he indulges in his humours against the rich and against policemen and in behalf of Sussex against Kent and the rest of the inhabited world.

Mr. Chesterton has spoken of Mr. Belloc as one who "did and does humanly and heartily love England, not as a duty but as a pleasure, and almost an indulgence." And *The Four Men* expresses this love humorously, inconsequently, and with a grave stepping eloquence. There are few speeches in modern books better than the conversations in *The Four Men*. Mr. Belloc is not one of those disciples of realism who believe that the art of conversation is dead, and that modern people are only capable of addressing each other in one-line sentences. He has the traditional love of the fine speech such as we find it in the ancient poets and historians and dramatists and satirists. He loves a monologue that passes from mockery to regret, that gathers up by the way anecdote and history and essay and foolery, that is half a narrative of things seen and half an irresponsible imagination. He can describe a runaway horse with the farcical realism of the authors of *Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.*, can parody a judge, can paint a portrait, and can steep a landscape in vision. Two recent critics have described him as "the best English prose writer since Dryden," but that only means that Mr. Belloc's rush of genius has quite naturally swept them off their feet.

If Mr. Belloc's love of country is an indulgence, his moods of suspicion and contempt are something of the same kind. He is nothing of a philanthropist in any sense of the word. He has no illusions about the virtue of the human race. He takes pleasure in scorn, and there is a flavour of bitterness in his jests. His fiction largely belongs to the comedy of corruption. He enjoys—and so do we—the thought of the poet in Sussex who had no money except three shillings, "and a French penny, which last some one had given him out of charity, taking him for a beggar a little way out of Brightling that very day." When he describes the popular rejoicings at the result of Mr. Clutterbuck's election, he comments: "The populace were wild with joy at their victory, and that portion of them who as bitterly mourned defeat would have been roughly handled had they not numbered quite half this vast assembly of human beings." He is satirist and ironist even more than historian. His ironical essays are the best of their kind that have been written in recent years.

Mr. Mandell and Mr. Shanks in their little study, *Hilaire Belloc: the Man and his Work*, are more successful in their exposition of Mr. Belloc's theory of history and the theory of politics which has risen out of it—or out of which it has risen—than they are in their definition of him as a man of letters. They have written a lively book on him, but they do not sufficiently communicate an impression of the kind of his exuberance, of his thrusting intellectual ardour, of his pomp as a narrator, of his blind and doctrinaire injustices, of his jesting like a Roman Emperor's, of the strength of his happiness upon a journey, of his buckishness, of the queer lack of surprising phrases in his work, of his measured omniscience, of the immense weight of tradition in the manner of his writing. There are many contemporary writers whose work seems to be a development of journalism. Mr.

Belloc's is the child of four literatures, or, maybe, half a dozen. He often writes carelessly, sometimes dully, but there is the echo of greatness in his work. He is one of the few contemporary men of genius whose books are under-estimated rather than over-estimated. He is an author who has brought back to the world something of the copiousness, fancy, appetite, power, and unreason of the talk that, one imagines, was once to be heard in the Mermaid Tavern.

3. The Two Mr. Chestertons

I cannot help wishing at times that Mr. Chesterton could be divided in two. One half of him I should like to challenge to mortal combat as an enemy of the human race. The other half I would carry shoulder-high through the streets. For Mr. Chesterton is at once detestable and splendid. He is detestable as a doctrinaire: he is splendid as a sage and a poet who juggles with stars and can keep seven of them in the air at a time. For, if he is a gamester, it is among the lamps of Heaven. We can see to read by his sport. He writes in flashes, and hidden and fantastic truths suddenly show their faces in the play of his sentences.

Unfortunately, his two personalities have become so confused that his later books sometimes strike one as being not so much a game played with light as a game of hide-and-seek between light and darkness. In the darkness he mutters incantations to the monstrous tyrannies of old time: in the light he is on his knees to liberty. He vacillates between superstition and faith. His is a genius at once enslaved and triumphantly rebel. This fatal duality is seen again and again in his references to the tyrannies of the Middle Ages. Thus he writes: "It need not be repeated that the case for despotism is democratic. As a rule its cruelty to the strong is kindness to the weak." I confess I do not know the "rule" to which Mr. Chesterton refers.

The picture of the despot as a good creature who shields the poor from the rich is not to be found among the facts of history. The ordinary despot, in his attitude to the common people suffering from the oppressions of their lords, is best portrayed in the fable—if it be a fable—of Marie Antoinette and her flippancy about eating cake.

I fancy, however, Mr. Chesterton's defence of despots is not the result of any real taste for them or acquaintance with their history: it is due simply to his passion for extremes. He likes a man, as the vulgar say, to be either one thing or the other. You must be either a Pope or a revolutionist to please him. He loves the visible rhetoric of things, and the sober suits of comfortable citizens seem dull and neutral in comparison with the red of cardinals on the one hand, and of caps of liberty on the other. This, I think, explains Mr. Chesterton's indifference to, if not dislike of, Parliaments. Parliaments are monuments of compromise, and are guilty of the sin of unpicturesqueness. One would imagine that a historian of England who did not care for Parliaments would be as hopelessly out of his element as a historian of Greece who did not care for the arts. And it is because Mr. Chesterton is indifferent to so much in the English genius and character that he has given us in his recent short *History of England*, instead of a History of England, a wild and wonderful pageant of argument. "Already," he cries, as he relates how Parliament "certainly encouraged, and almost certainly obliged" King Richard to break his pledge to the people after the Wat Tyler insurrection:—

> Already Parliament is not merely a governing body, but a governing class.

The history of England is to Mr. Chesterton largely the history of the rise of the governing class. He blames John Richard Green for leaving the people out of his history; but Mr. Chesterton himself has left out

the people as effectually as any of the historians who went before him. The obsession of "the governing class" has thrust the people into the background. History resolves itself with him into a disgraceful epic of a governing class which despoiled Pope and King with the right hand, and the people with the left. It is a disgraceful epic patched with splendid episodes, but it culminates in an appalling cry of doubt whether, after all, it might not be better for England to perish utterly in the great war while fighting for liberty than to survive to behold the triumph of the "governing class" in a servile State of old-age pensions and Insurance Acts.

This theory of history, as being largely the story of the evolution of the "governing class," is an extremely interesting and even "fruitful" theory. But it is purely fantastic unless we bear in mind that the governing class has been continually compelled to enlarge itself, and that its tendency is reluctantly to go on doing so until in the end it will be coterminous with the "governed class." History is a tale of exploitation, but it is also a tale of liberation, and the over-emphasis that Mr. Chesterton lays on exploitation by Parliaments as compared with exploitation by Popes and Kings, can only be due to infidelity in regard to some of the central principles of freedom. Surely it is possible to condemn the Insurance Act, if it must be condemned, without apologizing either for the Roman Empire or for the Roman ecclesiastical system. Mr. Chesterton, however, believes in giving way to one's prejudices. He says that history should be written backwards; and what does this mean but that it should be dyed in prejudice? Thus, he cannot refer to the Hanoverian succession without indulging in a sudden outburst of heated rhetoric such as one might expect rather in a leading article in war-time. He writes:—

With George there entered England something that had scarcely been seen there before; something hardly mentioned in mediæval

or Renascence writing, except as one mentions a Hottentot—the barbarian from beyond the Rhine.

Similarly, his characterization of the Revolution of 1688 is largely a result of his dislike of the governing classes at the present hour :—

The Revolution reduced us to a country wholly governed by gentlemen; the popular universities and schools of the Middle Ages, like their guilds and abbeys, had been seized and turned into what they are—factories of gentlemen when they are not merely factories of snobs.

Both of these statements contain a grain of truth, but neither of them contains enough truth to be true. One might describe them as sweetmeats of history of small nutritious value. One might say the same of his comment on the alliance between Chatham and Frederick the Great :—

The cannibal theory of a commonwealth, that it can of its nature eat other commonwealths, had entered Christendom.

How finely said! But, alas! the cannibal theory of a commonwealth existed long before Chatham and Frederick the Great. The instinct to exploit is one of the most venerable instincts of the human race, whether in individual men or in nations of men; and ancient Hebrew and ancient Greek and ancient Roman had exhausted the passion of centuries in obedience to it before the language spoken either by Chatham or by Frederick was born. Christian Spain, Christian France, and Christian England had not in this matter disowned the example of their Jewish and Pagan forerunners.

What we are infinitely grateful to Mr. Chesterton for, however, is that he has sufficient imagination to loathe cannibalism wherever he sees it. True, he seems to forgive certain forms of cannibalism on the ground that it is an exaggeration to describe the flesh of a rich man as the flesh of a human being. But he does rage with genius at the continual eating of men

that went on in England, especially after the spoliation of the monasteries in the reign of Henry the Eighth gave full scope to the greed of the strong. He sees that the England which Whig and Tory combined to defend as the perfection of the civilized world in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was an England governed by men whose chief claim to govern was founded on the fact that they had seized their country and were holding it against their countrymen. Mr. Chesterton rudely shatters the mirror of perfection in which the possessing class have long seen themselves. He writes in a brilliant passage :—

> It could truly be said of the English gentleman, as of another gallant and gracious individual, that his honour stood rooted in dishonour. He was, indeed, somewhat in the position of such an aristocrat of romance, whose splendour has the dark spot of a secret and a sort of blackmail. . . . His glory did not come from the Crusades, but from the Great Pillage. . . . The oligarchs were descended from usurers and thieves. That, for good or evil, was the paradox of England ; the typical aristocrat was the typical upstart.
>
> But the secret was worse ; not only was such a family founded on stealing, but the family was stealing still. It is a grim truth that, all through the eighteenth century, all through the great Whig speeches about liberty, all through the great Tory speeches about patriotism, through the period of Wandiwash and Plassey, through the period of Trafalgar and Waterloo, one process was steadily going on in the central senate of the nation. Parliament was passing Bill after Bill for the enclosure by the great landlords of such of the common lands as had survived out of the great communal system of the Middle Ages. It is much more than a pun, it is the prime political irony of our history that the Commons were destroying the commons.

It would be folly to suggest, however, that, conscious though Mr. Chesterton is of the crimes of history, he has turned history into a mere series of floggings of criminals. He is for ever laying down the whip and inviting the criminals to take their seats while he paints gorgeous portraits of them in all the colours of the rainbow. His praise of the mighty rhetoricians of the

eighteenth century could in some passages scarcely be more unstinted if he were a Whig of the Whigs. He cannot but admire the rotund speech and swelling adventures of those days. If we go farther back, we find him portraying even the Puritans with a strange splendour of colour :—

> They were, above all things, anti-historic, like the Futurists in Italy; and there was this unconscious greatness about them, that their very sacrilege was public and solemn, like a sacrament; and they were ritualists even as iconoclasts. It was, properly considered, but a very secondary example of their strange and violent simplicity that one of them, before a mighty mob at Whitehall, cut off the anointed head of the sacramental man of the Middle Ages. For another, far away in the western shires, cut down the thorn of Glastonbury, from which had grown the whole story of Britain.

This last passage is valuable, not only because it reveals Mr. Chesterton as a marvellous rhetorician doing the honours of prose to his enemies, but because it helps to explain the essentially tragic view he takes of English history. I exaggerated a moment ago when I said that to Mr. Chesterton English history is the story of the rise of a governing class. What it really is to him is the story of a thorn-bush cut down by a Puritan. He has hung all the candles of his faith on the sacred thorn, like the lights on a Christmas-tree, and lo! it has been cut down and cast out of England with as little respect as though it were a verse from the Sermon on the Mount. It may be that Mr. Chesterton's sight is erratic, and that what he took to be the sacred thorn was really a Upas-tree. But in a sense that does not matter. He is entitled to his own fable, if he tells it honestly and beautifully; and it is as a tragic fable or romance of the downfall of liberty in England that one reads his *History*. He himself contends in the last chapter of the book that the crisis in English history came "with the fall of Richard II, following on his failures to use mediæval

despotism in the interests of mediæval democracy." Mr. Chesterton's history would hardly be worth reading, if he had made nothing more of it than is suggested in that sentence. His book (apart from occasional sloughs of sophistry and fallacious argument) remains in the mind as a song of praise and dolour chanted by the imagination about an England that obeyed not God and despised the Tree of Life, but that may yet, he believes, hear once more the ancestral voices, and with her sons arrayed in trade unions and guilds, march riotously back into the Garden of Eden.

IV

WORDSWORTH

1. His Personality and Genius

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH—whom Professor Harper has praised not beyond reason as "the most delightful, the most fascinating woman who has enriched literary history"—once confessed in a letter about her brother William that "his person is not in his favour," and that he was "certainly rather plain." He is the most difficult of all the great poets whom one reverences to portray as an attractive person. "'Horse-face,' I have heard satirists say," Carlyle wrote of him, recalling a comparison of Hazlitt's; and the horse-face seems to be symbolic of something that we find not only in his personal appearance, but in his personality and his work.

His faults do not soften us, as the faults of so many favourite writers do. They were the faults, not of passion, but of a superior person, who was something of a Sir Willoughby Patterne in his pompous self-satisfaction. "He says," records Lamb in one of his letters, "he does not see much difficulty in writing like Shakespeare, if he had a mind to try it." Lamb adds: "It is clear that nothing is wanting but the mind."

Leigh Hunt, after receiving a visit from Wordsworth in 1815, remarked that "he was as sceptical on the merit of all kinds of poetry but one as Richardson was on those of the novels of Fielding." Keats, who had earlier spoken of the reverence in which he held Wordsworth, wrote to his brother in 1818: "I am sorry that Wordsworth has left a bad impression wherever he visited in town by his egotism, vanity, and

bigotry." There was something frigidly unsympathetic in his judgment of others, which was as unattractive as his complacency in regard to his own work. When Trelawny, seeing him at Lausanne and, learning who he was, went up to him as he was about to step into his carriage and asked him what he thought of Shelley as a poet, he replied: "Nothing." Again, Wordsworth spoke with solemn reprobation of certain of Lamb's friendships, after Lamb was dead, as "the indulgences of social humours and fancies which were often injurious to himself and causes of severe regrets to his friends, without really benefiting the object of his misapplied kindness."

Nor was this attitude of Johnny Head-in-Air the mark only of his later years. It appeared in the days when he and Coleridge collaborated in bringing out *Lyrical Ballads*. There is something sublimely egotistical in the way in which he shook his head over *The Ancient Mariner* as a drag upon that miraculous volume. In the course of a letter to his publisher, he wrote:—

> From what I can gather it seems that *The Ancyent Marinere* has, on the whole, been an injury to the volume; I mean that the old words and the strangeness of it have deterred readers from going on. If the volume should come to a second edition, I would put in its place some little things which would be more likely to suit the common taste.

It is when one reads sentences like these that one begins to take a mischievous delight in the later onslaught of a Scottish reviewer who, indignant that Wordsworth should dare to pretend to be able to appreciate Burns, denounced him as "a retired, pensive, egotistical, *collector of stamps*," and as—

> a melancholy, sighing, half-parson sort of gentleman, who lives in a small circle of old maids and sonneteers, and drinks tea now and then with the solemn Laureate.

One feels at times that no ridicule or abuse of this stiff-necked old fraud could be excessive; for, if he

were not Wordsworth, as what but a fraud could we picture him in his later years, as he protests against Catholic Emancipation, the extension of the franchise, the freedom of the Press, and popular education? "Can it, in a *general* view," he asks, "be good that an infant should learn much which its *parents do not know?* Will not a child arrogate a superiority unfavourable to love and obedience?" He shuddered again at the likelihood that Mechanics' Institutes would "make discontented spirits and insubordinate and presumptuous workmen." He opposed the admission of Dissenters to Cambridge University, and he "desired that a medical education should be kept beyond the reach of a poor student," on the ground that "the better able the parents are to incur expense, the stronger pledge have we of their children being above meanness and unfeeling and sordid habits." One might go on quoting instance after instance of this piety of success, as it might be called. Time and again the words seem to come from the mouth, not of one of the inspired men of the modern world, but of some puffed-up elderly gentleman in a novel by Jane Austen. His letter to a young relation who wished to marry his daughter Dora is a letter that Jane Austen might have invented :—

> If you have thoughts of marrying, do look out for some lady with a sufficient fortune for both of you. What I say to you now I would recommend to every naval officer and clergyman who is without prospect of professional advancement. Ladies of some fortune are as easily won as those without, and for the most part as deserving. Check the first liking to those who have nothing.

One is tempted to say that Wordsworth, like so many other poets, died young, and that a pensioner who inherited his name survived him.

When one has told the worst about Wordsworth, however, one is as far as ever from having painted a portrait of him in which anybody could believe while reading the *Ode on Intimations of Immortality—Ode*

as it was simply called when it was first published—or *I wandered lonely as a cloud*, or the sonnet composed on Westminster Bridge. Nor does the portrait of a stern, unbending egotist satisfy us when we remember the life-long devotion that existed between him and Dorothy, and the fact that Coleridge loved him, and that Lamb and Scott were his friends. He may have been a niggard of warm-heartedness to the outside world, but it is clear from his biography that he possessed the genius of a good heart as well as of a great mind.

And he was as conspicuous for the public as for the private virtues. His latest biographer has done well to withdraw our eyes from the portrait of the old man with the stiffened joints and to paint in more glowing colours than any of his predecessors the early Wordsworth who rejoiced in the French Revolution, and, apparently as a consequence, initiated a revolution in English poetry. The later period of the life is not glossed over ; it is given, indeed, in cruel detail, and Professor Harper's account of it is the most lively and fascinating part of his admirable book. But it is to the heart of the young revolutionary, who dreamed of becoming a Girondist leader and of seeing England a republic, that he traces all the genius and understanding that we find in the poems.

"Wordsworth's connection," he writes, "with the English 'Jacobins,' with the most extreme element opposed to the war or actively agitating in favour of making England a republic, was much closer than has been generally admitted." He points out that Wordsworth's first books of verse, *An Evening Walk*, and *Descriptive Sketches*, were published by Joseph Johnson, who also published Dr. Priestley, Horne Tooke, and Mary Wollstonecraft, and whose shop was frequented by Godwin and Paine. Professor Harper attempts to strengthen his case by giving brief sketches of famous "Jacobins," whom Wordsworth may or may

not have met, but his case is strong enough without their help. Wordsworth's reply—not published at the time, or, indeed, till after his death—to the Bishop of Llandaff's anti-French-Revolution sermon on *The Wisdom and Goodness of God in having made both Rich and Poor*, was signed without qualification, "By a Republican." He refused to join in "the idle cry of modish lamentation" over the execution of the French King, and defended the other executions in France as necessary. He condemned the hereditary principle, whether in the Monarchy or the House of Lords. The existence of a nobility, he held, "has a necessary tendency to dishonour labour." Had he published this pamphlet when it was written, in 1793, he might easily have found himself in prison, like many other sympathizers with the French.

Wordsworth gives us an idea in *The Prelude*—how one wishes one had the original and unamended version of the poem as it was finished in 1805!—of the extreme lengths to which his Republican idealism carried him. When war was declared against France, he tells us, he prayed for French victories, and—

> Exulted in the triumph of my soul,
> When Englishmen by thousands were o'erthrown,
> Left without glory on the field, or driven,
> Brave hearts! to shameful flight.

Two years later we find him at Racedown planning satires against the King, the Prince of Wales, and various public men, one of the couplets on the King and the Duke of Norfolk running:—

> Heavens! who sees majesty in George's face?
> Or looks at Norfolk, and can dream of grace?

But these lines, he declared, were given to him by Southey.

By 1797 a Government spy seems to have been looking after him and his friends: he was living at

the time at Alfoxden, near Coleridge, who, in the previous year, had brought out *The Watchman* to proclaim, as the prospectus said, "the state of the political atmosphere, and preserve Freedom and her Friends from the attacks of Robbers and Assassins." Wordsworth at a later period did not like the story of the spy, but it is certain that about the time of the visit he got notice to quit Alfoxden, obviously for political reasons, from the lady who owned the estate.

Professor Harper's originality as a biographer, however, does not lie in his narration of facts like these, but in the patience with which he traces the continuance of French sympathies in Wordsworth on into the opening years of the nineteenth century. He has altered the proportions in the Wordsworth legend, and made the youth of the poet as long in the telling as his age. This was all the more necessary because various biographers have followed too closely the example of the official *Life*, the materials for which Wordsworth entrusted to his nephew, the Bishop, who naturally regarded Wordsworth, the pillar of Church and State, as a more eminent and laudable figure than Wordsworth, the young Revolutionary. Whether the Bishop deliberately hushed up the fact that, during his early travels in France, Wordsworth fell in love with an aristocratic French lady who bore him an illegitimate child, I do not know. Professor Harper, taking a more ruthless view of the duties of a biographer, now relates the story, though in a rather vague and mysterious way. One wishes that, having told us so much, he had told us a little more. Even with all we know about the early life of Wordsworth, we are still left guessing at his portrait rather than with a clear idea of it. He was a figure in his youth, a character in his old age. The character we know down to the roots of his hair. But the figure remains something of a secret.

As a poet, Wordsworth may almost be called the first of the democrats. He brought into literature a fresh vision—a vision bathing the world and its inhabitants in a strange and revolutionary light. He was the first great poet of equality and fraternity in the sense that he portrayed the lives of common country people in their daily surroundings as faithfully as though they had been kings. It would be absurd to suggest that there are no anticipations of this democratic spirit in English literature from Chaucer down to Burns, but Wordsworth, more than any other English writer, deserves the credit of having emancipated the poor man into being a fit subject for noble poetry. How revolutionary a change this was it is difficult to realize at the present day, but Jeffrey's protest against it in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1802 enables one to realize to what a degree the poor man was regarded as an outcast from literature when Wordsworth was young. In the course of an attack on *Lyrical Ballads* Jeffrey wrote :—

> The love, or grief, or indignation, of an enlightened and refined character is not only expressed in a different language, but is in itself a different emotion from the love, or grief, or anger, of a clown, a tradesman, or a market-wench. The things themselves are radically and obviously distinct. . . . The poor and vulgar may interest us, in poetry, by their *situation* ; but never, we apprehend, by any sentiments that are peculiar to their condition, and still less by any language that is peculiar to it.

When one takes sides with Wordsworth against Jeffrey on this matter it is not because one regards Wordsworth as a portrait-painter without faults. His portraits are marred in several cases by the intrusion of his own personality with its "My good man" and "My little man" air. His human beings have a way of becoming either lifeless or absurd when they talk. *The Leech-Gatherer* and *The Idiot Boy* are not the only poems of Wordsworth that are injured by the insertion of banal dialogue. It is as though there were,

despite his passion for liberty, equality, and fraternity, a certain gaucherie in his relations with other human beings, and he were at his happiest as a solitary. His nature, we may grant, was of mixed aspects, but, even as early as the 1807 *Poems in Two Volumes* had he not expressed his impatience of human society in a sonnet?—

> I am not one who much or oft delight
> To season my fireside with personal talk—
> Of friends, who live within an easy walk,
> Or neighbours, daily, weekly, in my sight:
> And, for my chance-acquaintance, ladies bright,
> Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the stalk,
> These all wear out of me, like forms, with chalk
> Painted on rich men's floors, for one feast-night.
>
> Better than such discourse doth silence long,
> Long, barren silence, square with my desire;
> To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
> In the loved presence of my cottage fire,
> And listen to the flapping of the flame,
> Or kettle whispering its faint undersong.

With Wordsworth, indeed, the light of revelation did not fall upon human beings so unbrokenly as upon the face of the earth. He knew the birds of the countryside better than the old men, and the flowers far better than the children. He noticed how light plays like a spirit upon all living things. He heard every field and valley echoing with new songs. He saw the daffodils dancing by the lake, the green linnet dancing among the hazel leaves, and the young lambs bounding, as he says in an unexpected line, "as to the tabor's sound," and his heart danced to the same music, like the heart of a mystic caught up in holy rapture. Here rather than in men did he discover the divine speech. His vision of men was always troubled by his consciousness of duties. Nature came to him as a liberator into spiritual existence. Not that he

ceased to be a philosopher in his reveries. He was never the half-sensual kind of mystic. He was never a sensualist in anything, indeed. It is significant that he had little sense of smell—the most sensual of the senses. It is, perhaps, because of this that he is comparatively so roseless a poet.

But what an ear he had, what a harvesting eye! One cannot read *The Prelude* or *The Ode* or *Tintern Abbey* without feeling that seldom can there have been a poet with a more exquisite capacity for the enjoyment of joyous things. In his profounder moments he reaches the very sources of joy as few poets have done. He attracts many readers like a prospect of cleansing and healing streams.

And he succeeds in being a great poet in two manners. He is a great poet in the grand tradition of English literature, and he is a great poet in his revolutionary simplicity. *The Idiot Boy*, for all its banalities, is as immortal as *The Ode*, and *The Solitary Reaper* will live side by side with the great sonnets while the love of literature endures. While we read these poems we tell ourselves that it is almost irrelevant to mourn the fact that the man who wrote them gave up his faith in humanity for faith in Church and State. His genius survives in literature: it was only his courage as a politician that perished. At the same time, he wished to impress himself upon the world as a politician even more perhaps than as a poet. And, indeed, if he had died at the age at which Byron died, his record in politics would have been as noble as his record in poetry. Happily, or unhappily, however, he lived on, a worse politician and a worse poet. His record as both has never before been set forth with the same comprehensiveness as in Professor Harper's important and, after one has ploughed through some heavy pages, fascinating volumes.

2. His Politics

"Just for a handful of silver he left us." Browning was asked if he really meant the figure in *The Lost Leader* for Wordsworth, and he admitted that, though it was not a portrait, he had Wordsworth vaguely in his mind. We do not nowadays believe that Wordsworth changed his political opinions in order to be made distributor of stamps for the county of Westmoreland, or even (as he afterwards became in addition) for the county of Cumberland. Nor did Browning believe this. He did believe, however, that Wordsworth was a turncoat, a renegade—a poet who began as the champion of liberty and ended as its enemy. This is the general view, and it seems to me to be unassailable.

Mr. A. V. Dicey, in a recent book, *The Statesmanship of Wordsworth*, attempts to portray Wordsworth as a sort of early Mazzini—one who "by many years anticipated, thought out, and announced the doctrine of Nationalism, which during at least fifty years of the nineteenth century (1820-70) governed or told upon the foreign policy of every European country." I think he exaggerates, but it cannot be denied that Wordsworth said many wise things about nationality, and that he showed a true liberal instinct in the French wars, siding with the French in the early days while they were fighting for liberty, and afterwards siding against them when they were fighting for Napoleonic Imperialism. Wordsworth had not yet abandoned his ardour for liberty when, in 1809, he published his *Tract on the Convention of Cintra*. Those who accuse him of apostasy have in mind not his "Tract" and his sonnets of war-time, but the later lapse of faith which resulted in his opposing Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill, and in his sitting down seriously to write sonnets in favour in capital punishment.

He began with an imagination which emphasized the natural goodness of man: he ended with an imagination

which emphasized the natural evil of man. He began with faith in liberty; he ended with faith in restraint. Mr. Dicey admits much of the case against the later Wordsworth, but his very defence of the poet is in itself an accusation. He contends, for instance, that "it was natural that a man, who had in his youth seen face to face the violence of the revolutionary struggle in France, should have felt the danger of the Reform Act becoming the commencement of anarchy and revolution in England." Natural it may have been, but none the less it was a right-about-turn of the spirit. Wordsworth had ceased to believe in liberty.

There is very little evidence, indeed, that in his later years Wordsworth remained interested in liberty at all. The most important evidence of the kind is that of Thomas Cooper, the Chartist, author of *The Purgatory of Suicides*, who visited him in 1846 after serving a term in prison on a charge of sedition. Wordsworth received him and said to him: "You Chartists are right: you have a right to votes, only you take the wrong way to obtain them. You must avoid physical violence." Referring to the conversation, Mr. Dicey comments:—

> At the age of seventy-six the spirit of the old revolutionist and of the friend of the Girondins was still alive. He might not think much of the Whigs, but within four years of his death Wordsworth was certainly no Tory.

There is no reason, however, why we should trouble our heads over the question whether at the age of seventy-six Wordsworth was a Tory or not. It is only by the grace of God that any man escapes being a Tory long before that. What is of interest to us is his attitude in the days of his vitality, not of his senility. In regard to this, I agree that it would be grossly unfair to accuse him of apostasy, simply because he at first hailed the French Revolution as the return of the Golden Age—

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!

—and ten or fifteen years later was to be found gloomily prophesying against a premature peace with Napoleon. One cannot be sure that, if one had been living in those days oneself, one's faith in the Revolution would have survived the September massacres and Napoleon undiminished. Those who had at first believed that the reign of righteousness had suddenly come down from Heaven must have been shocked to find that human nature was still red in tooth and claw in the new era. Not that the massacres immediately alienated Wordsworth. In the year following them he wrote in defence of the French Revolution, and incidentally apologized for the execution of King Louis. "If you had attended," he wrote in his unpublished *Apology for the French Revolution* in 1793, "to the history of the French Revolution as minutely as its importance demands, so far from stopping to bewail his death, you would rather have regretted that the blind fondness of his people had placed a human being in that monstrous situation which rendered him unaccountable before a human tribunal." In *The Prelude*, too (which, it will be remembered, though it was written early, Wordsworth left to be published after his death), we are given a perfect answer to those who would condemn the French Revolution, or any similar uprising, on account of its incidental horrors :—

When a taunt
Was taken up by scoffers in their pride,
Saying, "Behold the harvest that we reap
From popular government and equality,"
I clearly saw that neither these nor aught
Of wild belief engrafted on their views
By false philosophy had caused the woe,
But a terrific reservoir of guilt
And ignorance filled up from age to age,
That would no longer hold its loathsome charge,
But burst and spread in deluge through the land;

Mr. Dicey insists that Wordsworth's attitude in regard to the horrors of September proves "the statesmanlike calmness and firmness of his judgment." Wordsworth was hardly calm, but he remained on the side of France with sufficiently firm enthusiasm to pray for the defeat of his own countrymen in the war of 1793. He describes, in *The Prelude*, how he felt at the time in an English country church:—

> When, in the congregation bending all
> To their great Father, prayers were offered up,
> Or praises for our country's victories;
> And, 'mid the simple worshippers, perchance
> I only, like an uninvited guest
> Whom no one owned, sate silent, shall I add,
> Fed on the day of vengeance yet to come.

The faith that survived the massacres, however, could not survive Napoleon. Henceforth Wordsworth began to write against France in the name of Nationalism and Liberty.

He now becomes a political thinker—a great political thinker, in the judgment of Mr. Dicey. He sets forth a political philosophy—the philosophy of Nationalism. He grasped the first principle of Nationalism firmly, which is, that nations should be self-governed, even if they are governed badly. He saw that the nation which is oppressed from within is in a far more hopeful condition than the nation which is oppressed from without. In his *Tract* he wrote :—

> The difference between inbred oppression and that which is from without [i.e. imposed by foreigners] is *essential*; inasmuch as the former does not exclude, from the minds of the people, the feeling of being self-governed; does not imply (as the latter does, when patiently submitted to) an abandonment of the first duty imposed by the faculty of reason.

And he went on :—

> If a country have put on chains of its own forging; in the name of virtue, let it be conscious that to itself it is accountable: let

it not have cause to look beyond its own limits for reproof: and —in the name of humanity—if it be self-depressed, let it have its pride and some hope within itself. The poorest peasant, in an unsubdued land, feels this pride. I do not appeal to the example of Britain or of Switzerland, for the one is free, and the other lately was free (and, I trust, will ere long be so again): but talk with the Swede; and you will see the joy he finds in these sensations. With him animal courage (the substitute for many and the friend of all the manly virtues) has space to move in: and is at once elevated by his imagination, and softened by his affections: it is invigorated also; for the whole courage of his country is in his breast.

That is an admirable statement of the Liberal faith. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was putting the same truth in a sentence when he said that good government was no substitute for self-government. Wordsworth, however, was not an out-and-out Nationalist. He did not regard the principles of Nationalism as applicable to all nations alike, small and great. He believed in the "balance of power," in which "the smaller states must disappear, and merge in the large nations of widespread language." He desired national unity for Germany and for Italy (which was in accordance with the principles of Nationalism), but he also blessed the union of Ireland with Great Britain (which was a violation of the principles of Nationalism). He introduced "certain limitations," indeed, into the Nationalist creed, which enable even an Imperialist like Mr. Dicey to look like a kind of Nationalist.

At the same time, though he acquiesced in the dishonour of the Irish Union, his patriotism never became perverted into Jingoism. He regarded the war between England and France, not as a war between angel and devil, but as a war between one sinner doing his best and another sinner doing his worst. He was gloomy as a Hebrew prophet in his summoning of England to a change of heart in a sonnet written in 1803:—

> England! the time is come when thou shouldst wean
> Thy heart from its emasculating food;

The truth should now be better understood;
Old things have been unsettled; we have seen
Fair seed-time, better harvest might have been
But for thy trespasses; and, at this day,
If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa,
Aught good were destined, thou wouldst step between.
England! all nations in this charge agree:
But worse, more ignorant in love and hate,
Far, far more abject is thine Enemy:
Therefore the wise pray for thee, though the freight
Of thy offences be a heavy weight:
Oh grief, that Earth's best hopes rest all with Thee!

All this means merely that the older Wordsworth grew, the more he became concerned with the duties rather than the rights of man. The revolutionary creed seems at times to involve the belief that, if you give men their rights, they will perform their duties as a necessary consequence. The Conservative creed, on the other hand, appears to be based on the theory that men, as a whole, are scarcely fit for rights but must be kept to their duties with a strong hand. Neither belief is entirely true. As Mazzini saw, the French Revolution failed because it emphasized the rights so disproportionately in comparison with the duties of man. Conservatism fails, on the other hand, because its conception of duty inevitably ceases before long to be an ethical conception: duty in the mouth of reactionaries usually means simply obedience to one's "betters." The melancholy sort of moralist frequently hardens into a reactionary of this sort. Burke and Carlyle and Ruskin—all of them blasphemed the spirit of liberty in the name of duty. Mr. Dicey contends that Burke's and Wordsworth's political principles remained essentially consistent throughout. They assuredly did nothing of the sort. Burke's principles during the American War and his principles at the time of the French Revolution were divided from each other like crabbed age and youth. Burke lost his beliefs as he did his youth. And so did Wordsworth. It seems to

me rather a waste of time to insist at all costs on the consistency of great men. The great question is, not whether they were consistent, but when they were right. Wordsworth was in the main right in his enthusiasm for the French Revolution, and he was in the main right in his hatred of Napoleonism. But, when once the Napoleonic Wars were over, he had no creed left for mankind. He lived on till 1850, but he ceased to be able to say anything that had the ancient inspiration. He was at his greatest an inspired child of the Revolution. He learned from France that love of liberty which afterwards led him to oppose France. Speaking of those who, like himself, had changed in their feelings towards France, he wrote :—

> Though there was a shifting in temper of hostility in their minds as far as regarded persons, they only combated the same enemy opposed to them under a different shape; and that enemy was the spirit of selfish tyranny and lawless ambition.

That is a just defence. But the undeniable fact is that, after that time, Wordsworth ceased to combat the spirit of selfish tyranny and lawless ambition as he once had done. There is no need to blame him : also there is no need to defend him. He was human ; he was tired ; he was growing old. The chief danger of a book like Mr. Dicey's is that, in accepting its defence of Wordsworth's maturity, we may come to disparage his splendid youth. Mr. Dicey's book, however, is exceedingly interesting in calling attention to the great part politics may play in the life of a poet. Wordsworth said, in 1833, that "although he was known to the world only as a poet, he had given twelve hours' thought to the condition and prospects of society, for one to poetry." He did not retire into a "wise passiveness" as regards the world's affairs until he had written some of the greatest political literature—and, in saying this, I am thinking of his sonnets rather than of his political prose—that has appeared in England since the death of Milton.

V

KEATS

1. The Biography

SIR SIDNEY COLVIN deserves praise for the noble architecture of the temple he has built in honour of Keats. His great book, *John Keats: His Life and Poetry; His Friends, Critics, and After-fame,* is not only a temple, indeed, but a museum. Sir Sidney has brought together here the whole of Keats's world, or at least all the relics of his world that the last of a band of great collectors has been able to recover; and in the result we can accompany Keats through the glad and sad and mad and bad hours of his short and marvellous life as we have never been able to do before under the guidance of a single biographer. We are still left in the dark, it is true, as to Keats's race and descent. Whether Keats's father came to London from Cornwall or not, Sir Sidney has not been able to decide on the rather shaky evidence that has been put forward. If it should hereafter turn out that Keats was a Cornishman at one remove, Matthew Arnold's conjecture as to the "Celtic element" in him, as in other English poets, may revive in the general esteem.

In the present state of our knowledge, however, we must be content to accept Keats as a Londoner without ancestors beyond the father who was head-ostler at the sign of the "Swan and Hoop," Finsbury Pavement, and married his master's daughter. It was at the stable at the "Swan and Hoop"—not a public-house, by the way, but a livery-stable—that Keats was prematurely born at the end of October 1795. He was scarcely

nine years old when his father was killed by a fall from a horse. He was only fourteen when his mother (who had re-married unhappily and then been separated from her husband) died, a victim of chronic rheumatism and consumption. It is from his mother that Keats seems to have inherited his impetuous and passionate nature. There is the evidence of a certain wholesale tea-dealer—the respectability of whose trade may have inclined him to censoriousness—to the effect that, both as girl and woman, she "was a person of unbridled temperament, and that in her later years she fell into loose ways, and was no credit to the family." That she had other qualities besides those mentioned by the tea-dealer is shown by the passionate affection that existed between her and her son John. "Once as a young child, when she was ordered to be kept quiet during an illness, he is said to have insisted on keeping watch at her door with an old sword, and allowing no one to go in." As she lay dying, "he sat up whole nights with her in a great chair, would suffer nobody to give her medicine, or even cook her food, but himself, and read novels to her in her intervals of ease." The Keats children were fortunately not left penniless. Their grandfather, the proprietor of the livery-stable, had bequeathed a fortune of £13,000, a little of which was spent on sending Keats to a good school till the age of sixteen, and afterwards enabled him to attend Guy's Hospital as a medical student.

It is almost impossible to credit the accepted story that he passed all his boyhood without making any attempt at writing poetry. "He did not begin to write," says Sir Sidney Colvin, "till he was near eighteen." If this is so, one feels all the more grateful to his old schoolfellow, Cowden Clarke, who lent him *The Faëry Queene*, with a long list of other books, and in doing so presented him with the key that unlocked the unsuspected treasure of his genius. There is only one person, indeed, in all the Keats circle to

whom one is more passionately grateful than to Cowden Clarke: that is Fanny Brawne. Keats no doubt had laboured to some purpose—occasionally, to fine purpose—with his genius before the autumn of 1818, when he met Fanny Brawne for the first time. None the less, had he died before that date, he would have been remembered in literature not as a marvellous original artist, but rather as one of those "inheritors of unfulfilled renown" among whom Shelley surprisingly placed him. Fanny Brawne may (or may not) have been the bad fairy of Keats as a man. She was unquestionably his good fairy as a poet.

This is the only matter upon which one is seriously disposed to quarrel with Sir Sidney Colvin as a biographer. He does not emphasize as he ought the debt we are under to Fanny Brawne as the intensifier of Keats's genius—the "minx," as Keats irritably called her, who transformed him in a few months from a poet of still doubtful fame into a master and an immortal. The attachment, Sir Sidney thinks, was a misfortune for him, though he qualifies this by adding that "so probably under the circumstances must any passion for a woman have been." Well, let us test this "misfortune" by its consequences. The meeting with Fanny took place, as I have said, in the autumn of 1818. During the winter Keats continued to write *Hyperion*, which he seems already to have begun. In January 1819 he wrote *The Eve of St. Agnes*. During the spring of that year, he wrote the *Ode to Psyche*, the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, the *Ode to a Nightingale*, and *La Belle Dame sans Merci*. In the autumn he finished *Lamia*, and wrote the *Ode to Autumn*. To the same year belongs the second greatest of his sonnets, *Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art*. In other words, practically all the fine gold of Keats's work was produced in the months in which his passion for Fanny Brawne was consuming him as with fire. His greatest poems we clearly owe to that heightened sense

of beauty which resulted from his translation into a lover. It seems to me a treachery to Keats's memory to belittle a woman who was at least the occasion of such a passionate expenditure of genius. Sir Sidney Colvin does his best to be fair to Fanny, but his presentation of the story of Keats's love for her will, I am afraid, be regarded by the long line of her disparagers as an endorsement of their blame.

I can understand the dislike of Fanny Brawne on the part of those who dislike Keats and all his works. But if we accept Keats and *The Eve of St. Agnes*, we had better be honest and also accept Fanny, who inspired them. Keats, it must be remembered, was a sensualist. His poems belong to the literature of the higher sensualism. They reveal him as a man not altogether free from the vulgarities of sensualism, as well as one who was able to transmute it into perfect literature. He seems to have admired women vulgarly as creatures whose hands were waiting to be squeezed, rather than as equal human beings ; the eminent exception to this being his sister-in-law, Georgiana. His famous declaration of independence of them—that he would rather give them a sugar-plum than his time—was essentially a cynicism in the exhausted-Don-Juan mood. Hence, Keats was almost doomed to fall in love with provocation rather than with what the Victorians called "soul." His destiny was not to be a happy lover, but the slave of a "minx." It was not a slavery without dignity, however. It had the dignity of tragedy. Sir Sidney Colvin regrets that the love-letters of Keats to Fanny were ever published. It would be as reasonable, in my opinion, to regret the publication of *La Belle Dame sans Merci*. *La Belle Dame sans Merci* says in literature merely what the love-letters say in autobiography. The love-letters, indeed, like the poem, affect us as great literature does. They unquestionably take us down into the depths of suffering—those depths in which

tortured souls cry out almost inarticulately in their anguish. The torture of the dying lover, as he sails for Italy and leaves Fanny, never to see her again, has almost no counterpart in biographical literature. "The thought of leaving Miss Brawne," he writes to Brown from Yarmouth, "is beyond everything horrible —the sense of darkness coming over me—I eternally see her figure eternally vanishing." And when he reaches Naples he writes to the same friend :—

> I can bear to die—I cannot bear to leave her. O God! God! God! Everything that I have in my trunks that reminds me of her goes through me like a spear. The silk lining she put in my travelling cap scalds my head. My imagination is horribly vivid about her—I see her—I hear her. . . . O that I could be buried near where she lives! I am afraid to write to her—to receive a letter from her. To see her handwriting would break my heart —even to hear of her anyhow, to see her name written, would be more than I can bear.

Sir Sidney Colvin does not attempt to hide Keats's love-story away in a corner. Where he goes wrong, it seems to me, is in his failure to realize that this love-story was the making of Keats as a man of genius. Had Sir Sidney fully grasped the part played by Fanny Brawne as, for good or evil, the presiding genius of Keats as a poet, he would, I fancy, have found a different explanation of the changes introduced into the later version of *La Belle Dame sans Merci*. Sir Sidney is all in favour—and there is something to be said for his preference—of the earlier version, which begins :—

> O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
> Alone and palely loitering!

But he does not perceive the reasons that led Keats to alter this in the version he published in Leigh Hunt's *Indicator* to :—

> Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,

and so on. Sir Sidney thinks that this and other changes, " which are all in the direction of the slipshod and the commonplace, were made on Hunt's suggestion, and that Keats acquiesced from fatigue or indifference." To accuse Hunt of wishing to alter " knight-at-arms " to " wretched wight " seems to me unwarrantable guessing. Surely a much more likely explanation is that Keats, who in this poem wrote his own biography as an unfortunate lover, came in a realistic mood to dislike " knight-at-arms " as a too romantic image of himself. He decided, I conjecture, that " wretched wight " was a description nearer the bitter truth. Hence his emendation. The other alterations also seem to me to belong to Keats rather than to Hunt. This does not mean that the " knight-at-arms " version is not also beautiful. But, in spite of this, I trust the Delegates of the Oxford University Press will not listen to Sir Sidney Colvin's appeal to banish the later version from their editions of Keats. Every edition of Keats ought to contain both versions just as it ought to contain both versions of *Hyperion*.

Nothing that I have written will be regarded, I trust, as depreciating the essential excellence, power, and (in its scholarly way) even the greatness of Sir Sidney Colvin's book. But a certain false emphasis here and there, an intelligible prejudice in favour of believing what is good of his subject, has left his book almost too ready to the hand of those who cannot love a man of genius without desiring to " respectabilize " him. Sir Sidney sees clearly enough the double nature of Keats—his fiery courage, shown in his love of fighting as a schoolboy, his generosity, his virtue of the heart, on the one hand, and his luxurious love of beauty, his tremulous and swooning sensitiveness in the presence of nature and women, his morbidness, his mawkishness, his fascination as by serpents, on the other. But in the resultant portrait, it is a too respectable and virile Keats that emerges. Keats was

more virile as a man than is generally understood. He does not owe his immortality to his virility, however. He owes it to his servitude to golden images, to his citizenship of the world of the senses, to his bondage to physical love. Had he lived longer he might have invaded other worlds. His recasting of *Hyperion* opens with a cry of distrust in the artist who is content to live in the little world of his art. His very revulsion against the English of Milton was a revulsion against the dead language of formal beauty. But it is in formal beauty—the formal beauty especially of the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, which has never been surpassed in literature—that his own achievement lies. He is great among the pagans, not among the prophets. Unless we keep this clearly in mind our praise of him will not be appreciation. It will be but a sounding funeral speech instead of communion with a lovely and broken spirit, the greatest boast of whose life was : " I have loved the principle of beauty in all things."

2. The Matthew Arnold View

Matthew Arnold has often been attacked for his essay on Shelley. His essay on Keats, as a matter of fact, is much less sympathetic and penetrating. Here, more than anywhere else in his work, he seems to be a professor with whiskers drinking afternoon tea and discoursing on literature to a circle of schoolgirls. It is not that Matthew Arnold under-estimated Keats. " He is with Shakespeare," he declared ; and in another sentence : " In what we call natural magic, he ranks with Shakespeare." One may disagree with this—for in natural magic Keats does not rank even with Shelley —and, at the same time, feel that Matthew Arnold gives Keats too little rather than too much appreciation. He divorced Keats's poetry too gingerly from Keats's life. He did not sufficiently realize the need for understanding all that passion and courage and railing and

ecstasy of which the poems are the expression. He was a little shocked; he would have liked to draw a veil; he did not approve of a young man who could make love in language so unlike the measured ardour of one of Miss Austen's heroes. The impression left by the letters to Fanny Brawne, he declared, was "unpleasing." After quoting one of the letters, he goes on to comment:—

> One is tempted to say that Keats's love-letter is the love-letter of a surgeon's apprentice. It has in its relaxed self-abandonment something underbred and ignoble, as of a youth ill brought up, without the training which teaches us that we must put some constraint upon our feelings and upon the expression of them. It is the sort of love-letter of a surgeon's apprentice, which one might hear read out in a breach of promise case, or in the Divorce Court.

Applied to the letter which Arnold had just quoted there could not be a more foolish criticism. Keats was dogged by a curious vulgarity (which produced occasional comic effects in his work), but his self-abandonment was not vulgar. It may have been in a sense immoral: he was an artist who practised the philosophy of exquisite moments long before Pater wrote about it. He abandoned himself to the sensations of love and the sensations of an artist like a voluptuary. The best of his work is day-dreams of love and art. The degree to which his genius fed itself upon art and day-dreams of art is suggested by the fact that the most perfect of his early poems, written at the age of twenty, was the sonnet on Chapman's Homer, and that the most perfect of his later poems was the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*. His magic was largely artistic magic, not natural magic. He writes about Pan and the nymphs, but we do not feel that they were shapes of earth and air to him, as they were to Shelley; rather they seem like figures copied out of his friends' pictures. Consider, for example, the picture of a nymph who appeared to Endymion:—

It was a nymph uprising to the breast
In the fountain's pebbly margin, and she stood
'Mong lilies, like the youngest of her brood.
To him her dripping hand she softly kist,
And anxiously began to plait and twist
Her ringlets round her fingers.

The gestures of the nymph are as ludicrous as could be found in an Academy or Salon picture. Keats's human or quasi-human beings are seldom more than decorations, but this is a commonplace decoration. The figures in *The Eve of St. Agnes* and the later narratives are a part of the general beauty of the poems; but even there they are made, as it were, to match the furniture. It is the same in all his best poems. Keats's imagination lived in castles, and he loved the properties, and the men and women were among the properties. We may forget the names of Porphyro and Madeline, but we do not forget the background of casement and arras and golden dishes and beautiful sensual things against which we see them, charming figures of love-sickness. Similarly, in *Lamia,* we may remember the name of the serpent-woman's lover with difficulty; but who can forget the colours of her serpent-skin or the furnishing of her couch and of her palace in Corinth :—

That purple-lined palace of sweet sin ?

In Keats every palace has a purple lining.

So much may be said in definition of Keats's genius. It was essentially an æsthetic genius. It anticipated both William Morris and Oscar Wilde. There is in Keats a passion for the luxury of the world such as we do not find in Wordsworth or Shelley. He had not that bird-like quality of song which they had—that happiness to be alive and singing between the sky and the green earth. He looked on beautiful things with the intense devotion of the temple-worshipper rather than with the winged pleasure of the great poets. He

was love-sick for beauty as Porphyro for Madeline. His attitude to beauty—the secret and immortal beauty, —is one of "love shackled with vain-loving." It is desire of an almost bodily kind. Keats's work, indeed, is in large measure simply the beautiful expression of bodily desire, or of something of the same nature as bodily desire. His conception of love was almost entirely physical. He was greedy for it to the point of green-sickness. His intuition told him that passion so entirely physical had in it something fatal. Love in his poems is poisonous and secret in its beauty. It is passion for a Lamia, for La Belle Dame sans Merci. Keats's ecstasies were swooning ecstasies. They lacked joy. It is not only in the *Ode to a Nightingale* that he seems to praise death more than life. This was temperamental with him. He felt the "cursed spite" of things as melancholily as Hamlet did. He was able to dream a world nearer his happiness than this world of dependence and church bells and "literary jabberers"; and he could come to no terms except with his fancy. I do not mean to suggest that he despised the beauty of the earth. Rather he filled his eyes with it :—

> Hill-flowers running wild
> In pink and purple chequer—

and :—

> Up-pil'd,
> The cloudy rack slow journeying in the West,
> Like herded elephants.

But the simple pleasure in colours and shapes grows less in his later poems. It becomes overcast. His great poems have the intensity and sorrow of a farewell.

It would be absurd, however, to paint Keats as a man without vitality, without pugnacity, without merriment. His brother declared that "John was the very soul of manliness and courage, and as much like

the Holy Ghost as Johnny Keats"—the Johnny Keats who had allowed himself to be "snuffed out by an article." As a schoolboy he had been fond of fighting, and as a man he had his share of militancy. He had a quite healthy sense of humour, too—not a subtle sense, but at least sufficient to enable him to regard his work playfully at times, as when he commented on an early version of *La Belle Dame sans Merci* containing the lines :—

> And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
> With kisses four.

"Why four kisses?" he writes to his brother :—

> Why four kisses—you will say—why four? Because I wish to restrain the headlong impetuosity of my Muse—she would have fain said "score" without hurting the rhyme—but we must temper the imagination, as the critics say, with judgment. I was obliged to choose an even number, that both eyes might have fair play, and to speak truly I think two apiece quite sufficient. Suppose I had said seven, there would have been three and-a-half apiece —a very awkward affair, and well got out of on my side.

That was written nearly a year after the famous *Quarterly* article on *Endymion*, in which the reviewer had so severely taken to task "Mr. Keats (if that be his real name, for we almost doubt that any man in his senses would put his real name to such a rhapsody)." It suggests that Keats retained at least a certain share of good spirits, in spite of the *Quarterly* and Fanny Brawne and the approach of death. His observation, too, was often that of a spirited common-sense realist rather than an æsthete, as in his first description of Fanny Brawne :—

> She is about my height—with a fine style and countenance of the lengthened sort—she wants sentiment in every feature—she manages to make her hair look well—her nostrils are fine—though a little painful—her mouth is bad and good—her profile is better than her full face, which, indeed, is not full but pale and thin, without showing any bone—her shape is very graceful, and so

are her movements—her arms are good, her hands bad-ish—her feet tolerable—she is not seventeen [nineteen ?]—but she is ignorant—monstrous in her behaviour, flying out in all directions, calling people such names—that I was forced lately to make use of the term *minx*; this is, I think, not from any innate vice but from a penchant she has of acting stylishly. I am, however, tired of such style, and shall decline any more of it.

Yet before many months he was writing to the "minx," "I will imagine you Venus to-night, and pray, pray, pray, pray to your star like a heathen." Certain it is, as I have already said, that it was after his meeting with Fanny Brawne that he grew, as in a night, into a great poet. Let us not then abuse Keats's passion for her as vulgar. And let us not attempt to make up for this by ranking him with Shakespeare. He is great among the second, not among the first poets.

VI

HENRY JAMES

1. The Novelist of Grains and Scruples

HENRY JAMES is an example of a writer who enjoyed immense fame but little popularity. Some of his best books, I believe, never passed into second editions. He was, above all novelists, an esoteric author. His disciples had the pleasure of feeling like persons initiated into mysteries. He was subject, like a religious teacher, to all kinds of conflicting interpretations. He puzzled and exasperated even intelligent people. They often wondered what he meant and whether it was worth writing about. Mr. Wells, or whoever wrote *Boon*, compared him to a hippopotamus picking up a pea.

Certainly he laboured over trifles as though he were trying to pile Pelion on Ossa. He was capable, had he been a poet, of writing an epic made up of incidents chosen from the gossip of an old maid in the upper middle classes. He was the novelist of grains and scruples. I have heard it urged that he was the supreme incarnation of the Nonconformist conscience, perpetually concerned with infinitesimal details of conduct. As a matter of fact, there was much more of the æsthete in him than of the Nonconformist. He lived for his tastes. It is because he is a novelist of tastes rather than of passions that he is unlikely ever to be popular even to the degree to which Meredith is popular.

One imagines him, from his childhood, as a perfect connoisseur, a dilettante. He has told us how, as a child, in New York, Paris, London, and Geneva, he

enjoyed more than anything else the "far from showy practice of wondering and dawdling and gaping." And, while giving us this picture of the small boy that was himself, he comments:

> There was the very pattern and measure of all he was to demand: just to *be* somewhere—almost anywhere would do—and somehow receive an impression or an accession, feel a relation or a vibration.

That is the essential Henry James—the collector of impressions and vibrations. "Almost anywhere would do": that is what makes some of his stories just miss being as insipid as the verse in a magazine. On the other hand, of few of his stories is this true. His personality was too definitely marked to leave any of his work flavourless. His work reflects him as the arrangement of a room may reflect a charming lady. He brings into every little world that he enters the light of a new and refined inquisitiveness. He is as watchful as a cat. Half his pleasure seems to come from waiting for the extraordinary to peep and peer out of the ordinary. That is his adventure. He prefers it to seas of bloodshed. One may quarrel with it, if one demands that art shall be as violent as war and shall not subdue itself to the level of a game. But those who enjoy the spectacle of a game played with perfect skill will always find reading Henry James an exciting experience.

It would be unfair, however, to suggest that the literature of Henry James can be finally summed up as a game. He is unquestionably a virtuoso: he uses his genius as an instrument upon which he loves to reveal his dexterity, even when he is shy of revealing his immortal soul. But he is not so inhuman in his art as some of his admirers have held him to be. Mr. Hueffer, I think, has described him as pitiless, and even cruel. But can one call *Daisy Miller* pitiless? Or *What Maisie Knew*? Certainly, those autobiographical volumes,

A Small Boy and Others and *Notes of a Son and Brother*, which may be counted among the most wonderful of the author's novels, are pervaded by exquisite affections which to a pitiless nature would have been impossible.

Henry James is even sufficiently human to take sides with his characters. He never does this to the point of lying about them. But he is in his own still way passionately on the side of the finer types. In *The Turn of the Screw*, which seems to me to be the greatest ghost-story in the English language, he has dramatized the duel between good and evil; and the effect of it, at the end of all its horrors, is that of a hymn in praise of courage. One feels—though a more perverse theory of the story has been put forward—that the governess, who fights against the evil in the big house, has the author also fighting as her ally and the children's. Similarly, Maisie has a friend in the author.

He is never more human, perhaps, than when he is writing, not about human beings, but about books. It is not inconceivable that he will live as a critic long after he is forgotten as a novelist. No book of criticism to compare with his *Notes on Novelists* has been published in the present century. He brought his imagination to bear upon books as he brought his critical and analytical faculty to bear upon human beings. Here there was room for real heroes. He idolized his authors as he idolized none of his characters. There is something of moral passion in the reverence with which he writes of the labours of Flaubert and Balzac and Stevenson and even of Zola.

He lied none of them into perfection, it is true. He accepted, and even advertised their limitations. But in each of them he found an example of the hero as artist. His characterization of Flaubert as the "operative conscience or vicarious sacrifice" of a styleless literary age is the pure gold of criticism. "The piety most real to her," Fleda says in *The Spoils of Poynton*,

"was to be on one's knees before one's high standard." Henry James himself had that kind of piety. Above all recent men of letters, he was on his knees to his high standard.

People may wonder whether his standard was not, to an excessive degree, a standard of subtlety rather than of creative imagination—at least, in his later period. And undoubtedly his subtlety was to some extent a matter of make-believe. He loved to take a simple conversation, and, by introducing a few subtle changes, to convert it into a sort of hieroglyphics that need an interpreter. He grew more and more to believe that it was not possible to tell the simple truth except in an involved way. He would define a gesture with as much labour as Shakespeare would devote to the entire portrait of a woman. He was a realist of civilized society in which both speech and action have to be sifted with scientific care before they will yield their grain of motive. The humorous patience with which Henry James seeks for that grain is one of the distinctive features of his genius.

But, it may be asked, are his people real? They certainly are real in the relationships in which he exhibits them, but they are real like people to whom one has been introduced in a foreign city rather than like people who are one's friends. One does not remember them like the characters in Meredith or Mr. Hardy. Henry James, indeed, is himself the outstanding character in his books. That fine and humorous collector of European ladies and gentlemen, that savourer of the little lives of the Old World and the little adventures of those who have escaped from the New, that artist who brooded over his fellows in the spirit less of a poet than a man of science, that sober and fastidious trifler —this is the image which presides over his books, and which gives them their special character, and will attract tiny but enthusiastic companies of readers to them for many years to come.

2. The Artist at Work.

Henry James's amanuensis, Miss Theodora Bosanquet, wrote an article a year or two ago in the *Fortnightly Review*, describing how the great man wrote his novels. Since 1895 or 1896 he dictated them, and they were taken down, not in shorthand, but directly on the typewriter. He was particular even about the sort of typewriter. It must be a Remington. "Other kinds sounded different notes, and it was almost impossibly disconcerting for him to dictate to something that made no responsive sound at all." He did not, however, pour himself out to his amanuensis without having made a preliminary survey of the ground. "He liked to 'break ground' by talking to himself day by day about the characters and the construction until the whole thing was clearly before his mind's eye. This preliminary talking out the scheme was, of course, duly recorded by the typewriter." It is not that he made rough drafts of his novels—sketches to be afterwards amplified. "His method might better be compared with Zola's habit of writing long letters to himself about characters in his next book until they became alive enough for him to begin a novel about them." Henry James has himself, as Miss Bosanquet points out, described his method of work in *The Death of a Lion*, in which it is attributed to his hero, Neil Paraday. "Loose, liberal, confident," he declares of Paraday's "scenario," as one might call it, "it might be passed for a great, gossiping, eloquent letter—the overflow into talk of an artist's amorous plan."

Almost the chief interest of Henry James's two posthumous novels is the fact that we are given not only the novels themselves—or, rather, the fragments of them that the author had written—but the "great, gossiping, eloquent letters" in which he soliloquized about them. As a rule, these preliminary soliloquies ran to about thirty thousand words, and were destroyed as soon as

the novel in hand was finished. So delightful are they —such thrilling revelations of the workings of an artist's mind—that one does not quite know whether or not to congratulate oneself on the fact that the last books have been left mere torsos. Which would one rather have—a complete novel or the torso of a novel with the artist's dream of how to make it perfect? It is not easy to decide. What makes it all the more difficult to decide in the present instance is one's feeling that *The Sense of the Past*, had it been completed, would have been very nearly a masterpiece. In it Henry James hoped to get what he called a "kind of quasi-turn-of-screw effect." Here, as in *The Turn of the Screw*, he was dealing with a sort of ghosts—whether subjective or objective in their reality does not matter. His hero is a young American who had never been to Europe till he was about thirty, and yet was possessed by that almost sensual sense of the past which made Henry James, as a small boy, put his nose into English books and try to sniff in and smell from their pages the older world from which they came. The inheritance of an old house in a London square—a house in which the clocks had stopped, as it were, in 1820—brings the young man over to England, though the lady with whom he is in love seeks to keep him in America and watch him developing as a new species—a rich, sensitive, and civilized American, untouched and unsubdued by Europe. This young man's emotions in London, amid old things in an atmosphere that also somehow seemed mellow and old, may, I fancy, be taken as a record of the author's own spiritual experiences as he drew in long breaths of appreciation during his almost lifelong wanderings in this hemisphere. For it is important to remember that Henry James never ceased to be a foreigner. He was enchanted by England as by a strange land. He saw it always, like the hero of *The Sense of the Past*, "under the charm . . . of the queer, incomparable London light—unless one frankly loved

it rather as London shade—which he had repeatedly noted as so strange as to be at its finest sinister."

However else this air might have been described it was signally not the light of freshness, and suggested as little as possible the element in which the first children of nature might have begun to take notice. Ages, generations, inventions, corruptions, had produced it, and it seemed, wherever it rested, to be filtered through the bed of history. It made the objects about show for the time as in something "turned on"—something highly successful that he might have seen at the theatre.

Henry James saw old-world objects in exactly that sort of light. He knew in his own nerves how Ralph Pendrel felt on going over his London house. "There wasn't," he says, ". . . an old hinge or an old brass lock that he couldn't work with love of the act." He could observe the inanimate things of the Old World almost as if they were living things. No naturalist spying for patient hours upon birds in the hope of discovering their secrets could have had a more curious, more hopeful, and more loitering eye. He found even fairly common things in Europe, as Pendrel found the things in the house he inherited, "all smoothed with service and charged with accumulated messages."

He was like the worshipper in a Spanish church, who watches for the tear on the cheek or the blood-drop from the wound of some wonder-working effigy of Mother and Son.

In *The Sense of the Past*, Henry James conceived a fantastic romance, in which his hero steps not only into the inheritance of an old house, but into 1820, exchanging personalities with a young man in one of the family portraits, and even wooing the young man's betrothed. It is a story of "queer" happenings, like the story of a dream or a delusion in which the ruling passion has reached the point of mania. It is the kind of story that has often been written in a gross, mechanical way. Here it is all delicate—a study of nuances and subtle relationships. For Ralph, though

perfect in the 1820 manner, has something of the changeling about him—something that gradually makes people think him "queer," and in the end arouses in him the dim beginnings of nostalgia for his own time. It is a fascinating theme as Henry James works it out—doubly fascinating as he talks about it to himself in the "scenario" that is published along with the story. In the latter we see the author groping for his story, almost like a medium in a trance. Like a medium, he one moment hesitates and is vague, and the next, as he himself would say, fairly pounces on a certainty. No artist ever cried with louder joy at the sight of things coming absolutely right under his hand. Thus, at one moment, the author announces:—

> The more I get into my drama the more magnificent upon my word I seem to see it and feel it; with such a tremendous lot of possibilities in it that I positively quake in dread of the muchness with which they threaten me.

At a moment of less illumination he writes:—

> There glimmers and then floats shyly back to me from afar, the sense of something like *this*, a bit difficult to put, though entirely expressible with patience, and as I catch hold of the tip of the tail of it yet again strikes me as adding to my action but another admirable twist.

He continually sees himself catching by the tip of the tail the things that solve his difficulties. And what tiny little animals he sometimes manages to catch by the tip of the tail in some of his trances of inspiration! Thus, at one point, he breaks off excitedly about his hero with:—

> As to which, however, on consideration don't I see myself catch a bright betterment by not at all making him use a latch-key? . . . No, no—no latch-key—but a rat-tat-tat, on his own part, at the big brass knocker.

As the writer searches for the critical action or gesture

which is to betray the "abnormalism" of his hero to the 1820 world in which he moves, he cries to himself:—

> Find it, find it; get it right, and it will be the making of the story.

At another stage in the story, he comments:—

> All that is feasible and convincing; rather beautiful to do being what I mean.

At yet another stage:—

> I pull up, too, here, in the midst of my elation—though after a little I shall straighten everything out.

He discusses with himself the question whether Ralph Pendrel, in the 1820 world, is to repeat exactly the experience of the young man in the portrait, and confides to himself:—

> Just now, a page or two back, I lost my presence of mind, I let myself be scared, by a momentarily-confused appearance, an assumption, that he doesn't repeat it. I see, on recovery of my wits, not to say of my wit, that he very exactly does.

Nowhere in the "scenario" is the artist's pleasure in his work expressed more finely than in the passage in which Henry James describes his hero at the crisis of his experience, when the latter begins to feel that he is under the observation of his *alter ego*, and is being vaguely threatened. "There must," the author tells himself—

> There must be sequences here of the strongest, I make out—the successive driving in of the successive silver-headed nails at the very points and under the very tops that I reserve for them. That's it, the silver nail, the recurrence of it in the right place, the perfection of the salience of each, and the trick is played.

"Trick," he says, but Henry James resorted little to tricks, in the ordinary meaning of the word. He scorns the easy and the obvious, as in preparing for the return

of the young hero to the modern world—a return made possible by a noble act of self-sacrifice on the part of a second 1820 girl who sends him from her, yet "without an excess of the kind of romanticism I don't want." There is another woman—the modern woman whom Ralph had loved in America—who might help the machinery of the story (as the author thinks) if he brought her on the scene at a certain stage. But he thinks of the device only to exclaim against it:—

> Can't possibly do anything so artistically base.

The notes for *The Ivory Tower* are equally alluring, though *The Ivory Tower* is not itself so good as *The Sense of the Past*. It is a story of contemporary American life, and we are told that the author laid it aside at the beginning of the war, feeling that "he could no longer work upon a fiction supposed to represent contemporary or recent life." Especially interesting is the "scenario," because of the way in which we find Henry James trying—poor man, he was always an amateur at names!—to get the right names for his characters. He ponders, for instance, on the name of his heroine:—

> I want her name . . . her Christian one, to be Moyra, and must have some bright combination with that; the essence of which is a surname of two syllables and ending in a consonant—also beginning with one. I am thinking of Moyra Grabham, the latter excellent thing was in *The Times* of two or three days ago; the only fault is a little too much meaning.

Consciousness in artistry can seldom have descended to minuter details with a larger gesture. One would not have missed these games of genius with syllables and consonants for worlds. Is it all an exquisite farce or is it splendidly heroic? Are we here spectators of the incongruous heroism of an artist who puts a hero's earnestness into getting the last perfection of shine on to a boot or the last fine shade of meaning into

the manner in which he says, "No, thank you, no sugar"? No, it is something more than that. It is the heroism of a man who lived at every turn and trifle for his craft—who seems to have had almost no life outside it. In the temple of his art, he found the very dust of the sanctuary holy. He had the perfect piety of the artist in the least as well as in the greatest things.

3. How He was Born Again

As one reads the last fragment of the autobiography of Henry James, one cannot help thinking of him as a convert giving his testimony. Henry James was converted into an Englishman with the same sense of being born again as is felt by many a convert to Christianity. He can speak of the joy of it all only in superlatives. He had the convert's sense of—in his own phrase—"agitations, explorations, initiations (I scarce know how endearingly enough to name them!)." He speaks of "this really prodigious flush" of his first full experience of England. He passes on the effect of his religious rapture when he tells us that "really wherever I looked, and still more wherever I pressed, I sank in and in up to my nose." How breathlessly he conjures up the scene of his dedication, as he calls it, in the coffee-room of a Liverpool hotel on that gusty, "overwhelmingly English" March morning in 1869, on which at the age of almost twenty-six he fortunately and fatally landed on these shores,

> with immediate intensities of appreciation, as I may call the muffled accompaniment, for fear of almost indecently overnaming it.

He looks back, with how exquisite a humour and seriousness, on that morning as having finally settled his destiny as an artist. "This doom," he writes :—

> This doom of inordinate exposure to appearances, aspects, images, every protrusive item almost, in the great beheld sum

of things, I regard . . . as having settled upon me once for all while I observed, for instance, that in England the plate of buttered muffins and its cover were sacredly set upon the slop-bowl after hot water had been ingenuously poured into the same, and had seen that circumstance in a perfect cloud of accompaniments.

It is characteristic of Henry James that he should associate the hour in which he turned to grace with a plate of buttered muffins. His fiction remained to the end to some extent the tale of a buttered muffin. He made mountains out of muffins all his days. His ecstasy and his curiosity were nine times out of ten larger than their objects. Thus, though he was intensely interested in English life, he was interested in it, not in its largeness as life so much as in its littleness as a museum, almost a museum of *bric-à-brac*. He was enthusiastic about the waiter in the coffee-room in the Liverpool hotel chiefly as an illustration of the works of the English novelists.

Again and again in his reminiscences one comes upon evidence that Henry James arrived in England in the spirit of a collector, a connoisseur, as well as that of a convert. His ecstasy was that of a convert: his curiosity was that of a connoisseur. As he recalls his first experience of a London eating-house of the old sort, with its "small compartments, narrow as horse-stalls," he glories in the sordidness of it all, because "every face was a documentary scrap."

I said to myself under every shock and at the hint of every savour that this it was for an exhibition to reek with local colour, and one could dispense with a napkin, with a crusty roll, with room for one's elbows or one's feet, with an immunity from intermittance of the "plain boiled" much better than one could dispense with that.

Here, again, one has an instance of the way in which the show of English life revealed itself to Henry James as an exhibition of eating. "As one sat there," he says of his reeking restaurant, "one *understood*." It is in the same mood of the connoisseur on the track of

a precious discovery that he recalls "the very first occasion of my sallying forth from Morley's Hotel in Trafalgar Square to dine at a house of sustaining, of inspiring hospitality in the Kensington quarter." What an epicure the man was! "The thrill of sundry invitations to breakfast" still survived on his palate more than forty years afterwards. Not that these meals were recalled as gorges of the stomach: they were merely gorges of sensation, gorges of the sense of the past. The breakfasts associated him "at a jump" with the ghosts of Byron and Sheridan and Rogers. They had also a documentary value as "the exciting note of a social order in which every one wasn't hurled straight, with the momentum of rising, upon an office or a store. . . ." It was one morning, "beside Mrs. Charles Norton's tea-room, in Queen's Gate Terrace," that his "thrilling opportunity," came to sit opposite to Mr. Frederic Harrison, eminent in the eyes of the young American, not for his own sake so much as because recently he had been the subject of Matthew Arnold's banter. Everybody in England, like Mr. Harrison, seemed to Henry James to *be* somebody, or at least to have been talked about by somebody. They were figures, not cyphers. They were characters in a play with cross-references.

> The beauty was . . . that people had references, and that a reference was then, to my mind, whether in a person or an object, the most glittering, the most becoming ornament possible, a style of decoration one seemed likely to perceive figures here and there, whether animate or no, quite groan under the accumulation and the weight of.

It is surprising that, loving this new life so ecstatically, James should so seldom attempt to leave any detailed description of it in his reminiscences. He is constantly describing his raptures: he only occasionally describes the thing he was rapturous about. Almost all he tells us about "the extravagant youth of the

æsthetic period" is that to live through it "was to seem privileged to such immensities as history would find left her to record but with bated breath." He recalls again "the particular sweetness of wonder" with which he haunted certain pictures in the National Gallery, but it is himself, not the National Gallery, that he writes about. Of Titian and Rembrandt and Rubens he communicates nothing but the fact that "the cup of sensation was thereby filled to overflowing." He does, indeed, give a slender description of his first sight of Swinburne in the National Gallery, but the chief fact even of this incident is that "I thrilled . . . with the prodigy of this circumstance that I should be admiring Titian in the same breath with Mr. Swinburne."

Thus the reminiscences are, in a sense, extraordinarily egotistic. This is, however, not to condemn them. Henry James is, as I have already said, his own greatest character, and his portrait of his excitements is one of the most enrapturing things in the literature of autobiography. He makes us share these excitements simply by telling us how excited he was. They are exactly the sort of excitements all of us have felt on being introduced to people and places and pictures we have dreamed about from our youth. Who has not felt the same kind of joy as Henry James felt when George Eliot allowed him to run for the doctor? "I shook off my fellow-visitor," he relates, "for swifter cleaving of the air, and I recall still feeling that I cleft it even in the dull four-wheeler." After he had delivered his message, he "cherished for the rest of the day the particular quality of my vibration." The occasion of the message to the doctor seems strangely comic in the telling. On arriving at George Eliot's, Henry James found one of G. H. Lewes's sons lying in horrible pain in the middle of the floor, the heritage of an old accident in the West Indies, or, as Henry James characteristically describes it :—

a suffered onset from an angry bull, I seem to recall, who had tossed or otherwise mauled him, and, though beaten off, left him considerably compromised.

There is something still more comic than this, however, to be got out of his visits to George Eliot. The visit he paid her at Witley under the "much-waved wing" of the irrepressible Mrs. Greville, who "knew no law but that of innocent and exquisite aberration," had a superb conclusion, which "left our adventure an approved ruin." As James was about to leave, and indeed was at the step of the brougham with Mrs. Greville, G. H. Lewes called on him to wait a moment. He returned to the doorstep, and waited till Lewes hurried back across the hall, "shaking high the pair of blue-bound volumes his allusion to the uninvited, the verily importunate loan of which by Mrs. Greville had lingered on the air after his dash in quest of them":—

"Ah, those books—take them away, please, away, away!" I hear him unreservedly plead while he thrusts them again at me, and I scurry back into our conveyance.

The blue-bound volumes happened to be a copy of Henry James's own new book—a presentation copy he had given to Mrs. Greville, and she, in turn, with the best intentions, had tried to leave with George Eliot, to be read and admired. George Eliot and Lewes had failed to connect their young visitor with the volumes. Hence a situation so comic that even its victim could not but enjoy it:—

Our hosts hadn't so much as connected book with author, or author with visitor, or visitor with anything but the convenience of his ridding them of an unconsidered trifle; grudging, as they so justifiedly did, the impingement of such matters on their consciousness. The vivid demonstration of one's failure to penetrate there had been in the sweep of Lewes's gesture, which could scarcely have been bettered by his actually wielding a broom.

Henry James was more fortunate in Tennyson as a host. Tennyson had read at least one of his stories and liked it. All the same, James was disappointed in Tennyson. He expected to find him a poet signed and stamped, and found him only a booming bard. Not only was Tennyson not Tennysonian : he was not quite real. His conversation came as a shock to his guest :—

> He struck me as neither knowing nor communicating knowledge.

As Tennyson read *Locksley Hall* to his guests, Henry James had to pinch himself, "not at all to keep from swooning, but much rather to set up some rush of sensibility." What a lovely touch of malice there is in his description of Tennyson on an occasion on which the ineffable Mrs. Greville quoted some of his own verse to him :—

> He took these things with a gruff philosophy, and could always repay them, on the spot, in heavily-shovelled coin of the same mint, since it *was* a question of his genius.

Henry James ever retained a beautiful detachment of intellect, even after his conversion. He was a wit as well as an enthusiast. *The Middle Years*, indeed, is precious in every page for its wit as well as for its confessional raptures. It may be objected that Henry James's wit is only a new form of the old-fashioned periphrasis. He might be described as the last of the periphrastic humorists. At the same time, if ever in any book there was to be found the free play of an original genius—a genius however limited and even little—it is surely in the autobiography of Henry James. Those who can read it at all will read it with shining eyes.

VII

BROWNING: THE POET OF LOVE

BROWNING'S reputation has not yet risen again beyond a half-tide. The fact that two books about him were published during the war, however, suggests that there is a revival of interest in his work. It would have been surprising if this had not been so. He is one of the poets who inspire confidence at a time when all the devils are loosed out of Hell. Browning was the great challenger of the multitude of devils. He did not achieve his optimism by ignoring Satan, but by defying him. His courage was not merely of the stomach, but of the daring imagination. There is no more detestable sign of literary humbug than the pretence that Browning was an optimist simply because he did not experience sorrow and indigestion as other people do. I do not mean to deny that he enjoyed good health. As Professor Phelps, of Yale, says in a recent book, *Robert Browning: How to Know Him*:—

> He had a truly wonderful digestion: it was his firm belief that one should eat only what one really enjoyed, desire being the infallible sign that the food was healthful. "My father was a man of *bonne fourchette*," said Barett Browning to me; "he was not very fond of meat, but liked all kinds of Italian dishes, especially with rich sauces. He always ate freely of rich and delicate things. He would make a whole meal off mayonnaise."

Upon which the American professor comments with ingenuous humour of a kind rare in professors in this hemisphere:—

> It is pleasant to remember that Emerson, the other great optimist of the century, used to eat pie for breakfast.

The man who does not suffer from pie will hardly suffer from pessimism; but, as Professor Phelps insists, Browning faced greater terrors than pie for breakfast, and his philosophy did not flinch. There was no other English writer of the nineteenth century who to the same degree made all human experiences his own. His poems are not poems about little children who win good-conduct prizes. They are poems of the agonies of life, poems about tragic severance, poems about failure. They range through the virtues and the vices with the magnificent boldness of Dostoevsky's novels. The madman, the atheist, the adulterer, the traitor, the murderer, the beast, are portrayed in them side by side with the hero, the saint, and the perfect woman. There is every sort of rogue here half-way between good and evil, and every sort of half-hero who is either worse than his virtue or better than his sins. Nowhere else in English poetry outside the works of Shakespeare and Chaucer is there such a varied and humorous gallery of portraits. Landor's often quoted comparison of Browning with Chaucer is a piece of perfect and essential criticism:—

> Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
> No man hath walked along our roads with step
> So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
> So varied in discourse.

For Browning was a portrait-painter by genius and a philosopher only by accident. He was a historian even more than a moralist. He was born with a passion for living in other people's experiences. So impartially and eagerly did he make himself a voice of the evil as well as the good in human nature that occasionally one has heard people speculating as to whether he can have led so reputable a life as the biographers make one believe. To speculate in this manner, however, is to blunder into forgetfulness of Browning's own answer, in *How it Strikes a Contemporary*, to all such calumnies on poets.

Of all the fields of human experience, it was love into which the imagination of Browning most fully entered. It may seem an obvious thing to say about almost any poet, but Browning differed from other poets in being able to express, not only the love of his own heart, but the love of the hearts of all sorts of people. He dramatized every kind of love from the spiritual to the sensual. One might say of him that there never was another poet in whom there was so much of the obsession of love and so little of the obsession of sex. Love was for him the crisis and test of a man's life. The disreputable lover has his say in Browning's monologues no less than Count Gismond. Porphyria's lover, mad and a murderer, lives in our imaginations as brightly as the idealistic lover of Cristina.

The dramatic lyric and monologue in which Browning set forth the varieties of passionate experience was an art-form of immense possibilities, which it was a work of genius to discover. To say that Browning, the inventor of this amazingly fine form, was indifferent to form has always seemed to me the extreme of stupidity. At the same time, its very newness puzzles many readers, even to-day. Some people cannot read Browning without note or comment, because they are unable to throw themselves imaginatively into the "I" of each new poem. Our artistic sense is as yet so little developed that many persons are appalled by the energy of imagination which is demanded of them before they are reborn, as it were, into the setting of his dramatic studies. Professor Phelps's book should be of especial service to such readers, because it will train them in the right method of approach to Browning's best work. It is a very admirable essay in popular literary interpretation. One is astonished by its insight even more than by its recurrent banality. There are sentences that will make the fastidious shrink, such as :—

The commercial worth of *Pauline* was exactly zero.

And :—

> Their (the Brownings') love-letters reveal a drama of noble passion that excels in beauty and intensity the universally popular examples of Heloise and Abelard, Aucassin and Nicolette, Paul and Virginia.

And, again, in the story of the circumstances that led to Browning's death :—

> In order to prove to his son that nothing was the matter with him, he ran rapidly up three flights of stairs, the son vainly trying to restrain him. Nothing is more characteristic of the youthful folly of aged folk than their impatient resentment of proffered hygienic advice.

Even the interpretations of the poems sometimes take one's breath away, as when, discussing *The Lost Mistress*, Professor Phelps observes that the lover :—

> instead of thinking of his own misery . . . endeavours to make the awkward situation easier for the girl by small talk about the sparrows and the leaf-buds.

When one has marvelled one's fill at the professor's phrases and misunderstandings, however, one is compelled to admit that he has written what is probably the best popular introduction to Browning in existence.

Professor Phelps's book is one of those rare essays in popular criticism which will introduce an average reader to a world of new excitements. One of its chief virtues is that it is an anthology as well as a commentary. It contains more than fifty complete poems of Browning quoted in the body of the book. And these include, not merely short poems like *Meeting at Night*, but long poems, such as *Andrea del Sarto*, *Caliban on Setebos*, and *Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came*. This is the right kind of introduction to a great author. The poet is allowed as far as possible to be his own interpreter.

At the outset Professor Phelps quotes in full *Transcendentalism* and *How it Strikes a Contemporary* as Browning's confession of his aims as an artist. The

first of these is Browning's most energetic assertion that the poet is no philosopher concerned with ideas rather than with things—with abstractions rather than with actions. His disciples have written a great many books that seem to reduce him from a poet to a philosopher, and one cannot protest too vehemently against this dulling of an imagination richer than a child's in adventures and in the passion for the detailed and the concrete. In *Transcendentalism* he bids a younger poet answer whether there is more help to be got from Jacob Boehme with his subtle meanings :—

> Or some stout Mage like him of Halberstadt,
> John, who made things Boehme wrote thoughts about.

With how magnificent an image he then justifies the poet of " things " as compared with the philosopher of " thoughts " :—

> He with a " look you ! " vents a brace of rhymes,
> And in there breaks the sudden rose herself,
> Over us, under, round us every side,
> Nay, in and out the tables and the chairs
> And musty volumes, Boehme's book and all—
> Buries us with a glory, young once more,
> Pouring heaven into this poor house of life.

One of the things one constantly marvels at as one reads Browning is the splendid æstheticism with which he lights up prosaic words and pedestrian details with beauty.

The truth is, if we do not realize that he is a great singer and a great painter as well as a great humorist and realist, we shall have read him in vain. No doubt his phrases are often as grotesque as jagged teeth, as when the mourners are made to say in *A Grammarian's Funeral* :—

> Look out if yonder be not day again,
> Rimming the rock-row !

Reading the second of these lines one feels as if one of the mourners had stubbed his foot against a

sharp stone on the mountain-path. And yet, if Browning invented a harsh speech of his own for common use, he uttered it in all the varied rhythms of genius and passion. There may often be no music in the individual words, but there is always in the poems as a whole a deep undercurrent of music as from some hidden river. His poems have the movement of living things. They are lacking only in smooth and static loveliness. They are full of the hoof-beats of Pegasus.

We find in his poems, indeed, no fastidious escape from life, but an exalted acceptance of it. Browning is one of the very few poets who, echoing the Creator, have declared that the world is good. His sense of the goodness of it even in foulness and in failure is written over half of his poems. *Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came* is a fable of life triumphant in a world tombstoned with every abominable and hostile thing—a world, too, in which the hero is doomed to perish at devilish hands. Whenever one finds oneself doubting the immensity of Browning's genius, one has only to read *Childe Roland* again to restore one's faith. There never was a landscape so alive with horror as that amid which the knight travelled in quest of the Dark Tower. As detail is added to detail, it becomes horrible as suicide, a shrieking progress of all the torments, till one is wrought up into a very nightmare of apprehension and the Tower itself appears :—

> The round squat tower, blind as the fool's heart.

Was there ever such a pause and gathering of courage as in the verses that follow in which the last of the knights takes his resolve?:—

> Not see? because of night perhaps?—why, day
> Came back again for that! before it left,
> The dying sunset kindled through a cleft:
> The hills, like giants at a hunting, lay
> Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay—
> "Now stab and end the creature—to the heft!"

Not hear? When noise was everywhere! it tolled
  Increasing like a bell. Names in my ears,
  Of all the lost adventurers my peers—
How such a one was strong, and such was bold,
And such was fortunate, yet each of old
  Lost, lost! one moment knelled the woe of years.

There they stood, ranged along the hillside, met
  To view the last of me, a living frame
  For one more picture! in a sheet of flame
I saw them and I knew them all. And yet
Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
  And blew. *"Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came."*

There, if anywhere in literature, is the summit of tragic and triumphant music. There, it seems to me, is as profound and imaginative expression of the heroic spirit as is to be found in the English language.

To belittle Browning as an artist after such a poem is to blaspheme against art. To belittle him as an optimist is to play the fool with words. Browning was an optimist only in the sense that he believed in what Stevenson called "the ultimate decency of things," and that he believed in the capacity of the heroic spirit to face any test devised for it by inquisitors or devils. He was not defiant in a fine attitude like Byron. His defiance was rather a form of magnanimity. He is said, on Robert Buchanan's authority, to have thundered "No," when in his later years he was asked if he were a Christian. But his defiance was the defiance of a Christian, the dauntlessness of a knight of the Holy Ghost. Perhaps it is that he was more Christian than the Christians. Like the Pope in *The Ring and the Book*, he loathed the association of Christianity with respectability. Some readers are bewildered by his respectability in trivial things, such as dress, into failing to see his hatred of respectability when accepted as a standard in spiritual things. He is more sympathetic towards the disreputable suicides in *Apparent Failure* than towards the vacillating and respectable lovers in

The Statue and the Bust. There was at least a hint of heroism in the last madness of the doomed men. Browning again and again protests, as Blake had done earlier, against the mean moral values of his age. Energy to him as to Blake meant endless delight, and especially those two great energies of the spirit—love and heroism. For, though his work is not a philosophic expression of moral ideas, it is an imaginative expression of moral ideas, as a result of which he is, above all, the poet of lovers and heroes. Imagination is a caged bird in these days; with Browning it was a soaring eagle. In some ways Mr. Conrad's is the most heroic imagination in contemporary literature. But he does not take this round globe of light and darkness into his purview as Browning did. The whole earth is to him shadowed with futility. Browning was too lyrical to resign himself to the shadows. He saw the earth through the eyes of a lover till the end. He saw death itself as no more than an interlude of pain, darkness, and cold before a lovers' meeting. It may be that it is all a rapturous illusion, and that, after we have laid him aside and slept a night's broken sleep, we sink back again naturally into the little careful hopes and infidelities of everyday. But it seems to me that here is a whole heroic literature to which the world will always do well to turn in days of inexorable pain and horror such as those through which it has but recently passed.

VIII

THE FAME OF J. M. SYNGE

THE most masterly piece of literary advertising in modern times was surely Mr. Yeats's enforcement of Synge upon the coteries—or the choruses—as a writer in the great tradition of Homer and Shakespeare. So successful has Mr. Yeats been, indeed, in the exaltation of his friend, that people are in danger of forgetting that it is Mr. Yeats himself, and not Synge, who is the ruling figure in modern Irish literature. One does not criticize Mr. Yeats for this. During the Synge controversy he was a man raising his voice in the heat of battle—a man, too, praising a generous comrade who was but lately dead. The critics outside Ireland, however, have had none of these causes of passion to prevent them from seeing Synge justly. They simply bowed down before the idol that Mr. Yeats had set up before them, and danced themselves into ecstasies round the image of the golden playboy.

Mr. Howe, who wrote a sincere and able book on Synge, may be taken as a representative apostle of the Synge cult. He sets before us a god, not a man—a creator of absolute beauty—and he asks us to accept the common view that *The Playboy of the Western World* is his masterpiece. There can never be any true criticism of Synge till we have got rid of all these obsessions and idolatries. Synge was an extraordinary man of genius, but he was not an extraordinarily great man of genius. He is not the peer of Shakespeare: he is not the peer of Shelley: he is the peer, say, of Stevenson. His was a byway, not a high-road, of

genius. That is why he has an immensely more enthusiastic following among clever people than among simple people.

Once and once only Synge achieved a piece of art that was universal in its appeal, satisfying equally the artistic formula of Pater and the artistic formula of Tolstoi. This was *Riders to the Sea*. *Riders to the Sea*, a lyrical pageant of pity made out of the destinies of fisher-folk, is a play that would have been understood in ancient Athens or in Elizabethan London, as well as by an audience of Irish peasants to-day.

Here, incidentally, we get a foretaste of that preoccupation with death which heightens the tensity in so much of Synge's work. There is a corpse on the stage in *Riders to the Sea*, and a man laid out as a corpse in *In the Shadow of the Glen*, and there is a funeral party in *The Playboy of the Western World*. Synge's imagination dwelt much among the tombs. Even in his comedies, his laughter does not spring from an exuberant joy in life so much as from excitement among the incongruities of a world that is due to death. Hence he cannot be summed up either as a tragic or a comic writer. He is rather a tragic satirist with the soul of a lyric poet.

If he is at his greatest in *Riders to the Sea*, he is at his most personal in *The Well of the Saints*, and this is essentially a tragic satire. It is a symbolic play woven out of the illusions of two blind beggars. Mr. Howe says that " there is nothing for the symbolists in *The Well of the Saints*," but that is because he is anxious to prove that Synge was a great creator of men and women. Synge, in my opinion at least, was nothing of the sort. His genius was a genius of decoration, not of psychology. One might compare it to firelight in a dark room, throwing fantastic shapes on the walls. He loved the fantastic, and he was held by the darkness. Both in speech and in character, it

was the bizarre and even the freakish that attracted him. In *Riders to the Sea* he wrote as one who had been touched by the simple tragedy of human life. But, as he went on writing and working, he came to look on life more and more as a pattern of extravagances, and he exchanged the noble style of *Riders to the Sea* for the gauded and overwrought style of *The Playboy*.

"With *The Playboy of the Western World*," says Mr. Howe, "Synge placed himself among the masters." But then Mr. Howe thinks that "Pegeen Mike is one of the most beautiful and living figures in all drama," and that she "is the normal," and that

> Synge, with an originality more absolute than Wordsworth's, insisted that his readers should regain their poetic feeling for ordinary life; and presented them with Pegeen with the stink of poteen on her, and a playboy wet and crusted with his father's blood.

The conception of ordinary life—or is it only ordinary Irish life?—in the last half-sentence leaves one meditating.

But, after all, it is not Synge's characters or his plots, but his language, which is his great contribution to literature. I agree with Mr. Howe that the question how far his language is the language of the Irish countryside is a minor one. On the other hand, it is worth noting that he wrote most beautifully in the first enthusiasm of his discovery of the wonders of Irish peasant speech. His first plays express, as it were, the delight of first love. He was always a shaping artist, of course, in search of figures and patterns; but he kept his passion for these things subordinate to reality in the early plays. In *The Playboy* he seemed to be determined to write riotously, like a man straining after vitality. He exaggerated everything. He emptied bagfuls of wild phrases—the collections of years—into the conversations of a few minutes. His style became, in a literary sense, vicious, a thing of tricks and conventions: blank-verse rhythms—I am sure there are a hundred blank-verse lines in the play—and otiose

adjectives crept in and spoilt it as prose. It became like a parody of the beautiful English Synge wrote in the noon of his genius.

I cannot understand the special enthusiasm for *The Playboy* except among those who read it before they knew anything of Synge's earlier and better work. With all its faults, however, it is written by the hand of genius, and the first hearing or reading of it must come as a revelation to those who do not know *Riders to the Sea* or *The Well of the Saints*. Even when it is played, as it is now played, in an expurgated form, and with sentimentality substituted for the tolerant but Mephistophelean malice which Synge threaded into it, the genius and originality are obvious enough. *The Playboy* is a marvellous confection, but it is to *Riders to the Sea* one turns in search of Synge the immortal poet.

IX

VILLON: THE GENIUS OF THE TAVERN

It is to Stevenson's credit that he was rather sorry that he had ever written his essay on Villon. He explains that this was due to the fact that he "regarded Villon as a bad fellow," but one likes to think that his conscience was also a little troubled because through lack of sympathy he had failed to paint a just portrait of a man of genius. Villon was a bad fellow enough in all conscience. He was not so bad, however, as Stevenson made him out. He was, no doubt, a thief; he had killed a man; and it may even be (if we are to read autobiography into one of the most shocking portions of the *Grand Testament*) that he lived for a time on the earnings of "la grosse Margot." But, for all this, he was not the utterly vile person that Stevenson believed. His poetry is not mere whining and whimpering of genius which occasionally changes its mood and sticks its fingers to its nose. It is rather the confession of a man who had wandered over the "crooked hills of delicious pleasure," and had arrived in rags and filth in the famous city of Hell. It is a map of disaster and a chronicle of lost souls. Swinburne defined the genius of Villon more imaginatively than Stevenson when he addressed him in a paradoxical line as:

> Bird of the bitter bright grey golden morn,

and spoke of his "poor, perfect voice,"

> That rings athwart the sea whence no man steers,
> Like joy-bells crossed with death-bells in our ears.

No man who has ever written has so cunningly mingled joy-bells and death-bells in his music. Here is a realism of damned souls—damned in their merry sins—at which the writer of *Ecclesiastes* merely seems to hint like a detached philosopher. Villon may never have achieved the last faith of the penitent thief. But he was a penitent thief at least in his disillusion. If he continues to sing *Carpe diem* when at the age of thirty he is already an old, diseased man, he sings it almost with a sneer of hatred. It is from the lips of a grinning death's-head—not of a jovial roysterer, as Henley makes it seem in his slang translation—that the *Ballade de bonne Doctrine à ceux de mauvaise Vie* falls, with its refrain of destiny:

Tout aux tavernes et aux filles.

And the *Ballade de la Belle Heaulmière aux Filles de Joie*, in which Age counsels Youth to take its pleasure and its fee before the evil days come, expresses no more joy of living than the dismallest *memento mori.*

One must admit, of course, that the obsession of vice is strong in Villon's work. In this he is prophetic of much of the greatest French literature of the nineteenth century. He had consorted with criminals beyond most poets. It is not only that he indulged in the sins of the flesh. It is difficult to imagine that there exists any sin of which he and his companions were not capable. He was apparently a member of the famous band of thieves called the Coquillards, the sign of which was a cockle-shell in the cap, "which was the sign of the Pilgrim." "It was a large business," Mr. Stacpoole says of this organization in his popular life of Villon, "with as many departments as a New York store, and, to extend the simile, its chief aim and object was to make money. Coining, burglary, highway robbery, selling indulgences and false jewellery, card-sharping, and dice-playing with loaded dice, were chief among its industries." Mr. Stacpoole goes on to tone down

this catalogue of iniquity with the explanation that the Coquillards were, after all, not nearly such villains as our contemporary milk-adulterators and sweaters of women. He is inclined to think they may have been good fellows, like Robin Hood and his men or the gentlemen of the road in a later century. This may well be, but a gang of Robin Hoods, infesting a hundred taverns in the town and quarrelling in the streets over loose women, is dangerous company for an impressionable young man who had never been taught the Shorter Catechism. Paris, even in the twentieth century, is alleged to be a city of temptation. Paris, in the fifteenth century, must have been as tumultuous with the seven deadly sins as the world before the Flood. Joan of Arc had been burned in the year in which Villon was born, but her death had not made saints of the students of Paris. Living more or less beyond the reach of the civil law, they made a duty of riot, and counted insolence and wine to themselves for righteousness. Villon, we are reminded, had good influences in his life, which might have been expected to moderate the appeal of wildness and folly. He had his dear, illiterate mother, for whom, and at whose request, he wrote that unexpected ballade of prayer to the Mother of God. He had, too, that good man who adopted him, Guillaume de Villon, chaplain of Saint Benoist—

> mon plus que père
> Maistre Guillaume de Villon,
> Qui m'a esté plus doux que mère;

and who gave him the name that he has made immortal. That he was not altogether unresponsive to these good influences is shown by his references to them in his *Grand Testament*, though Stevenson was inclined to read into the lines on Guillaume the most infernal kind of mockery and derision. One of Villon's bequests to the old man, it will be remembered, was the *Rommant du Pet au Diable*, which Stevenson refers to again and

again as an " improper romance." Mr. Stacpoole has done a service to English readers interested in Villon by showing that the *Rommant* was nothing of the sort, but was a little epic—possibly witty enough—on a notorious conflict between the students and civilians of Paris. One may accept the vindication of Villon's goodness of heart, however, without falling in at all points with Mr. Stacpoole's tendency to justify his hero. When, for instance, in the account of Villon's only known act of homicide, the fact that after he had stabbed the priest, Sermoise, he crushed in his head with a stone, is used to prove that he must have been acting on the defensive, because, " since the earliest times, the stone is the weapon used by man to repel attack—chiefly the attack of wolves and dogs "—one cannot quite repress a sceptical smile. I admit that, in the absence of evidence, we have no right to accuse Villon of deliberate murder. But it is the absence of evidence that acquits him, not the fact that he killed his victim with a stone as well as a dagger. Nor does it seem to me quite fair to blame, as Mr. Stacpoole does by implication, the cold and beautiful Katherine de Vaucelles for Villon's moral downfall. Katherine de Vaucelles—what a poem her very name is !—may, for all one knows, have had the best of reasons for sending her bully to beat the poet " like dirty linen on the washing-board." We do not know, and it is better to leave the matter a mystery than to sentimentalize like Mr. Stacpoole :—

> Had he come across just now one of those creative women, one of those women who by the alchemy that lives alone in love can bend a man's character, even though the bending had been ever so little, she might have saved him from the catastrophe towards which he was moving, and which took place in the following December.

All we know is that the lady of miracles did not arrive, and that in her absence Villon and a number of companion gallows-birds occupied the dark of one winter's night in robbing the chapel of the Collège de Navarre. This

was in 1456, and not long afterwards Villon wrote his *Petit Testament*, and skipped from Paris.

We know little of his wanderings in the next five years, nor do we know whether the greater part of them was spent in crimes or in reputable idleness. Mr. Stacpoole writes a chapter on his visit to Charles of Orléans, but there are few facts for a biographer to go upon during this period. Nothing with a date happened to Villon till the summer of 1461, when Thibault d'Aussigny, Bishop of Orléans, for some cause or other, real or imaginary, had him cast into a pit so deep that he "could not even see the lightning of a thunderstorm," and kept him there for three months with "neither stool to sit nor bed to lie on, and nothing to eat but bits of bread flung down to him by his gaolers." Here, during his three months' imprisonment in the pit, he experienced all that bitterness of life which makes his *Grand Testament* a "De Profundis" without parallel in scapegrace literature. Here, we may imagine with Mr. Stacpoole, his soul grew in the grace of suffering, and the death-bells began to bring a solemn music among the joy-bells of his earlier follies. He is henceforth the companion of lost souls. He is the most melancholy of cynics in the kingdom of death. He has ever before him the vision of men hanging on gibbets. He has all the hatreds of a man tortured and haunted and old.

Not that he ever entirely resigns his carnality. His only complaint against the flesh is that it perishes like the snows of last year. But to recognize even this is to have begun to have a just view of life. He knows that in the tavern is to be found no continuing city. He becomes the servant of truth and beauty as he writes the most revealing and tragic satires on the population of the tavern in the world's literature. What more horrible portrait exists in poetry than that of "la belle Heaulmière" grown old, as she contemplates her beauty turned to hideousness—her once fair limbs become

" speckled like sausages "? " La Grosse Margot " alone is more horrible, and her bully utters his and her doom in the last three awful lines of the ballade which links her name with Villon's :—

> Ordure amons, ordure nous affuyt ;
> Nous deffuyons honneur, il nous deffuyt,
> En ce bordeau, où tenons nostre estat.

But there is more than the truth of ugliness in these amazing ballads of which the *Grand Testament* is full. Villon was by nature a worshipper of beauty. The lament over the defeat of his dream of fair lords and ladies by the reality of a withered and dissatisfying world runs like a torment through his verse. No one has ever celebrated the inevitable passing of loveliness in lovelier verse than Villon has done in the *Ballade des Dames du Temps Jadis*. I have heard it maintained that Rossetti has translated the radiant beauty of this ballade into his *Ballad of Dead Ladies*. I cannot agree. Even his beautiful translation of the refrain,

> But where are the snows of yesteryear,

seems to me to injure simplicity with an ornament, and to turn natural into artificial music. Compare the opening lines in the original and in the translation, and you will see the difference between the sincere expression of a vision and the beautiful writing of an exercise. Here is Villon's beginning :—

> Dictes-moy où, n'en quel pays,
> Est Flora, la belle Romaine ?
> Archipiade, ne Thaïs,
> Qui fut sa cousine germaine ?

And here is Rossetti's jaunty English :—

> Tell me now in what hidden way is
> Lady Flora, the lovely Roman ?
> Where's Hipparchia, and where is Thaïs,
> Neither of them the fairer woman ?

One sees how Rossetti is inclined to romanticize that which is already romantic beyond one's dreams in its naked and golden simplicity. I would not quarrel with Rossetti's version, however, if it had not been often put forward as an example of a translation which was equal to the original. It is certainly a wonderful version if we compare it with most of those that have been made from Villon. Mr. Stacpoole's, I fear, have no rivulets of music running through them to make up for their want of prose exactitude. Admittedly, however, translation of Villon is difficult. Some of his most beautiful poems are simple as catalogues of names, and the secret of their beauty is a secret elusive as a fragrance borne on the wind. Mr. Stacpoole may be congratulated on his courage in undertaking an impossible task—a task, moreover, in which he challenges comparison with Rossetti, Swinburne, and Andrew Lang. His book, however, is meant for the general public rather than for poets and scholars—at least, for that intelligent portion of the general public which is interested in literature without being over-critical. For its purpose it may be recommended as an interesting, picturesque, and judicious book. The Villon of Stevenson is little better than a criminal monkey of genius. The Villon of Mr. Stacpoole is at least the makings of a man.

X

POPE

POPE is a poet whose very admirers belittle him. Mr. Saintsbury, for instance, even in the moment of inciting us to read him, observes that "it would be scarcely rash to say that there is not an original thought, sentiment, image, or example of any of the other categories of poetic substance to be found in the half a hundred thousand verses of Pope." And he has still less to say in favour of Pope as a man. He denounces him for "rascality" and goes on with characteristic irresponsibility to suggest that "perhaps . . . there is a natural connection between the two kinds of this dexterity of fingering—that of the artist in words, and that of the pickpocket or the forger." If Pope had been a contemporary, Mr. Saintsbury, I imagine, would have stunned him with a huge mattock of adjectives. As it is, he seems to be in two minds whether to bury or to praise him. Luckily, he has tempered his moral sense with his sense of humour, and so comes to the happy conclusion that as a matter of fact, when we read or read about Pope, "some of the proofs which are most damning morally, positively increase one's æsthetic delight."

One is interested in Pope's virtues as a poet and his vices as a man almost equally. It is his virtues as a man and his vices as a poet that are depressing. He is usually at his worst artistically when he is at his best morally. He achieves wit through malice: he achieves only rhetoric through virtue. It is not that one wishes he had been a bad son or a Uriah

Heep in his friendships. It is pleasant to remember the pleasure he gave his mother by allowing her to copy out parts of his translation of the *Iliad*, and one respects him for refusing a pension of £300 a year out of the secret service money from his friend Craggs. But one wishes that he had put neither his filial piety nor his friendship into writing. Mr. Saintsbury, I see, admires "the masterly and delightful craftsmanship in words" of the tribute to Craggs; but then Mr. Saintsbury also admires the *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*—a mere attitude in verse, as chill as a weeping angel in a graveyard.

Pope's attractiveness is less that of a real man than of an inhabitant of Lilliput, where it is a matter of no importance whether or not one lives in obedience to the Ten Commandments. We can regard him with amusement as a liar, a forger, a glutton, and a slanderer of his kind. If his letters are the dullest letters ever written by a wit, it is because he reveals in them not his real vices but his imaginary virtues. They only become interesting when we know the secret history of his life and read them as the moralizings of a doll Pecksniff. Historians of literature often assert—mistakenly, I think—that Pliny's letters are dull, because they are merely the literary exercises of a man over-conscious of his virtues. But Pliny's virtues, however tip-tilted, were at least real. Pope's letters are the literary exercises of a man platitudinizing about virtues he did not possess. They have an impersonality like that of the leading articles in *The Times*. They have all the qualities of the essay except intimate confession. They are irrelevant scrawls which might as readily have been addressed to one correspondent as another. So much so is this, that when Pope published them, he altered the names of the recipients of some of them so as to make it appear that they were written to famous persons when, as a matter of fact, they were written to private and little-known friends.

The story of the way in which he tampered with his letters and arranged for their "unauthorized" publication by a pirate publisher is one of the most amazing in the history of forgery. It was in reference to this that Whitwell Elwin declared that Pope "displayed a complication of imposture, degradation, and effrontery which can only be paralleled in the lives of professional forgers and swindlers." When he published his correspondence with Wycherley, his contemporaries were amazed that the boyish Pope should have written with such an air of patronage to the aged Wycherley, and that Wycherley should have suffered it. We know, now, however, that the correspondence is only in part genuine, and that Pope used portions of his correspondence with Caryll and published them as though they had been addressed to Wycherley. Wycherley had remonstrated with Pope on the extravagant compliments he paid him: Pope had remonstrated with Caryll on similar grounds. In the Wycherley correspondence, Pope omits Wycherley's remonstrance to him and publishes his own remonstrance to Caryll as a letter from himself to Wycherley.

From that time onwards Pope spared no effort in getting his correspondence "surreptitiously" published. He engaged a go-between, a disreputable actor disguised as a clergyman, to approach Curll, the publisher, with an offer of a stolen collection of letters, and, when the book was announced, he attacked Curll as a villain, and procured a friend in the House of Lords to move a resolution that Curll should be brought before the House on a charge of breach of privilege, one of the letters (it was stated) having been written to Pope by a peer. Curll took a number of copies of the book with him to the Lords, and it was discovered that no such letter was included. But the advertisement was a noble one. Unfortunately, even a man of genius could not devise elaborate schemes of this kind without ultimately falling under suspicion, and Curll wrote a

narrative of the events which resulted in seriously discrediting Pope.

Pope was surely one of the least enviable authors who ever lived. He had fame and fortune and friends. But he had not the constitution to enjoy his fortune, and in friendship he had not the gift of fidelity. He secretly published his correspondence with Swift and then set up a pretence that Swift had been the culprit. He earned from Bolingbroke in the end a hatred that pursued him in the grave. He was always begging Swift to go and live with him at Twickenham. But Swift found even a short visit trying. "Two sick friends never did well together," he wrote in 1727, and he has left us verses descriptive of the miseries of great wits in each other's company:—

> Pope has the talent well to speak,
> But not to reach the ear;
> His loudest voice is low and weak,
> The Dean too deaf to hear.
>
> Awhile they on each other look,
> Then different studies choose;
> The Dean sits plodding o'er a book,
> Pope walks and courts the muse.

"Mr. Pope," he grumbled some years later, "can neither eat nor drink, loves to be alone, and has always some poetical scheme in his head." Swift, luckily, stayed in Dublin and remained Pope's friend. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu went to Twickenham and became Pope's enemy. The reason seems to have been that he was more eager for an exchange of compliments than for friendship. He affected the attitude of a man in love, when Lady Mary saw in him only a monkey in love. He is even said to have thrown his little makeshift of a body, in its canvas bodice and its three pairs of stockings, at her feet, with the result that she burst out laughing. Pope took his revenge in the *Epistle to Martha Blount*, where, describing

Lady Mary as Sappho, he declared of another lady that her different aspects agreed as ill with each other—

> As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock;
> Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task
> With Sappho fragrant at an evening mask;
> So morning insects, that in muck begun,
> Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the evening sun.

His relations with his contemporaries were too often begun in compliments only to end in abuse of this kind. Even while he was on good terms with them, he was frequently doing them ill turns. Thus, he persuaded a publisher to get Dennis to write abusively of Addison's *Cato* in order that he might have an excuse in his turn for writing abusively of Dennis, apparently vindicating Addison but secretly taking a revenge of his own. Addison was more embarrassed than pleased by so savage a defence, and hastened to assure Dennis that he had had nothing to do with it. Addison also gave offence to Pope by his too judicious praise of *The Rape of the Lock* and the translation of the *Iliad*. Thus began the maniacal suspicion of Addison, which was expressed with the genius of venom in the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*.

There was never a poet whose finest work needs such a running commentary of discredit as Pope's. He may be said, indeed, to be the only great poet in reading whom the commentary is as necessary as the text. One can enjoy Shakespeare or Shelley without a note: one is inclined even to resent the intrusion of the commentator into the upper regions of poetry. But Pope's verse is a guide to his age and the incidents of his waspish existence, lacking a key to which one misses three-fourths of the entertainment. The *Dunciad* without footnotes is one of the obscurest poems in existence: with footnotes it becomes a perfect epic of literary entomology. And it is the same with at least half of his work. Thus, in the *Imitations of Horace,*

a reference to Russell tells us little till we read in a delightful footnote :

> There was a Lord Russell who, by living too luxuriously, had quite spoiled his constitution. He did not love sport, but used to go out with his dogs every day only to hunt for an appetite. If he felt anything of that, he would cry out, "Oh, I have found it!" turn short round and ride home again, though they were in the midst of the finest chase. It was this lord who, when he met a beggar, and was entreated by him to give him something because he was almost famished with hunger, called him a "happy dog."

There may have been a case for neglecting Pope before Mr. Elwin and Mr. Courthope edited and annotated him—though he had been edited well before—but their monumental edition has made him of all English poets one of the most incessantly entertaining.

Pope, however, is a charmer in himself. His venom has graces. He is a stinging insect, but of how brilliant a hue! There are few satires in literature richer in the daintiness of malice than the *Epistle to Martha Blount* and the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*. The "characters" of women in the former are among the most precious of those railleries of sex in which mankind has always loved to indulge. The summing-up of the perfect woman :

> And mistress of herself, though china fall,

is itself perfect in its wit. And the fickle lady, Narcissa, is a portrait in porcelain :

> Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
> To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;
> Has even been proved to grant a lover's prayer.
> And paid a tradesman once, to make him stare; . . .
> Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
> Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres;
> Now conscience chills her and now passion burns;
> And atheism and religion take their turns;
> A very heathen in the carnal part,
> Yet still a sad, good Christian at the heart.

The study of Chloe, who "wants a heart," is equally delicate and witty :

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever—
So very reasonable, so unmoved,
As never yet to love, or to be loved.
She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair! . . .
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her footman put it in her head.
Chloe is prudent—would you too be wise?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

The *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* is still more dazzling. The venom is passionate without ever ceasing to be witty. Pope has composed a masterpiece of his vanities and hatreds. The characterizations of Addison as Atticus, and of Lord Hervey as Sporus:

Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk—

Sporus, "the bug with gilded wings"—are portraits one may almost call beautiful in their bitter phrasing. There is nothing make-believe here as there is in the virtue of the letters. This is Pope's confession, the image of his soul. Elsewhere in Pope the accomplishment is too often rhetorical, though *The Rape of the Lock* is as delicate in artifice as a French fairy-tale, the *Dunciad* an amusing assault of a major Lilliputian on minor Lilliputians, and the *Essay on Criticism*—what a regiment of witty lines to be written by a youth of twenty or twenty-one!—much nearer being a great essay in verse than is generally admitted nowadays. As for the *Essay on Man*, one can read it more than once only out of a sense of duty. Pope has nothing to tell us that we want to know about man except in so far as he dislikes him. We praise him as the poet who makes remarks—as the poet, one might almost say, who makes faces. It is when he sits in the scorner's chair, whether in good humour or in bad, that he is the little lord of versifiers.

XI

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

JAMES ELROY FLECKER died in January 1915, having added at least one poem to the perfect anthology of English verse. Probably his work contains a good deal that is permanent besides this. But one is confident at least of the permanence of *The Old Ships*. Readers coming a thousand years hence upon the beauty, the romance and the colour of this poem will turn eagerly, one imagines, in search of other work from the same pen. This was the flower of the poet's genius. It was the exultant and original speech of one who was in a great measure the seer of other men's visions. Flecker was much given to the translation of other poets, and he did not stop at translating their words. He translated their imagination also into careful verse. He was one of those poets whose genius is founded in the love of literature more than in the love of life. He seems less an interpreter of the earth than one who sought after a fantastic world which had been created by Swinburne and the Parnassians and the old painters and the tellers of the *Arabian Nights*.

"He began," Mr. J. C. Squire has said, "by being more interested in his art than in himself." And all but a score or so of his poems suggest that this was his way to the last. He was one of those for whom the visible world exists. But it existed for him less in nature than in art. He does not give one the impression of a poet who observed minutely and delightedly as Mr. W. H. Davies observes. His was a painted world inhabited by a number of chosen and

exquisite images. He found the real world by comparison disappointing. "He confessed," we are told, "that he had not greatly liked the East—always excepting, of course, Greece." This was almost a necessity of his genius; and it is interesting to see how in some of his later work his imagination is feeling its way back from the world of illusion to the world of real things—from Bagdad and Babylon to England.

His poetry does not as a rule touch the heart; but in *Oak and Olive* and *Brumana* his spectatorial sensuousness at last breaks down and the cry of the exile moves us as in an intimate letter from a friend since dead. Those are not mere rhetorical reproaches to the "traitor pines" which

> sang what life has found
> The falsest of fair tales;

which had murmured of—

> older seas
> That beat on vaster sands,

and of—

> lands
> Where blaze the unimaginable flowers.

It was as though disillusion had given an artist a soul. And when the war came it found him, as he lay dying of consumption in Switzerland, a poet not merely of manly but of martial utterance. *The Burial in England* is perhaps too much of an *ad hoc* call to be great poetry. But it has many noble and beautiful lines and is certainly of a different world from his mediocre version of *God Save the King*.

At the same time, I do not wish to suggest that his poetry of illusion is the less important part of his work. The perfection of his genius is to be sought, as a matter of fact, in his romantic eastern work, such as *The Ballad of Iskander*, *A Miracle of Bethlehem*,

Gates of Damascus, and *Bryan of Brittany*. The false, fair tale of the East had, as it were, released him from mere flirtation with the senses into the world of the imagination. Of human passions he sang little. He wrote oftener of amorousness than of love, as in *The Ballad of the Student of the South*. His passion for fairy tales, his amorousness of the East, stirred his imagination from idleness among superficial fancies into a brilliant ardour. It was these things that roused him to a nice extravagance with those favourite words and colours and images upon which Mr. Squire comments :

> There are words, just as there are images, which he was especially fond of using. There are colours and metals, blue and red, silver and gold, which are present everywhere in his work ; the progresses of the sun (he was always a poet of the sunlight rather than a poet of the moonlight) were a continual fascination to him ; the images of Fire, of a ship, and of an old white-bearded man recur frequently in his poems.

Mr. Squire contends justly enough that in spite of this Flecker is anything but a monotonous poet. But the image of a ship was almost an obsession with him. It was his favourite toy. Often it is a silver ship. In the blind man's vision in the time of Christ even the Empires of the future are seen sailing like ships. The keeper of the West Gate of Damascus sings of the sea beyond the sea :

> when no wind breathes or ripple stirs,
> And there on Roman ships, they say, stand rows of metal mariners.

Those lines are worth noting for the way in which they suggest how much in the nature of toys were the images with which Flecker's imagination was haunted. His world was a world of nursery ships and nursery caravans.

"Haunted" is, perhaps, an exaggeration. His attitude is too impassive for that. He works with

the deliberateness of a prose-writer. He is occasionally even prosaic in the bad sense, as when he uses the word "meticulously," or makes his lost mariners say:

> How striking like that boat were we
> In the days, sweet days, when we put to sea.

That he was a poet of the fancy rather than of the imagination also tended to keep his poetry near the ground. His love of the ballad-design and "the good coloured things of Earth" was tempered by a kind of infidel humour in his use of them. His ballads are the ballads of a brilliant dilettante, not of a man who is expressing his whole heart and soul and faith, as the old ballad-writers were. In the result he walked a golden pavement rather than mounted into the golden air. He was an artist in ornament, in decoration. Like the Queen in the *Queen's Song*, he would immortalize the ornament at the cost of slaying the soul.

Of all recent poets of his kind, Flecker is the most successful. The classical tradition of poetry has been mocked and mutilated by many of the noisy young in the last few years. Flecker was a poet who preserved the ancient balance in days in which want of balance was looked on as a sign of genius. That he was what is called a minor poet cannot be denied, but he was the most beautiful of recent minor poets. His book, indeed, is a treasury of beauty rare in these days. Of that beauty, *The Old Ships* is, as I have said, the splendid example. And, as it is foolish to offer anything except a poet's best as a specimen of his work, one has no alternative but to turn again to those gorgeously-coloured verses which begin:

> I have seen old ships sail like swans asleep
> Beyond the village which men still call Tyre,
> With leaden age o'ercargoed, dipping deep
> For Famagusta and the hidden sun
> That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire;
> And all those ships were certainly so old—
> Who knows how oft with squat and noisy gun,

Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,
The pirate Genoese
Hell-raked them till they rolled
Blood, water, fruit and corpses up the hold.
But now through friendly seas they softly run,
Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea green,
Still patterned with the vine and grapes in gold.

That is the summary and the summit of Flecker's genius. But the rest of his verse, too, is the work of a true and delightful poet, a faithful priest of literature, an honest craftsman with words.

XII

TURGENEV

MR. EDWARD GARNETT has recently collected his prefaces to the novels and stories of Turgenev, and refashioned them into a book in praise of the genius of the most charming of Russian authors. I am afraid the word "charming" has lost so much of its stamp and brightness with use as to have become almost meaningless. But we apply it to Turgenev in its fullest sense. We call him charming as Pater called Athens charming. He is one of those authors whose books we love because they reveal a personality sensitive, affectionate, pitiful. There are some persons who, when they come into a room, immediately make us feel happier. Turgenev seems to "come into the room" in his books with just such a welcome presence. That is why I wish Mr. Garnett had made his book a biographical, as well as a critical, study.

He quotes Turgenev as saying: "All my life is in my books." Still, there are a great many facts recorded about him in the letters and reminiscences of those who knew him (and he was known in half the countries of Europe), out of which we can construct a portrait. One finds in the *Life of Sir Charles Dilke*, for instance, that Dilke considered Turgenev "in the front rank" as a conversationalist. This opinion interested one all the more because one had come to think of Turgenev as something of a shy giant. I remember, too, reading in some French book a description of Turgenev as a strange figure in the literary circles of Paris—a large figure with a curious chastity of mind who seemed

bewildered by some of the barbarous jests of civilized men of genius.

There are, indeed, as I have said, plenty of suggestions for a portrait of Turgenev, quite apart from his novels. Mr. Garnett refers to some of them in two excellent biographical chapters. He reminds us, for example, of the immense generosity of Turgenev to his contemporaries and rivals, as when he introduced the work of Tolstoy to a French editor. "Listen," said Turgenev. "Here is 'copy' for your paper of an absolutely first-rate kind. This means that I am not its author. The master—for he is a *real* master—is almost unknown in France; but I assure you, on my soul and conscience, that I do not consider myself worthy to unloose the latchet of his shoes." The letter he addressed to Tolstoy from his death-bed, urging him to return from propaganda to literature, is famous, but it is a thing to which one always returns fondly as an example of the noble disinterestedness of a great man of letters. "I cannot recover," Turgenev wrote:—

> That is out of the question. I am writing to you specially to say how glad I am to be your contemporary, and to express my last and sincere request. My friend, return to literary activity! That gift came to you whence comes all the rest. Ah, how happy I should be if I could think my request would have an effect on you! . . . I can neither walk, nor eat, nor sleep. It is wearisome even to repeat it all! My friend—great writer of our Russian land, listen to my request! . . . I can write no more; I am tired.

One sometimes wonders how Tolstoy and Dostoevsky could ever have quarrelled with a friend of so beautiful a character as Turgenev. Perhaps it was that there was something barbarous and brutal in each of them that was intolerant of his almost feminine refinement. They were both men of action in literature, militant, and by nature propagandist. And probably Turgenev was as impatient with the faults of their strength as they were with the faults of his weakness. He was

a man whom it was possible to disgust. Though he was Zola's friend, he complained that *L'Assommoir* left a bad taste in the mouth. Similarly, he discovered something almost Sadistic in the manner in which Dostoevsky let his imagination dwell on scenes of cruelty and horror. And he was as strongly repelled by Dostoevsky's shrieking Pan-Slavism as by his sensationalism among horrors. One can guess exactly the frame of mind he was in when, in the course of an argument with Dostoevsky, he said: "You see, I consider myself a German." This has been quoted against Turgenev as though he meant it literally, and as though it were a confession of denationalization. His words were more subtle than that in their irony. What they meant was simply: "If to be a Russian is to be a bigot, like most of you Pan-Slav enthusiasts, then I am no Russian, but a European." Has he not put the whole gospel of Nationalism in half a dozen sentences in *Rudin*? He refused, however, to adopt along with his Nationalism the narrowness with which it has been too often associated.

This refusal was what destroyed his popularity in Russia in his lifetime. It is because of this refusal that he has been pursued with belittlement by one Russian writer after another since his death. He had that sense of truth which always upsets the orthodox. This sense of truth applied to the portraiture of his contemporaries was felt like an insult in those circles of mixed idealism and make-believe, the circles of the political partisans. A great artist may be a member—and an enthusiastic member—of a political party, but in his art he cannot become a political partisan without ceasing to be an artist. In his novels, Turgenev regarded it as his life-work to portray Russia truthfully, not to paint and powder and "prettify" it for show purposes, and the result was an outburst of fury on the part of those who were asked to look at themselves as real people instead of as the master-pieces of a professional flatterer. When

Fathers and Children was published in 1862, the only people who were pleased were the enemies of everything in which Turgenev believed. "I received congratulations," he wrote,

> almost caresses, from people of the opposite camp, from enemies. This confused me, wounded me; but my conscience did not reproach me. I knew very well I had carried out honestly the type I had sketched, carried it out not only without prejudice, but positively with sympathy.

This is bound to be the fate of every artist who takes his political party or his church, or any other propagandist group to which he belongs, as his subject. He is a painter, not a vindicator, and he is compelled to exhibit numerous crooked features and faults in such a way as to wound the vanity of his friends and delight the malice of his enemies. Artistic truth is as different from propagandist truth as daylight from limelight, and the artist will always be hated by the propagandist as worse than an enemy—a treacherous friend. Turgenev deliberately accepted as his life-work a course which could only lead to the miseries of being misunderstood. When one thinks of the long years of denunciation and hatred he endured for the sake of his art, one cannot but regard him as one of the heroic figures of the nineteenth century. "He has," Mr. Garnett tells us, "been accused of timidity and cowardice by uncompromising Radicals and Revolutionaries. . . . In an access of self-reproach he once declared that his character was comprised in one word—'poltroon!'" He showed neither timidity nor cowardice, however, in his devotion to truth. His first and last advice to young writers, Mr. Garnett declares, was: "You need truth, remorseless truth, as regards your own sensations." And if Turgenev was remorseless in nothing else, he was remorseless in this—truth as regards both his own sensations and the sensations of his contemporaries. He seems, if we may judge from a sentence he wrote about *Fathers and Children*, to have regarded himself almost as the first

realist. "It was a new method," he said, "as well as a new type I introduced—that of Realizing instead of Idealizing." His claim has, at least, this truth in it: he was the first artist to apply the realistic method to a world seething with ideas and with political and philosophical unrest. His adoption of the realistic method, however, was the result of necessity no less than of choice. He "simply did not know how to work otherwise," as he said. He had not the sort of imagination that can invent men and women easily. He had always to draw from the life. "I ought to confess," he once wrote, "that I never attempted to create a type without having, not an idea, but a living person, in whom the various elements were harmonized together, to work from. I have always needed some groundwork on which I could tread firmly."

When one has praised Turgenev, however, for the beauty of his character and the beautiful truth of his art, one remembers that he, too, was human and therefore less than perfect. His chief failing was, perhaps, that of all the great artists, he was the most lacking in exuberance. That is why he began to be scorned in a world which rated exuberance higher than beauty or love or pity. The world before the war was afraid above all things of losing vitality, and so it turned to contortionists of genius such as Dostoevsky, or lesser contortionists, like some of the Futurists, for fear restfulness should lead to death. It would be foolish, I know, to pretend to sum up Dostoevsky as a contortionist; but he has that element in him. Mr. Conrad suggests a certain vice of misshapenness in Dostoevsky when he praises the characters of Turgenev in comparison with his. "All his creations, fortunate or unfortunate, oppressed and oppressors," he says in his fine tribute to Turgenev in Mr. Garnett's book, "are human beings, not strange beasts in a menagerie, or damned souls knocking themselves about in the stuffy darkness of mystical contradictions." That is well said. On the

other hand, it is only right to remember that, if Turgenev's characters are human beings, they (at least the male characters) have a way of being curiously ineffectual human beings. He understood the Hamlet in man almost too well. From Rudin to the young revolutionist in *Virgin Soil*, who makes such a mess of his propaganda among the peasantry, how many of his characters are as remarkable for their weakness as their unsuccess! Turgenev was probably conscious of this pessimism of imagination in regard to his fellow man—at least, his Russian fellow man. In *On the Eve*, when he wished to create a central character that would act as an appeal to his countrymen to "conquer their sluggishness, their weakness and apathy" (as Mr. Garnett puts it), he had to choose a Bulgarian, not a Russian, for his hero. Mr. Garnett holds that the characterization of Insarov, the Bulgarian, in *On the Eve*, is a failure, and puts this down to the fact that Turgenev drew him, not from life, but from hearsay. I think Mr. Garnett is wrong. I have known the counterpart of Insarov among the members of at least one subject nation, and the portrait seems to me to be essentially true and alive. Luckily, if Turgenev could not put his trust in Russian men, he believed with all his heart in the courage and goodness of Russian women. He was one of the first great novelists to endow his women with independence of soul. With the majority of novelists, women are sexual or sentimental accidents. With Turgenev, women are equal human beings—saviours of men and saviours of the world. *Virgin Soil* becomes a book of hope instead of despair as the triumphant figure of Marianna, the young girl of the Revolution, conquers the imagination. Turgenev, as a creator of noble women, ranks with Browning and Meredith. His realism was not, in the last analysis, a realism of disparagement, but a realism of affection. His farewell words, Mr. Garnett tells us, were: "Live and love others as I have always loved them."

XIII

THE MADNESS OF STRINDBERG

THE mirror that Strindberg held up to Nature was a cracked one. It was cracked in a double sense—it was crazy. It gave back broken images of a world which it made look like the chaos of a lunatic dream. Miss Lind-af-Hageby, in her popular biography of Strindberg, is too intent upon saying what can be said in his defence to make a serious attempt to analyse the secret of genius which is implicit in those "115 plays, novels, collections of stories, essays, and poems" which will be gathered into the complete edition of his works shortly to be published in Sweden. The biography will supply the need of that part of the public which has no time to read Strindberg, but has plenty of time to read about him. It will give them a capably potted Strindberg, and will tell them quietly and briefly much that he himself has told violently and at length in *The Son of a Servant*, *The Confession of a Fool*, and, indeed, in nearly everything he wrote. On the other hand, Miss Lind's book has little value as an interpretation. She does not do much to clear up the reasons which have made the writings of this mad Swede matter of interest in every civilized country in the world. She does, indeed, quote the remark of Gorki, who, at the time of Strindberg's death, compared him to the ancient Danubian hero, Danko, "who, in order to help humanity out of the darkness of problems, tore his heart out of his breast, lit it, and holding it high, led the way." "Strindberg," Miss Lind declares, "patiently burnt his heart for the illumination of the people, and on the day when

his body was laid low in the soil, the flame of his self-immolation was seen, pure and inextinguishable." This will not do. "Patiently" is impossible; so is "pure and inextinguishable." Strindberg was at once a man of genius (and therefore noble) and a creature of doom (and therefore to be pitied). But to sum him up as a spontaneous martyr in the greatest of great causes is to do injustice to language and to the lives of the saints and heroes. He was a martyr, of course, in the sense in which we call a man a martyr to toothache. He suffered; but most of his sufferings were due, not to tenderness of soul, but to tenderness of nerves.

Other artists lay hold upon life through an exceptional sensibility. Strindberg laid hold on life through an exceptional excitability—even an exceptional irritability. In his plays, novels, and essays alike, he is a specialist in the jars of existence. He magnified even the smallest worries until they assumed mountainous proportions. He was the kind of man who, if something went wrong with the kitchen boiler, felt that the Devil and all his angels had been loosed upon him, as upon the righteous Job, with at least the connivance of Heaven. He seems to have regarded the unsatisfactoriness of a servant as a scarcely less tremendous evil than the infidelity of a wife. If you wish to see into what follies of exaggeration Strindberg's want of the sense of proportion led him, you cannot do better than turn to those pages in *Zones of the Spirit* (as the English translation of his *Blue Book* is called), in which he tells us about his domestic troubles at the time of the rehearsals of *The Dream Play*.

> My servant left me; my domestic arrangements were upset; within forty days I had six changes of servants—one worse than the other. At last I had to serve myself, lay the table, and light the stove. I ate black broken victuals out of a basket. In short, I had to taste the whole bitterness of life without knowing why.

Much as one may sympathize with a victim of the servant difficulty, one cannot but regard the last sentence

as, in the vulgar phrase, rather a tall order. But it becomes taller still before Strindberg has done with it.

Then came the dress-rehearsal of *The Dream Play*. This drama I wrote seven years ago, after a period of forty days' suffering which were among the worst which I had ever undergone. And now again exactly forty days of fasting and pain had passed. There seemed, therefore, to be a secret legislature which promulgates clearly defined sentences. I thought of the forty days of the Flood, the forty years of wandering in the desert, the forty days' fast kept by Moses, Elijah, and Christ.

There you have Strindberg's secret. His work is, for the most part, simply the dramatization of the conflict between man and the irritations of life. The chief of these is, of course, woman. But the lesser irritations never disappear from sight for long. His obsession by them is very noticeable in *The Dream Play* itself—in that scene, for instance, in which the Lawyer and the daughter of Indra having married, the Lawyer begins to complain of the untidiness of their home, and the Daughter to complain of the dirt :

THE DAUGHTER. This is worse than I dreamed !

THE LAWYER. We are not the worst off by far. There is still food in the pot.

THE DAUGHTER. But what sort of food ?

THE LAWYER. Cabbage is cheap, nourishing, and good to eat.

THE DAUGHTER. For those who like cabbage—to me it is repulsive.

THE LAWYER. Why didn't you say so ?

THE DAUGHTER. Because I loved you. I wanted to sacrifice my own taste.

THE LAWYER. Then I must sacrifice my taste for cabbage to you—for sacrifices must be mutual.

THE DAUGHTER. What are we to eat then ? Fish ? But you hate fish ?

THE LAWYER. And it is expensive.

THE DAUGHTER. This is worse than I thought it !

THE LAWYER (*kindly*). Yes, you see how hard it is.

And the symbolic representation of married life in terms of fish and cabbage is taken up again a little later :—

THE DAUGHTER. I fear I shall begin to hate you after this!

THE LAWYER. Woe to us, then! But let us forestall hatred. I promise never again to speak of any untidiness—although it is torture to me!

THE DAUGHTER. And I shall eat cabbage, though it means agony to me.

THE LAWYER. A life of common suffering, then! One's pleasure the other one's pain.

One feels that, however true to nature the drift of this may be, it is little more than bacilli of truth seen as immense through a microscope. The agonies and tortures arising from eating cabbage and such things may, no doubt, have tragic consequences enough, but somehow the men whom these things put on the rack refuse to come to life in the imagination on the same tragic plane where Prometheus lies on his crag and Œdipus strikes out his eyes that they may no longer look upon his shame. Strindberg is too anxious to make tragedy out of discomforts instead of out of sorrows. When he is denouncing woman as a creature who loves above all things to deceive her husband, his supreme way of expressing his abhorrence is to declare: "If she can trick him into eating horse-flesh without noticing it, she is happy." Here, and in a score of similar passages, we can see how physical were the demons that endlessly consumed Strindberg's peace of mind.

His attitude to women, as we find it expressed in *The Confession of a Fool, The Dance of Death,* and all through his work, is that of a man overwhelmed with the physical. He raves now with lust, now with disgust—two aspects of the same mood. He turns from love to hatred with a change of front as swift as a drunkard's. He is the Mad Mullah of all the sex-antagonism that has ever troubled men since they began to think of woman as a temptress. He was the most enthusiastic modern exponent of the point-of-view of that Adam who explained: "The woman tempted me." Strindberg deliberately wrote those words on his banner and held them aloft to his generation as the summary

of an eternal gospel. Miss Lind-af-Hageby tells us that, at one period of his life, he was sufficiently free from the physical obsessions of sex to preach the equality of men and women and even to herald the coming of woman suffrage. But his abiding view of woman was that of the plain man of the nineteenth century. He must either be praising her as a ministering angel or denouncing her as a ministering devil—preferably the latter. It would be nonsense, however, to pretend that Strindberg did not see at least one class of women clearly and truly. The accuracy with which he portrays woman the parasite, the man-eater, the siren, is quite terrible. No writer of his day was so shudderingly conscious of every gesture, movement, and intonation with which the spider-woman sets out to lure the mate she is going to devour. It may be that he prophesies against the sins of women rather than subtly analyses and describes them as a better artist would have done. *The Confessions of a Fool* is less a revelation of the soul of his first wife than an attack on her. But we must, in fairness to Strindberg, remember that in his violences against women he merely gives us a new rendering of an indictment that goes back to the beginning of history. The world to him was a long lane of oglings, down which man must fly in terror with his eyes shut and his ears covered. His foolishness as a prophet consists, not in his suspicions of woman regarded as an animal, but in his frothing at the mouth at the idea that she should claim to be treated as something higher than an animal. None the less, he denied to the end that he was a woman-hater. His denial, however, was grimly unflattering :—

> I have said that the child is a little criminal, incapable of self-guidance, but I love children all the same. I have said that woman is—what she is, but I have always loved some woman, and been a father. Whoever, therefore, calls me a woman-hater is a blockhead, a liar, or, a noodle. Or all three together.

Sex, of course, was the greatest cross Strindberg had to bear. But there were hundreds of other little chang-

ing crosses, from persecution mania to poverty, which supplanted each other from day to day on his back. He suffered continually both from the way he was made and from the way the world was made. His novels and plays are a literature of suffering. He reveals himself there as a man pursued by furies, a man without rest. He flies to a thousand distractions and hiding-places—drink and lust and piano-playing, Chinese and chemistry, painting and acting, alchemy and poison, and religion. Some of these, no doubt, he honestly turns to for a living. But in his rush from one thing to another he shows the restlessness of a man goaded to madness. Not that his life is to be regarded as entirely miserable. He obviously gets a good deal of pleasure even out of his acutest pain. "I find the joy of life in its violent and cruel struggles," he tells us in the preface to *Miss Julia*, "and my pleasure lies in knowing something and learning something." He is always consumed with the greed of knowledge—a phase of his greed of domination. It is this that enables him to turn his inferno into a purgatory.

In his later period, indeed, he is optimist enough to believe that the sufferings of life cleanse and ennoble. By tortuous ways of sin he at last achieves the simple faith of a Christian. He originally revolted from this faith more through irritation than from principle. One feels that, with happier nerves and a happier environment, he might easily have passed his boyhood as the model pupil in the Sunday-school. It is significant that we find him in *The Confession of a Fool* reciting Longfellow's *Excelsior* to the first and worst of his wives. Strindberg may have been possessed of a devil; he undoubtedly liked to play the part of a devil; but at heart he was constantly returning to the Longfellow sentiment, though, of course, his hungry intellectual curiosity was something that Longfellow never knew. In his volume of fables, *In Midsummer Days*, we see how essentially good and simple were his ideas when he could rid himself of

sex mania and persecution mania. Probably his love of children always kept him more or less in chains to virtue. Ultimately he yielded himself a victim, not to the furies, but to the still more remorseless pursuit of the Hound of Heaven. On his death-bed, Miss Lind tells us, he held up the Bible and said: "This alone is right." Through his works, however, he serves virtue best, not by directly praising it, but by his eagerly earnest account of the madness of the seven deadly sins, as well as of the seventy-seven deadly irritations. He has not the originality of fancy or imagination to paint virtue well. His genius was the genius of frank and destructive criticism. His work is a jumble of ideas and an autobiography of raw nerves rather than a revelation of the emotions of men and women. His great claim on our attention, however, is that his autobiography is true as far as the power of truth was in him. His pilgrim's progress through madness to salvation is neither a pretty nor a sensational lie. It is a genuine document. That is why, badly constructed though his plays and novels are, some of them have a fair chance of being read a hundred years hence. As a writer of personal literature, he was one of the bold and original men of his time.

XIV

"THE PRINCE OF FRENCH POETS"

It is difficult nowadays to conceive that, within half a century of his death, Ronsard's fame suffered so dark an eclipse that no new edition of his works was called for between 1629 and 1857. When he died, he was, as M. Jusserand reminds us, the most illustrious man of letters in Europe. He seemed, too, to have all those gifts of charm—charm of mood and music—which make immortality certain. And yet, in the rule-of-thumb ages that were to follow, he sank into such disesteem in his own country that Boileau had not a good word for him, and Voltaire roundly said of him that he "spoiled the language." Later, we have Arnauld asserting that France had only done herself dishonour by her enthusiasm for "the wretched poetry of Ronsard." Fénelon, as M. Jusserand tells us, discusses Ronsard as a linguist, and ignores him as a poet.

It was the romantic revival of the nineteenth century that placed Ronsard on a throne again. Even to-day, however, there are pessimistic Frenchmen who doubt whether their country has ever produced a great poet. Mr. Bennet has told us of one who, on being asked who was the greatest of French poets, replied: "Victor Hugo, hélas!" And in the days when Hugo was still but a youth the doubt must have been still more painful. So keenly was the want of a national poet felt that, if one could not have been discovered, the French would have had to invent him. It was necessary for the enthusiastic young romanticists to possess a great indigenous figure to stand beside those imported idols

—Shakespeare, Byron, Goethe, and Dante. Sainte-Beuve, who brought out a Ronsard anthology with a critical essay in 1828, showed them where to look. After that, it was as though French literature had begun with Ronsard. He was the "ideal ancestor." He was, as it were, a re-discovered fatherland. But his praise since then has been no mere task of patriotism. It has been a deep enthusiasm for literature. "You cannot imagine," wrote Flaubert, in 1852, "what a poet Ronsard is. What a poet! What a poet! What wings! . . . This morning, at half-past twelve, I read a poem aloud which almost upset my nerves, it gave me so much pleasure." That may be taken as the characteristic French view of Ronsard. It may be an exaggerated view. It may be fading to some extent before modern influences. But it is unlikely that Ronsard's reputation in his own country will ever again be other than that of a great poet.

At the same time, it is not easy, on literary grounds, to acquiesce in all the praises that have been heaped upon him. One would imagine from Flaubert's exclamations that Ronsard had a range like Shelley's, whereas, in fact, he was more comparable with the English cavalier poets. He had the cavalier poet's gift of making love seem a profession rather than a passion. He was always very much a gentleman, both in his moods and his philosophy. A great deal of his best poetry is merely a variation on *carpe diem*. On the other hand, though he never went very deep or very high, he did express real sentiments and emotions in poetry. Few poets have sung the regret for youth more sincerely and more beautifully, and, with Ronsard, regret for the lost wonder of his own youth was perhaps the acutest emotion he ever knew. He was himself, in his early years, one of those glorious youths who have the genius of charm and comeliness, of grace and strength and the arts. He excelled at football as in lute-playing. He danced, fenced, and rode better than the best; and, with his noble countenance, his strong limbs, his fair

beard, and his "eyes full of gentle gravity," he must have been the picture of the perfect courtier and soldier. Above all, we are told, his conversation was delightful. He had "the gift of pleasing." When he went to Scotland in 1537 with Madeleine, the King's daughter, to attend as page her tragic marriage with James V, James was so attracted by him that he did not allow him to leave the country for two years. With every gift of popularity and success, with the world apparently already at his feet, Ronsard was suddenly struck down by an illness that crippled his whole life. He became deaf, or half-deaf. His body was tortured with arthritis and recurrent attacks of gout. His career as a courtier lay in ruins before him.

Possibly, had it not been so, his genius as a poet would have spent itself in mere politeness. The loss of his physical splendour and the death of more than one of his companions, however, filled him with an extreme sense of the transitoriness of the beauty of the world —of youth and fame and flowers—and turned him both to serious epicureanism and to serious writing. By the year 1550 he was leading the young men of France in a great literary renaissance—a reaction against the lifeless jingle of ballades and punning rhymes. Like du Bellay, he asked himself and his contemporaries: "Are we, then, less than the Greeks and Romans?" And he set out to lay the foundations in France of a literature as individual in its genius as the ancient classics. M. Jusserand, in a most interesting chapter, relates the story of the battles over form and language which were fought by French men of letters in the days of La Pléïade. In an age of awakenings, of conquests, of philosophies, of discussions on everything under the sun, the literature of tricksters was ultimately bound to give way before the bold originality and the sincerities of the new school. But Ronsard had to endure a whole parliament of mockery before the day of victory.

Of his life, apart from his work in literature, there

is little to tell. For a man who lived in France in days when Protestantism and Catholicism were murderously at one another's throats, he had a peculiarly uneventful career. This, too, though he threw himself earnestly into the battle against the heretics. He had begun by sympathizing with Protestantism, because it promised much-needed reforms in the Church ; but the sympathy was short-lived. In 1553, though a layman, he was himself filling various ecclesiastical offices. He drew the salaries of several priories during his life, more lowly paid priests apparently doing the work. Though an earnest Catholic, however, Ronsard was never faithless to friends who took the other side. He published his kindly feelings towards Odet de Coligny, the Admiral's cardinal brother, for instance, who had adopted Protestantism and married, and, though he could write bloodily enough against his sectarian enemies, the cry for tolerance, for pity, for peace, seems continually to force itself to his lips amid the wars of the time. M. Jusserand lays great stress on the plain-spokenness of Ronsard. He praises especially the courage with which the poet often spoke out his mind to kings and churchmen, though no man could write odes fuller of exaggerated adulation when they were wanted. He sometimes counselled kings, we are told, "in a tone that, after all our revolutions, no writer would dare to employ to-day." Perhaps M. Jusserand over-estimates the boldness with which his hero could remind kings that they, like common mortals, were made of mud. He has done so, I imagine, largely in order to clear him from the charge of being a flatterer. It is interesting to be reminded, by the way, that one of his essays in flattery was an edition of his works dedicated, by order of Catherine de Médicis, to Elizabeth of England, whom he compared to all the incomparables, adding a eulogy of "Mylord Robert Du-Dlé comte de l'Encestre" as the ornament of the English, the wonder of the world. Elizabeth was delighted, and gave the poet a diamond for his pretty book.

But Ronsard does not live in literature mainly as a flatterer. Nor is he remembered as a keeper of the conscience of princes, or as a religious controversialist. If nothing but his love-poems had survived, we should have almost all his work that is of literary importance. He fell in love in the grand manner three times, and from these three passions most of his good poetry flowed. First there was Cassandre, the beautiful girl of Florentine extraction, whom he saw singing to her lute, when he was only twenty-two, and loved to distraction. She married another and became the star of Ronsard's song. She was the irruptive heroine of that witty and delightful sonnet on the *Iliad* :—

Je veux lire en trois jours l'Iliade d'Homère,
Et pour ce, Corydon, ferme bien l'huis sur moi ;
Si rien me vient troubler, je t'assure ma foi,
Tu sentiras combien pesante est ma colère.

Je ne veux seulement que notre chambrière
Vienne faire mon lit, ton compagnon ni toi ;
Je veux trois jours entiers demeurer à recoi,
Pour folâtrer après une semaine entière.

Mais, si quelqu'un venait de la part de Cassandre,
Ouvre-lui tôt la porte, et ne le fais attendre,
Soudain entre en ma chambre et me viens accoutrer.

Je veux tant seulement à lui seul me montrer ;
Au reste, si un dieu voulait pour moi descendre
Du ciel, ferme la porte et ne le laisse entrer.

Nine years after Cassandre came Marie, the fifteen-year-old daughter of an Angevin villager, nut-brown, smiling, and with cheeks the colour of a May rose. She died young, but not before she had made Ronsard suffer by coquetting with another lover. What is more important still, not before she had inspired him to write that sonnet which has about it so much of the charm of the morning :—

Mignonne, levez-vous, vous êtes paresseuse,
Jà la gaie alouette au ciel a fredonné,
Et jà le rossignol doucement jargonné,
Dessus l'épine assis, sa complainte amoureuse.

Sus ! debout ! allons voir l'herbelette perleuse,
Et votre beau rosier de boutons couronné,
Et vos œillets aimés auxquels aviez donné
Hier au soir de l'eau d'une main si soigneuse.

Harsoir en vous couchant vous jurâtes vos yeux
D'être plus tôt que moi ce matin éveillée :
Mais le dormir de l'aube, aux filles gracieux,

Vous tient d'un doux sommeil encor les yeux sillées.
Ça, ça, que je les baise, et votre beau tetin,
Cent fois, pour vous apprendre à vous lever matin.

Ronsard was old and grey—at least, he was old before his time and grey—when he met Hélène de Sorgères, maid of honour to the Queen, and began the third of his grand passions. He lived all the life of a young lover over again. They went to dances together, Hélène in a mask. Hélène gave her poet a crown of myrtle and laurel. They had childish quarrels and swore eternal fidelity. It was for her that Ronsard made the most exquisite of his sonnets : *Quand vous serez bien vieille* —a sonnet of which Mr. Yeats has written a magical version in English.

It is in referring to the sonnets for Hélène that M. Jusserand calls attention to the realism of Ronsard's poetry. He points out that one seems to see the women Ronsard loves far more clearly than the heroines of many other poets. He notes the same genius of realism again when he is relating how Ronsard, on the eve of his death, as he was transported from priory to priory, in hope of relief in each new place, wrote a poem of farewell to his friends, in which he described the skeleton horrors of his state with a minute carefulness. Ronsard, indeed, showed himself a very personal

chronicler throughout his work. "He cannot hide the fact that he likes to sleep on the left side, that he hates cats, dislikes servants 'with slow hands,' believes in omens, adores physical exercises and gardening, and prefers, especially in summer, vegetables to meat." M. Jusserand, I may add, has written the just and scholarly praise of a most winning poet. His book, which appears in the *Grands Ecrivains Français* series, is not only a good biographical study, but an admirable narrative of literary and national history.

XV

ROSSETTI AND RITUAL

ROSSETTI'S great gift to his time was the gift of beauty, of beauty to be worshipped in the sacred hush of a temple. His work is not richer in the essentials of beauty than Browning's—it is not, indeed, nearly so rich ; but, while Browning served beauty joyously, a god in a firmament of gods, Rossetti burned a lonely candle to it as to the only true god. To Browning, the temple of beauty was but a house in a living world ; to Rossetti, the world outside the temple was, for the most part, a dead world. *Jenny* may seem to stand in vivid contradiction of this. But *Jenny* was an exceptional excursion into life, and hardly expresses the Rossetti that was a power in art and literature. Him we find best, perhaps, in *The Blessed Damozel*, written when he was little more than a boy. And this is not surprising, for the arrogant love of beauty, out of which the æsthetic sort of art and literature has been born, is essentially a boy's love. Poets who are sick with this passion must either die young, like Keats, or survive merely to echo their younger selves, like Swinburne. They are splendid in youth, like Aucassin, whose swooning passion for Nicolette is symbolical of their almost painful desire of beauty. In *Hand and Soul*, Rossetti tells us of Chiaro dell' Erma that "he would feel faint in sunsets and at the sight of stately persons." Keats's Odes express the same ecstasy of faintness, and Rossetti himself was obviously a close nineteenth-century counterpart of Chiaro. Even when he troubles about the soul—and he constantly troubles about it—he never seems to be

able altogether to escape out of what may be called the higher sensationalism into genuine mysticism. His work is earth-born: it is rich in earthly desire. His symbols were not wings to enable the soul to escape into a divine world of beauty. They were the playthings of a grown man, loved for their own beauty more than for any beauty they could help the spirit to reach.

Rossetti belongs to the ornamental school of poetry. He writes more like a man who has gone into a library than like one who has gone out to Nature, and ornamentalism in poetry is simply the result of seeing life, not directly, but through the coloured glass of literature and the other arts. Rossetti was the forerunner of all those artists and authors of recent times, who, in greater or less degree, looked on art as a weaving of patterns, an arrangement of wonderful words and sounds and colours. Pater in his early writings, William Morris, Oscar Wilde, and all those others who dreamed that it was the artist's province to enrich the world with beautiful furniture—for conduct itself seemed, in the philosophy of these writers, to aspire after the quality of tapestry—are implicit in *The Blessed Damozel* and *Troy Town*. It is not that Rossetti could command words like Pater or Wilde. His phrasing, if personal, is curiously empty of the graces. He often does achieve graces of phrase; but some of his most haunting poems owe their power over us to their general pattern, and not to any persistent fine workmanship. How beautiful *Troy Town* is, for instance, and yet how lacking in beautiful verses! The poet was easily content in his choice of words who could leave a verse like:—

> Venus looked on Helen's gift;
> (*O Troy Town!*)
> Looked and smiled with subtle drift,
> Saw the work of her heart's desire:—
> "There thou kneel'st for Love to lift!"
> (*O Troy's down,*
> *Tall Troy's on fire!*)

Rossetti never wrote a poem that was fine throughout. There is nothing to correspond to *The Skylark* or the *Ode to a Grecian Urn* or *Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came* in his work. The truth is, he was not a great poet, because he was not a singer. He was capable of decorations in verse, but he was not capable of song. His sonnets, it may be argued, are more than decorations. But even they are laden with beauty; they are never, as it were, light and alight with it, as are *Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?* and *Where lies the land to which yon ship must go?* They have flagging pulses like desire itself, and are often weary before the fourteenth line. Only rarely do we get a last six lines like :—

> O love, my love! if I no more should see
> Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
> Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,—
> How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
> The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
> The wind of Death's imperishable wing?

And, beautiful as this is, is not the imagery of the closing lines a little more deliberate than we are conscious of in the great work of the great singers? One never feels that the leaves and the winds in themselves were sufficiently full of meaning and delight for Rossetti. He loved them as pictorial properties—as a designer rather than a poet loves them.

In his use of the very mysteries of Christianity, he is intoxicated chiefly by the beauty of the designs by which the painters have expressed their vision of religion. His *Ave* is a praise of the beauty of art more than a praise of the beauty of divinity. In it we are told how, on the eve of the Annunciation,

> Far off the trees were as pale wands,
> Against the fervid sky: the sea
> Sighed further off eternally
> As human sorrow sighs in sleep.

The poem is not a hymn but a decorated theme. And

XVI

MR. BERNARD SHAW

MR. SHAW came for a short time recently to be regarded less as an author than as an incident in the European War. In the opinion of many people, it seemed as if the Allies were fighting against a combination composed of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and Mr. Shaw. Mr. Shaw's gift of infuriating people is unfailing. He is one of those rare public men who can hardly express an opinion on potato-culture—and he does express an opinion on everything—without making a multitude of people shake their fists in impotent anger. His life—at least, his public life—has been a jibe opposed to a rage. He has gone about, like a pickpocket of illusions, from the world of literature to the world of morals, and from the world of morals to the world of politics, and, everywhere he has gone, an innumerable growl has followed him.

Not that he has not had his disciples—men and women who believe that what Mr. Shaw says on any conceivable subject is far more important than what *The Times* or the *Manchester Guardian* says. He has never founded a church, however, because he has always been able to laugh at his disciples as unfeelingly as at anybody else. He has courted unpopularity as other men have courted popularity. He has refused to assume the vacuous countenance either of an idol or a worshipper, and in the result those of us to whom life without reverence seems like life in ruins are filled at times with a wild lust to denounce and belittle him. He has been called more names than any other man of letters alive. When all the other names have

been exhausted and we are about to become inarticulate, we even denounce him as a bore. But this is only the Billingsgate of our exasperation. Mr. Shaw is not a bore, whatever else he may be. He has succeeded in the mere business of interesting us beyond any other writer of his time.

He has succeeded in interesting us largely by inventing himself as a public figure, as Oscar Wilde and Stevenson did before him. Whether he could have helped becoming a figure, even if he had never painted that elongated comic portrait of himself, it is difficult to say. Probably he was doomed to be a figure just as Dr. Johnson was. If he had not told us legends about himself, other people would have told them, and they could scarcely have told them so well: that would have been the chief difference. Even if Mr. Shaw's plays should ever become as dead as the essays in *The Rambler*, his lineaments and his laughter will survive in a hundred stories which will bring the feet of pilgrims to Adelphi Terrace in search of a ghost with its beard on fire.

His critics often accuse him, in regard to the invention of the Shaw myth, of having designed a poster rather than painted a portrait. And Mr. Shaw always hastens to agree with those who declare he is an advertiser in an age of advertisement. M. Hamon quotes him as saying :—

> Stop advertising myself! On the contrary, I must do it more than ever. Look at Pears's Soap. There is a solid house if you like, but every wall is still plastered with their advertisements. If I were to give up advertising, my business would immediately begin to fall off. You blame me for having declared myself to be the most remarkable man of my time. But the claim is an arguable one. Why should I not say it when I believe that it is true?

One suspects that there is as much fun as commerce in Mr. Shaw's advertisement. Mr. Shaw would advertise himself in this sense even if he were the inmate of a workhouse. He is something of a natural

peacock. He is in the line of all those tramps and stage Irishmen who have gone through life with so fine a swagger of words. This only means that in his life he is an artist.

He is an artist in his life to an even greater extent than he is a moralist in his art. The mistake his depreciators make, however, is in thinking that his story ends here. The truth about Mr. Shaw is not quite so simple as that. The truth about Mr. Shaw cannot be told until we realize that he is an artist, not only in the invention of his own life, but in the observation of the lives of other people. His Broadbent is as wonderful a figure as his George Bernard Shaw. Not that his portraiture is always faithful. He sees men and women too frequently in the refracting shallows of theories. He is a doctrinaire, and his characters are often comic statements of his doctrines rather than the reflections of men and women. "When I present true human nature," he observes in one of the many passages in which he justifies himself, "the audience thinks it is being made fun of. In reality I am simply a very careful writer of natural history." One is bound to contradict him. Mr. Shaw often thinks he is presenting true human nature when he is merely presenting his opinions about human nature—the human nature of soldiers, of artists, of women. Or, rather, when he is presenting a queer fizzing mixture of human nature and his opinions about it.

This may be sometimes actually a virtue in his comedy. Certainly, from the time of Aristophanes onwards, comedy has again and again been a vehicle of opinions as well as a branch of natural history. But it is not always a virtue. Thus in *The Doctor's Dilemma*, when Dubedat is dying, his self-defence and his egoism are for the most part admirably true both to human nature and to Mr. Shaw's view of the human nature of artists. But when he goes on with his last breath to utter his artistic creed: "I believe in Michael

Angelo, Velasquez, and Rembrandt; in the might of design, the mystery of colour, the redemption of all things by Beauty everlasting, and the message of Art that has made these hands blessed. Amen, Amen," these sentences are no more natural or naturalistic than the death-bed utterances in one of Mr. G. R. Sims's ballads. Dubedat would not have thought these things, he would not have said these things; in saying them he becomes a mere mechanical figure, without any admixture of humanity, repeating Mr. Shaw's opinion of the nature of the creed of artists. There is a similar falsification in the same play in the characterization of the newspaper man who is present at Dubedat's death and immediately afterwards is anxious to interview the widow. "Do you think," he asks, "she would give me a few words on 'How it Feels to be a Widow?' Rather a good title for an article, isn't it?" These sentences are bad because into an atmosphere of more or less naturalistic comedy they simply introduce a farcical exaggeration of Mr. Shaw's opinion of the incompetence and impudence of journalists. Mr. Shaw's comedies are repeatedly injured by a hurried alteration of atmosphere in this manner. Comedy, as well as tragedy, must create some kind of illusion, and the destruction of the illusion, even for the sake of a joke, may mean the destruction of laughter. But, compared with the degree of reality in his characterization, the proportion of unreality is not overwhelming. It has been enormously exaggerated.

After all, if the character of the newspaper man in *The Doctor's Dilemma* is machine-made, the much more important character of B. B., the soothing and incompetent doctor, is a creation of the true comic genius.

Nine people out of ten harp on Mr. Shaw's errors. It is much more necessary that we should recognize that, amid all his falsifications, doctrinal and jocular, he has a genuine comic sense of character. "Most

French critics," M. Hamon tells us . . . "declare that Bernard Shaw does depict characters. M. Remy de Gourmont writes : 'Molière has never drawn a doctor more comically "the doctor" than Paramore, nor more characteristic figures of women than those in the same play, *The Philanderer*. The character-drawing is admirable.'" M. Hamon himself goes on, however, to suggest an important contrast between the characterization in Mr. Shaw and the characterization in Molière :—

> In Shaw's plays the characters are less representative of vices or passions than those of Molière, and more representative of class, profession, or sect. Molière depicts the miser, the jealous man, the misanthrope, the hypocrite ; whereas Shaw depicts the bourgeois, the rebel, the capitalist, the workman, the Socialist, the doctor. A few only of these latter types are given us by Molière.

M. Hamon's comparison, made in the course of a long book, between the genius of Mr. Shaw and the genius of Molière is extraordinarily detailed. Perhaps the detail is overdone in such a passage as that which informs us regarding the work of both authors that "suicide is never one of the central features of the comedy ; if mentioned, it is only to be made fun of." The comparison, however, between the sins that have been alleged against both Molière and Mr. Shaw —sins of style, of form, of morals, of disrespect, of irreligion, of anti-romanticism, of farce, and so forth— is a suggestive contribution to criticism. I am not sure that the comparison would not have been more effectively put in a chapter than a book, but it is only fair to remember that M. Hamon's book is intended as a biography and general criticism of Mr. Shaw as well as a comparison between his work and Molière's. It contains, it must be confessed, a great deal that is not new to English readers, but then so do all books about Mr. Shaw. And it has also this fault that, though it is about a master of laughter, it does not contain even the shadow of a smile. Mr.

Shaw is made an idol in spite of himself : M. Hamon's volume is an offering at a shrine.

The true things it contains, however, make it worth reading. M. Hamon sees, for instance, what many critics have failed to see, that in his dramatic work Mr. Shaw is less a wit than a humorist :—

> In Shaw's work we find few studied jests, few epigrams even, except those which are the necessary outcome of the characters and the situations. He does not labour to be witty, nor does he play upon words. . . . Shaw's brilliancy does not consist in wit, but in humour.

Mr. Shaw was at one time commonly regarded as a wit of the school of Oscar Wilde. That view, I imagine, is seldom found nowadays, but even now many people do not realize that humour, and not wit, is the ruling characteristic of Mr. Shaw's plays. He is not content with witty conversation about life, as Wilde was : he has an actual comic vision of human society.

His humour, it is true, is not the sympathetic humour of Elia or Dickens ; but then neither was Molière's. As M. Hamon reminds us, Molière anticipated Mr. Shaw in outraging the sentiment, for instance, which has gathered round the family. "Molière and Shaw," as he puts it with quaint seriousness, "appear to be unaware of what a father is, what a father is worth."

The defence of Mr. Shaw, however, does not depend on any real or imaginary resemblance of his plays to Molière's. His joy and his misery before the ludicrous spectacle of human life are his own, and his expression of them is his own. He has studied with his own eyes the swollen-bellied pretences of preachers and poets and rich men and lovers and politicians, and he has derided them as they have never been derided on the English stage before. He has derided them with both an artistic and a moral energy. He has brought them all into a Palace of Truth, where they have revealed themselves with an unaccustomed and startling frankness. He has done

this sometimes with all the exuberance of mirth, sometimes with all the bitterness of a satirist. Even his bitterness is never venomous, however. He is genial beyond the majority of inveterate controversialists and propagandists. He does not hesitate to wound and he does not hesitate to misunderstand, but he is free from malice. The geniality of his comedy, on the other hand, is often more offensive than malice, because it is from an orthodox point of view geniality in the wrong place. It is like a grin in church, a laugh at a marriage service.

It is this that has caused all the trouble about Mr. Shaw's writings on the war. He saw, not the war so much as the international diplomacy that led up to the war, under the anti-romantic and satirical comic vision. I do not mean that he was not intensely serious in all that he wrote about the war. But his seriousness is essentially the seriousness of (in the higher sense of the word) the comic artist, of the disillusionist. He sees current history from the absolutely opposite point of view, say, to the lyric poet. He was so occupied with his satiric vision of the pretences of the diplomatic world that, though his attitude to the war was as anti-Prussian as M. Vandervelde's, a great number of people thought he must be a pro-German.

The fact is, in war time more than at any other time, people dread the vision of the satirist and the sceptic. It is a vision of only one-half of the truth, and of the half that the average man always feels to be more or less irrelevant. And, even at this, it is not infallible. This is not to disparage Mr. Shaw's contributions to the discussion of politics. That contribution has been brilliant, challenging, and humane, and not more wayward than the contribution of the partisan and the sentimentalist. It may be said of Mr. Shaw that in his politics, as in his plays, he has sought Utopia along the path of disillusion as other men have sought it along the path of idealism and romance.

XVII

MR. MASEFIELD'S SECRET

MR. MASEFIELD, as a poet, has the secret of popularity. Has he also the secret of poetry? I confess his poems often seem to me to invite the admirably just verdict which Jeffrey delivered on Wordsworth's *Excursion*: "This will never do." We miss in his lines the onward march of poetry. His individual phrases carry no cargoes of wonder. His art is not of the triumphant order that lifts us off our feet. As we read the first half of his narrative sea-poem, *Dauber*, we are again and again moved to impatience by the sheer literary left-handedness of the author. There are so many unnecessary words, so many unnecessary sentences. Of the latter we have an example in the poet's reflection as he describes the "fiery fishes" that raced Dauber's ship by night in the southern seas :—

> What unknown joy was in those fish unknown!

It is one of those superfluous thoughts which appear to be suggested less by the thing described than by the need of filling up the last line of the verse. Similarly, when Dauber, as the ship's lampman and painter is nicknamed, regards the miracle of a ship at sea in moonlight, and exclaims :—

> My Lord, my God, how beautiful it is!

we feel that he is only lengthening into a measured line the "My God, how beautiful it is!" of prose. A line like this, indeed, is merely prose that has learned the goose-step of poetry.

Perhaps one would not resent it—and many others like it—so much if it were not that Mr. Masefield so manifestly aims at realism of effect. His narrative is meant to be as faithful to commonplace facts as a policeman's evidence in a court of law. We are not spared even the old familiar expletives. When Dauber's paintings, for example—for he is an artist as well as an artisan—have been destroyed by the malice of the crew, and he questions the Bosun about it,

> The Bosun turned: "I'll give you a thick ear!
> Do it? I didn't. Get to hell from here!"

Similarly, when the Mate, taking up the brush, makes a sketch of a ship for Dauber's better instruction,

> "God, sir," the Bosun said, "You do her fine!"
> "Aye!" said the Mate, "I do so, by the Lord!"

And when the whole crew gathers round to impress upon Dauber the fact of his incompetence,

> "You hear?" the Bosun cried, "You cannot do it!"
> "A gospel truth," the Cook said, "true as hell!"

Here, obviously, the very letter of realism is intended.

Here, too, it may be added, we have as well-meaning an array of oaths as was ever set out in literature. When Mr. Kipling repeats a soldier's oath, he seems to do so with a chuckle of appreciation. When Mr. Masefield puts down the oaths of sailors, he does so rather as a melancholy duty. He swears, not like a trooper, but like a virtuous man. He does not, as so many realists do, love the innumerable coarsenesses of life which he chronicles; that is what makes his oaths often seem as innocent as the conversation of elderly sinners echoed on the lips of children. He has a splendid innocence of purpose, indeed. He wishes to give us the prosaic truth of actual things as a kind of correspondence to the poetic truth of spiritual things of which they are the setting and the frame. Or it

may be that he repeats these oaths and all the rest of it simply as a part of the technicalities of life at sea.

He certainly shows a passion for technicalities hardly less than Mr. Kipling's own. He tells us, for instance, how, in the height of the fury of frost and surge and gale round Cape Horn,

> at last, at last
> They frapped the cringled crojick's icy pelt;
> In frozen bulge and bunt they made it fast.

And, again, when the storm was over and Dauber had won the respect of his mates by his manhood, we have an almost unintelligible verse describing how the Bosun, in a mood of friendship, set out to teach him some of the cunning of the sea :—

> Then, while the Dauber counted, Bosun took
> Some marline from his pocket. "Here," he said,
> "You want to know square sennit? So fash. Look!
> Eight foxes take, and stop the ends with thread.
> I've known an engineer would give his head
> To know square sennit." As the Bose began,
> The Dauber felt promoted to a man.

Mr. Masefield has generously provided six pages of glossary at the end of his poem, where we are told the meaning of "futtock-shrouds," "poop-break," "scuttlebutt," "mud-hooks," and other items in the jargon of the sea.

So much for Mr. Masefield's literary method. Let me be equally frank about his genius, and confess at once that, in any serious estimate of this, all I have said will scarcely be more relevant than the charge against Burke that he had a clumsy delivery. Mr. Masefield has given us in *Dauber* a poem of genius, one of the great storm-pieces of modern literature, a poem that for imaginative infectiousness challenges comparison with the prose of Mr. Conrad's *Typhoon*. To criticize its style takes us no nearer its ultimate secret than piling up examples of bathos takes us to the secret of Words-

worth, or talking about maniacal construction and characterization takes us to the secret of Dostoevsky. There is no use pretending that the methods of these writers are good because their achievements are good. On the other hand, compared with the marvel of achievement, the faultiness of method in each case sinks into a matter almost of indifference. Mr. Masefield gives us in *Dauber* a book of revelation. If he does this in verse that is often merely prose crooked into rhyme—if he does it with a hero who is at first almost as bowelless a human being and as much an appeal for pity as Smike in *Nicholas Nickleby*—that is his affair. In art, more than anywhere else, the end justifies the means, and the end of *Dauber* is vision—intense, terrible, pitiful, heroic vision. Here we have in literature what poor Dauber himself aimed at putting down on his inexpert canvases :—

> A revealing
> Of passionate men in battle with the sea,
> High on an unseen stage, shaking and reeling;
> And men through him would understand their feeling,
> Their might, their misery, their tragic power,
> And all by suffering pain a little hour.

That verse suggests both the kind and the degree of Mr. Masefield's sensitiveness as a recorder of the life of the sea. His is the witness less of a doer than of a sufferer. He is not a reveller in life : he is one, rather, who has found himself tossed about in the foaming tides of anguish, and who clings with a desperate faith to some last spar of beauty or heroism. He is a martyr to the physical as well as to the spiritual pain of the world. He communicates to us, not only the horror of humiliation, but the horror of a numbed boy, " cut to the ghost " by the polar gale, as high in the yards Dauber fights against the ship's doom, having been

> ordered up when sails and spars
> Were flying and going mad among the stars.

How well, too, he imparts the dread and the danger of the coming storm, as the ship gets nearer the Horn :

> All through the windless night the clipper rolled
> In a great swell with oily gradual heaves,
> Which rolled her down until her time-bells tolled,
> Clang, and the weltering water moaned like beeves.

And the next verse reiterates the prophecies of the moving waters :

> Like the march of doom
> Came those great powers of marching silences ;
> Then fog came down, dead-cold, and hid the seas.

The night was spent in dread of fog, in dread of ice, and the ship seemed to respond to the dread of the men as her horn called out into the impenetrable wilderness of mists and waters :

> She bayed there like a solitary hound
> Lost in a covert.

Morning came, bringing no release from fear :

> So the night passed, but then no morning broke—
> Only a something showed that night was dead.
> A sea-bird, cackling like a devil, spoke,
> And the fog drew away and hung like lead.
> Like mighty cliffs it shaped, sullen and red ;
> Like glowering gods at watch it did appear,
> And sometimes drew away, and then drew near.

Then suddenly swooped down the immense black fiend of the storm, catching, as the Bosun put it, the ship " in her ball-dress."

> The blackness crunched all memory of the sun.

Henceforth we have a tale of white fear changing into heroism as Dauber clambers to his giddy place in the rigging, and goes out on the yard to his task,

> Sick at the mighty space of air displayed
> Below his feet, where soaring birds were wheeling.

It was all a "withering rush of death," an orgy of snow, ice, and howling seas.

> The snow whirled, the ship bowed to it, the gear lashed,
> The sea-tops were cut off and flung down smashed;
> Tatters of shouts were flung, the rags of yells—
> And clang, clang, clang, below beat the two bells.

How magnificent a flash of the fury of the storm we get when the Dauber looks down from his scramblings among rigging and snapped spars, and sees the deck

> Filled with white water, as though heaped with snow.

In that line we seem to behold the beautiful face of danger—a beauty that is in some way complementary to the beauty of the endurance of ships and the endurance of men. For the ship is saved, and so is the Dauber's soul, and the men who had been bullies in hours of peace reveal themselves as heroes in stress and peril.

Dauber, it will be seen, is more than an exciting story of a storm. It is a spiritual vision of life. It is a soul's confession. It is Mr. Masefield's *De Profundis*. It is a parable of trial—a chant of the soul that has "emerged out of the iron time." It is a praise of life, not for its own sake, but for the spiritual mastery which its storms and dangers bring. It is a pæan of survival: the ship weathers the storm to go boldly forward again:—

> A great grey sea was running up the sky,
> Desolate birds flew past; their mewings came
> As that lone water's spiritual cry,
> Its forlorn voice, its essence, its soul's name.
> The ship limped in the water as if lame,
> Then, in the forenoon watch, to a great shout,
> More sail was made, the reefs were shaken out.

Not even the death of the Dauber in a wretched accident defeats our sense of divine and ultimate victory. To some readers this fatality may seem a mere luxury

of pathos. But it is an essential part of the scheme of the poem. The poet must state his acceptance of life, not only in its splendid and tragic dangers, but in its cruelty and pathetic wastefulness. He must know the worst of it in order to put the best of it to the proof. The worst passes, the best continues—that is the secret enthusiasm of Mr. Masefield's song. Our final vision is of the ship in safety, holding her course to harbour in a fair wind :—

> Shattering the sea-tops into golden rain.
> The waves bowed down before her like blown grain.

And as she sits in Valparaiso harbour, a beautiful thing at peace under the beautiful shadow of "the mountain tower, snow to the peak," our imagination is lifted to the hills—to where

> All night long
> The pointed mountain pointed at the stars,
> Frozen, alert, austere.

It is a fine symbol of the aspiration of this book of men's "might, their misery, their tragic power." There is something essentially Christian and simple in Mr. Masefield's presentation of life. Conscious though he is of the pain of the world—and aloof from the world though this consciousness sometimes makes him appear —he is full of an extraordinary pity and brotherliness for men. He wanders among them, not with the condescension of so many earnest writers, but with the humility almost of one of the early Franciscans. One may amuse oneself by fancying that there is something in the manner of St. Francis even in Mr. Masefield's attitude to his little brothers the swear-words. He may not love them by nature, but he is kind to them by grace. They strike one as being the most innocent swear-words in literature.

XVIII

MR. W. B. YEATS

1. His Own Account of Himself

MR. W. B. YEATS has created, if not a new world, a new star. He is not a reporter of life as it is, to the extent that Shakespeare or Browning is. One is not quite certain that his kingdom is of the green earth. He is like a man who has seen the earth not directly but in a crystal. He has a vision of real things, but in unreal circumstances. His poetry repels many people at first because it is unlike any other poetry. They are suspicious of it as of a new sect in religion. They have been accustomed to bow in other temples. They resent the ritual, the incantations, the unearthly light and colour of the temple of this innovating high priest.

They resent, most of all, the self-consciousness of the priest himself. For Mr. Yeats's is not a genius with natural readiness of speech. His sentences do not pour from him in stormy floods. It is as though he had to pursue and capture them one by one, like butterflies. Or, perhaps, it is that he has not been content with the simple utterance of his vision. He has reshaped and embroidered it, and has sung of passion in a mask. There are many who see in his poetry only the mask, and who are apparently blind to the passion of sorrowful ecstasy that sets *The Wind Among the Reeds* apart from every other book that has ever been written in English. They imagine that the book amounts to little more than the attitude of a stylist, a trifler with Celtic nomenclature and fairy legend.

One may agree that some of the less-inspired poems are works of intellectual craftsmanship rather than of immediate genius, and that here and there the originality of the poet's vision is clouded by reminiscences of the æsthetic painters. But the greatest poems in the book are a new thing in literature, a " rapturous music " not heard before. One is not surprised to learn from Mr. Yeats's autobiographical volume, *Reveries over Childhood and Youth,* that, when he began to write poetry as a boy, " my lines but seldom scanned, for I could not understand the prosody in the books, although there were many lines that, taken by themselves, had music." His genius, as a matter of fact, was unconsciously seeking after new forms. Those who have read the first draft of *Innisfree* will remember how it gives one the impression of a new imagination stumbling into utterance. Mr. Yeats has laboured his verse into perfect music with a deliberateness like that of Flaubert in writing prose.

Reveries is the beautiful and fascinating story of his childhood and youth, and the development of his genius. " I remember," he tells us, " little of childhood but its pain. I have grown happier with every year of life, as though gradually conquering something in myself." But there is not much of the shadow of pain on these pages. They are full of the portraits of fantastically remembered relations and of stories of home and school related with fantastic humour. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Yeats as a schoolboy " followed the career of a certain professional runner for months, buying papers that would tell me if he had won or lost," but here we see him even in the thick of a fight like a boy in a school story. His father, however, seems to have had infinitely more influence over him than his school environment.

It was his father who grew so angry when the infant poet was taught at school to sing " Little drops of water," and who indignantly forbade him to write a school essay on the subject of the capacity of men to rise on stepping-

stones of their dead selves to higher things. Mr. Yeats's upbringing in the home of an artist anti-Victorian to the finger-tips was obviously such as would lead a boy to live self-consciously, and Mr. Yeats tells us that when he was a boy at school he used to feel "as proud of myself as a March cock when it crows to its first sunrise." He remembers how one day he looked at his schoolfellows on the playing-field and said to himself, "If when I grow up I am as clever among grown-up men as I am among these boys, I shall be a famous man." Another sentence about these days suggests what a difficult inarticulate genius was his. "My thoughts," he says, "were a great excitement, but when I tried to do anything with them, it was like trying to pack a balloon into a shed in a high wind."

Though he was always near the bottom of his class, and was useless at games—"I cannot," he writes, "remember that I ever kicked a goal or made a run"—he showed some promise as a naturalist, and used to look for butterflies, moths, and beetles in Richmond Park. Later, when living on the Dublin coast, he "planned some day to write a book about the changes through a twelvemonth among the creatures of some hole in the rock."

These passages in his autobiography are specially interesting as evidence to refute the absurd theory that Mr. Yeats is a mere vague day-dreamer among poets. The truth is, Mr. Yeats's early poems show that he was a boy of eager curiosity and observation—a boy with a remarkable intellectual machine, as well as a visionary who was one day to build a new altar to beauty. He has never been entirely aloof from the common world. Though at times he has conceived it to be the calling of a man of letters to live apart like a monk, he has mingled with human interests to a far greater extent than most people realize. He has nearly always been a politician and always a fighter.

At the same time, we need not read far in his auto-

biography to discover why people who hate self-consciousness in artists are so hostile to him.

Reveries Over Childhood and Youth is the autobiography of one who was always more self-conscious than his fellows. Mr. Yeats describes himself as a youth in Dublin :—

> sometimes walking with an artificial stride in memory of Hamlet, and stopping at shop windows to look at my tie, gathered into a loose sailor-knot, and to regret that it could not be always blown out by the wind like Byron's tie in the picture.

Even the fits of abstraction of the young poet must often have been regarded as self-conscious attitudinizing by his neighbours—especially by the "stupid stout woman" who lived in the villa next to his father's, and who, as he amusingly relates, mocked him aloud :—

> I had a study with a window opposite some window of hers, and one night when I was writing, I heard voices full of derision, and saw the stout woman and her family standing at the window. I have a way of acting what I write, and speaking it aloud without knowing what I am doing. Perhaps I was on my hands and knees, or looking down over the back of a chair, talking into what I imagined an abyss.

It will be seen that Mr. Yeats is as interesting a figure to himself as he is to Mr. George Moore. If he were not he would not have troubled to write his autobiography. And that would have been a loss to literature. *Reveries Over Childhood and Youth* is a book of extraordinary freshness. It does not, like Wordsworth's *Prelude*, set forth the full account of the great influences that shaped a poet's career. But it is a delightful study of early influences, and depicts a dedicated poet in his boyhood as this has never been done before in English prose.

Of all the influences that have shaped his career, none was more important than the Irish atmosphere to which he early returned from London. He is distinctively an Irish poet, though we find him in his

youth writing plays and poems in imitation of Shelley and Spenser. Irish places have done more to influence his imagination even than the masterpieces of English literature.

It was apparently while he was living in Sligo, not far from the lakes, that he conceived the longing which he afterwards expressed with such originality of charm in *The Lake Isle of Innisfree* :—

> My father had read to me some passage out of *Walden*, and I planned to live some day in a cottage on a little island called Innisfree. . . .
>
> I thought that, having conquered bodily desire and the inclination of my mind towards women and love, I should live as Thoreau lived, seeking wisdom.

It is the little world of Sligo, indeed, that provides all the spacious and twilit landscape in Mr. Yeats's verse. Here were those fishermen and raths and mountains of the Sidhe and desolate lakes which repeat themselves as images through his work. Here, too, he had relatives eccentric and adventurous to excite his imagination, such as the

> Merchant skipper that leaped overboard
> After a ragged hat in Biscay Bay.

Mr. Yeats's relations seem in his autobiography as real as the characters in fiction. Each of them is magnificently stamped with romance or comedy—the hypochondriac uncle, for example, who—

> passed from winter to summer through a series of woollens that had always to be weighed; for in April or May, or whatever the date was, he had to be sure that he carried the exact number of ounces he had carried upon that date since boyhood.

For a time Mr. Yeats thought of following his father's example and becoming a painter. It was while attending an art school in Dublin that he first met A. E. He gives us a curious description of A. E. as he was then :—

He did not paint the model as we tried to, for some other image rose always before his eyes (a St. John in the Desert I remember), and already he spoke to us of his visions. His conversation, so lucid and vehement to-day, was all but incomprehensible, though now and again some phrase could be understood and repeated. One day he announced that he was leaving the Art Schools because his will was weak, and the arts or any other emotional pursuit would but weaken it further.

Mr. Yeats's memoirs, however, are not confined to prose. His volume of verse called *Responsibilities* is almost equally autobiographical. Much of it is a record of quarrels with contemporaries—quarrels about Synge, about Hugh Lane and his pictures, about all sorts of things. He aims barbed epigrams at his adversaries. Very Yeatsian is an epigram " to a poet, who would have me praise certain bad poets, imitators of his and mine " :—

> You say, as I have often given tongue
> In praise of what another's said or sung,
> 'Twere politic to do the like by these ;
> But have you known a dog to praise his fleas ?

In an earlier version, the last line was still more arrogant :—

> But where's the wild dog that has praised his fleas ?

There is a noble arrogance again in the lines called *A Coat* :—

> I made my song a coat,
> Covered with embroideries,
> Out of old mythologies,
> From heel to throat.
> But the fools caught it,
> Wore it in the world's eye,
> As though they'd wrought it.
> Song, let them take it,
> For there's more enterprise
> In walking naked.

Mr. Yeats still gives some of his songs the old embroidered vesture. But his work is now more frankly

personal than it used to be—at once harsher and simpler. One would not give *Responsibilities* to a reader who knew nothing of Mr. Yeats's previous work. There is too much raging at the world in it, too little of the perfected beauty of *The Wind Among the Reeds*. One finds ugly words like "wive" and "thigh" inopportunely used, and the retort to Mr. George Moore's *Hail and Farewell*, though legitimately offensive, is obscure in statement. Still, there is enough beauty in the book to make it precious to the lover of literature. An Elizabethan might have made the music of the first verse of *A Woman Homer Sung*.

And what splendour of praise and censure Mr. Yeats gives us in *The Second Troy*:—

> Why should I blame her, that she filled my days
> With misery, or that she would of late
> Have taught to ignorant men most violent ways,
> Or hurled the little streets against the great,
> Had they but courage equal to desire?
> What could have made her peaceful with a mind
> That nobleness made simple as a fire,
> With beauty like a tightened bow, a kind
> That is not natural in an age like this,
> Being high and solitary, and most stern?
> Why, what could she have done, being what she is?
> Was there another Troy for her to burn?

It is curious to note in how much of his verse Mr. Yeats repeats his protest against the political passion of Ireland which once meant so much to him. *All Things can Tempt Me* expresses this artistic mood of revolt with its fierce beginning:—

> All things can tempt me from this craft of verse;
> One time it was a woman's face, or worse,
> The seeming needs of my fool-driven land.

Some of the most excellent pages of *Reveries*, however, are those which recall certain famous figures in Irish Nationalism like John O'Leary and J. F. Taylor, the orator whose temper so stood in his way.

Mr. Yeats recalls a wonderful speech Taylor once made at a meeting in Dublin at which a Lord Chancellor had apparently referred in a belittling way to Irish nationality and the Irish language :

Taylor began hesitating and stopping for words, but after speaking very badly for a little, straightened his figure and spoke as out of a dream : " I am carried to another age, a nobler court, and another Lord Chancellor is speaking. I am at the court of the first Pharaoh." Thereupon he put into the mouth of that Egyptian all his audience had listened to, but now it was spoken to the children of Israel. " If you have any spirituality as you boast, why not use our great empire to spread it through the world, why still cling to that beggarly nationality of yours ? what are its history and its works weighed with those of Egypt ? " Then his voice changed and sank : " I see a man at the edge of the crowd ; he is standing listening there, but he will not obey " ; and then, with his voice rising to a cry, " had he obeyed he would never have come down the mountain carrying in his arms the tables of the Law in the language of the outlaw."

That Mr. Yeats, in spite of his secession from politics, loves the old passionate Ireland, is clear from the poem called *September, 1913*, with its refrain :—

Romantic Ireland's dead and gone
And with O'Leary in the grave.

And to this Mr. Yeats has since added a significant note :—

" Romantic Ireland's dead and gone " sounds old-fashioned now. It seemed true in 1913, but I did not foresee 1916. The late Dublin Rebellion, whatever one may say of its wisdom, will long be remembered for its heroism. " They weighed so lightly what they gave," and gave, too, in some cases without hope of success.

Mr. Yeats is by nature a poet of the heroic world—a hater of the burgess and of the till. He boasts in *Responsibilities* of ancestors who left him

blood
That has not passed through any huckster's loin,

There may be a good deal of vanity and gesticulation in all this, but it is the vanity and gesticulation of a man of genius. As we cannot have the genius of Mr. Yeats without the gestures, we may as well take the gestures in good part.

2. His Poetry

It is distinctly surprising to find Mr. Yeats compared to Milton and Jeremy Taylor, and Mr. Forrest Reid, who makes the comparison, does not ask us to apply it at all points. There is a remoteness about Milton's genius, however, an austere and rarefied beauty, to which Mr. Reid discovers certain likenesses in the work of Mr. Yeats. Mr. Yeats is certainly a little remote. He is so remote that some people regard his work with mixed feelings, as a rather uncanny thing. The reason may partly be that Mr. Yeats is not a singer in the ordinary tradition of poets. His poems are incantations rather than songs. They seem to call for an order of priests and priestesses to chant them. There are one or two of his early poems, like *Down by the Sally Garden*, that might conceivably be sung at a fair or even at a ballad-concert. But, as Mr. Yeats has grown older, he has become more and more determinedly the magician in his robes. Even in his prose he does not lay aside his robes; it is written in the tones of the sanctuary: it is prose for worshippers. To such an extent is this so that many who do not realize that Mr. Yeats is a great artist cannot read much of his prose without convincing themselves that he is a great humbug. It is easy to understand how readers accustomed to the rationalism of the end of the century refused to take seriously a poet who wrote "spooky" explanations of his poems, such as Mr. Yeats wrote in his notes to *The Wind Among the Reeds*, the most entirely good of his books. Consider, for example, the note which he wrote on

that charming if somewhat perplexing poem, *The Jester*. "I dreamed," writes Mr. Yeats :—

> I dreamed this story exactly as I have written it, and dreamed another long dream after it, trying to make out its meaning, and whether I was to write it in prose or verse. The first dream was more a vision than a dream, for it was beautiful and coherent, and gave me a sense of illumination and exaltation that one gets from visions, while the second dream was confused and meaningless. The poem has always meant a great deal to me, though, as is the way with symbolic poems, it has not always meant quite the same thing. Blake would have said, "The authors are in eternity"; and I am quite sure they can only be questioned in dreams.

Why, even those of us who count Mr. Yeats one of the immortals while he is still alive, are inclined to shy at a claim at once so solemn and so irrational as this. It reads almost like a confession of witchcraft.

Luckily, Mr. Yeats's commerce with dreams and fairies and other spirits has not all been of this evidential and disputable kind. His confessions do not convince us of his magical experiences, but his poems do. Here we have the true narrative of fairyland, the initiation into other-worldly beauty. Here we have the magician crying out against

> All things uncomely and broken, all things worn out and old,

and attempting to invoke a new—or an old—and more beautiful world into being.

> The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too great to be told,

he cries, and over against the unshapely earth he sets up the "happy townland" of which he sings in one of his later and most lovely poems. It would not be easy to write a prose paraphrase of *The Happy Townland*, but who is there who can permanently resist the spell of this poem, especially of the first verse and its refrain?—

There's many a strong farmer
Whose heart would break in two,
If he could see the townland
That we are riding to;
Boughs have their fruit and blossom
At all times of the year;
Rivers are running over
With red beer and brown beer.
An old man plays the bagpipes
In a golden and silver wood;
Queens, their eyes blue like the ice,
Are dancing in a crowd.

The little fox he murmured,
"O what of the world's bane?"
The sun was laughing sweetly,
The moon plucked at my rein;
But the little red fox murmured,
"O, do not pluck at his rein,
He is riding to the townland
That is the world's bane."

You may interpret the little red fox and the sun and the moon as you please, but is it not all as beautiful as the ringing of bells?

But Mr. Yeats, in his desire for this other world of colour and music, is no scorner of the everyday earth. His early poems especially, as Mr. Reid points out, give evidence of a wondering observation of Nature almost Wordsworthian. In *The Stolen Child*, which tells of a human child that is enticed away by the fairies, the magic of the earth the child is leaving is the means by which Mr. Yeats suggests to us the magic of the world into which it is going, as in the last verse of the poem :—

Away with us he's going,
The solemn eyed:
He'll hear no more the lowing
Of the calves on the warm hillside;
Or the kettle on the hob
Sing peace into his breast,
Or see the brown mice bob
Round and round the oatmeal-chest.

For he comes, the human child,
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
From a world more full of weeping than he can
understand.

There is no painting here, no adjective-work. But no painting or adjectives could better suggest all that the world and the loss of the world mean to an imaginative child than this brief collection of simple things. To read *The Stolen Child* is to realize both that Mr. Yeats brought a new and delicate music into literature and that his genius had its birth in a sense of the beauty of common things. Even when in his early poems the adjectives seem to be chosen with the too delicate care of an artist, as when he notes how—

in autumnal solitudes
Arise the leopard-coloured trees,

his observation of the world about him is but proved the more conclusively. The trees in autumn *are* leopard-coloured, though a poet cannot say so without becoming dangerously ornamental.

What I have written so far, however, might convey the impression that in Mr. Yeats's poetry we have a child's rather than a man's vision at work. One might even gather that he was a passionless singer with his head in the moon. This is exactly the misunderstanding which has led many people to think of him as a minor poet.

The truth is Mr. Yeats is too original and, as it were, secret a poet to capture all at once the imagination that has already fixed the outlines of its kingdom amid the masterpieces of literature. His is a genius outside the landmarks. There is no prototype in Shelley or Keats, any more than there is in Shakespeare, for such a poem as that which was at first called *Breasal the Fisherman*, but is now called simply *The Fisherman*:

Although you hide in the ebb and flow
Of the pale tide when the moon has set,

The people of coming days will know
About the casting out of my net,
And how you have leaped times out of mind
Over the little silver cords,
And think that you were hard and unkind,
And blame you with many bitter words.

There, in music as simple as a fable of Æsop, Mr. Yeats has figured the pride of genius and the passion of defeated love in words that are beautiful in themselves, but trebly beautiful in their significances.

Beautifully new, again, is the poem beginning, "I wander by the edge," which expresses the desolation of love as it is expressed in few modern poems:

I wander by the edge
Of this desolate lake
Where wind cries in the sedge:
Until the axle break
That keeps the stars in their round
And hands hurl in the deep
The banners of East and West
And the girdle of light is unbound,
Your breast will not lie by the breast
Of your beloved in sleep.

Rhythms like these did not exist in the English language until Mr. Yeats invented them, and their very novelty concealed for a time the passion that is immortal in them. It is by now a threadbare saying of Wordsworth that every great artist has himself to create the taste by which he is enjoyed, but it is worth quoting once more because it is especially relevant to a discussion of the genius of Mr. Yeats. What previous artist, for example, had created the taste which would be prepared to respond imaginatively to such a revelation of a lover's triumph in the nonpareil beauty of his mistress as we have in the poem that ends:—

I cried in my dream, "*O women bid the young men lay*
Their heads on your knees, and drown their eyes with your hair,
Or remembering hers they will find no other face fair
Till all the valleys of the world have been withered away."

One may doubt at times whether Mr. Yeats does not too consciously show himself an artist of the æsthetic school in some of his epithets, such as "cloud-pale" and "dream-dimmed." His too frequent repetition of similar epithets makes woman stand out of his poems at times like a decoration, as in the pictures of Rossetti and Burne-Jones, rather than in the vehement beauty of life. It is as if the passion in his verse were again and again entangled in the devices of art. If we take his love-poems as a whole, however, the passion in them is at once vehement and beautiful.

The world has not yet sufficiently realized how deep is the passion that has given shape to Mr. Yeats's verse. *The Wind Among the Reeds* is a book of love-poetry quite unlike all other books of love-poetry. It utters the same moods of triumph in the beloved's beauty, of despair, of desire, of boastfulness of the poet's immortality, that we find in the love-poetry of other ages. But here are new images, almost a new language. Sometimes we have an image which fills the mind like the image in some little Chinese lyric, as in the poem *He Reproves the Curlew* :—

> O, curlew, cry no more in the air,
> Or only to the waters of the West;
> Because your crying brings to my mind
> Passion-dimmed eyes and long heavy hair
> That was shaken out over my breast:
> There is enough evil in the crying of the wind.

This passion of loss, this sense of the beloved as of something secret and far and scarcely to be attained, like the Holy Grail, is the dominant theme of the poems, even in *The Song of Wandering Aengus,* that poem of almost playful beauty, which tells of the "little silver trout" that became

> —— a glimmering girl
> With apple blossom in her hair,
> Who called me by my name and ran
> And faded through the brightening air.

What a sense of long pursuit, of a life's quest, we get in the exquisite last verse—a verse which must be among the best-known of Mr. Yeats's writings after *The Lake Isle of Innisfree* and *Had I the Heaven's Embroidered Cloths* :—

> Though I am old with wandering
> Through hollow lands and hilly lands,
> I will find out where she has gone,
> And kiss her lips and take her hands;
> And walk among long dappled grass,
> And pluck till time and times are done
> The silver apples of the moon,
> The golden apples of the sun.

This is the magic of fairyland again. It seems a little distant from human passions. It is a wonderful example, however, of Mr. Yeats's genius for transforming passion into elfin dreams. The emotion is at once deeper and nearer human experience in the later poem called *The Folly of Being Comforted*. I have known readers who professed to find this poem obscure. To me it seems a miracle of phrasing and portraiture. I know no better example of the nobleness of Mr. Yeats's verse and his incomparable music.

XIX

TCHEHOV: THE PERFECT STORY-TELLER

IT is the custom when praising a Russian writer to do so at the expense of all other Russian writers. It is as though most of us were monotheists in our devotion to authors, and could not endure to see any respect paid to the rivals of the god of the moment. And so one year Tolstoy is laid prone as Dagon, and, another year, Turgenev. And, no doubt, the day will come when Dostoevsky will fall from his huge eminence.

Perhaps the luckiest of all the Russian authors in this respect is Tchehov. He is so obviously not a god. He does not deliver messages to us from the mountain-top like Tolstoy, or reveal himself beautifully in sunset and star like Turgenev, or announce himself now in the hurricane and now in the thunderstorm like Dostoevsky. He is a man and a medical doctor. He pays professional visits. We may define his genius more exactly by saying that his is a general practice. There has, I think, never been so wonderful an examination of common people in literature as in the short stories of Tchehov. His world is thronged with the average man and the average woman. Other writers have also put ordinary people into books. They have written plays longer than *Hamlet*, and novels longer than *Don Quixote*, about ordinary people. They have piled such a heap of details on the ordinary man's back as almost to squash him out of existence. In the result the reader as well as the ordinary man has a sense of oppression. He begins to long for the restoration of the big subject to literature.

Henry James complained of the littleness of the subject in *Madame Bovary*. He regarded it as one of the miracles of art that so great a book should have been written about so small a woman. *Tom Jones*, on the other hand, is a portrait of a common man of the size of which few people complain. But then *Tom Jones* is a comedy, and we enjoy the continual relief of laughter. It is the tragic realists for whom the common man is a theme so perilous in its temptations to dullness. At the same time he is a theme that they were bound to treat. He is himself, indeed, the sole source and subject of tragic realism in literature. Were it not for the oppression of his futile and philoprogenitive presence, imaginative writers would be poets and romancers.

The problem of the novelist of contemporary life for whom ordinary people are more intensely real than the few magnificent personalities is how to portray ordinary people in such a way that they will become better company than they are in life. Tchehov, I think, solves the problem better than any of the other novelists. He sees, for one thing, that no man is uninteresting when he is seen as a person stumbling towards some goal, just as no man is uninteresting when his hat is blown off and he has to scuttle after it down the street. There is bound to be a break in the meanest life.

Tchehov will seek out the key situation in the life of a cabman or a charwoman, and make them glow for a brief moment in the tender light of his sympathy. He does not run sympathy as a "stunt" like so many popular novelists. He sympathizes merely in the sense that he understands in his heart as well as in his brain. He has the most unbiassed attitude, I think, of any author in the world. Mr. Edward Garnett, in his introduction to Mrs. Garnett's translation of Tchehov's tales, speaks admirably of his "profundity of acceptation." There is no writer who is less inclined to use italics in his record of human life. Perhaps Mr. Garnett goes too far when he says that Tchehov "stands close to

all his characters, watching them quietly and registering their circumstances and feelings with such finality that to pass judgment on them appears supererogatory." Tchehov's judgment is at times clear enough—as clear as if it followed a summing-up from the bench. He portrays his characters instead of labelling them ; but the portrait itself is the judgment. His humour makes him tolerant, but, though he describes moral and material ugliness with tolerance, he never leaves us in any doubt as to their being ugly. His attitude to a large part of life might be described as one of good-natured disgust.

In one of the newly-translated stories, *Ariadne*, he shows us a woman from the point of view of a disgusted lover. It is a sensitive man's picture of a woman who was even more greedy than beautiful. " This thirst for personal success . . . makes people cold, and Ariadne was cold—to me, to nature, and to music." Tchehov extends towards her so little charity that he makes her run away to Italy with a bourgeois who had " a neck like goose-skin and a big Adam's apple," and who, as he talked, " breathed hard, breathing straight in my face and smelling of boiled beef." As the more sensitive lover who supplanted the bourgeois looks back, her incessant gluttony is more vivid in his thoughts than her charm :

> She would sleep every day till two or three o'clock ; she had her coffee and lunch in bed. At dinner she would eat soup, lobster, fish, meat, asparagus, game, and after she had gone to bed I used to bring up something, for instance, roast beef, and she would eat it with a melancholy, careworn expression, and if she waked in the night she would eat apples or oranges.

The story, it is only fair to say, is given in the words of a lover dissatisfied with lust, and the judgment may therefore be regarded as the lover's rather than as Tchehov's. Tchehov sets down the judgment, however, in a mood of acute perceptiveness of everything that is jarring and vulgar in sexual vanity. Ariadne's desire

to please is never permitted to please us as, say, Beatrix Esmond's is. Her will to fascinate does not fascinate when it is refracted in Tchehov's critical mind:

> She waked up every morning with the one thought of "pleasing." It was the aim and object of her life. If I told her that in such a house, in such a street, there lived a man who was not attracted by her, it would have caused her real suffering. She wanted every day to enchant, to captivate, to drive men crazy. The fact that I was in her power and reduced to a complete nonentity before her charms gave her the same sort of satisfaction that victors used to get in tournaments. . . . She had an extraordinary opinion of her own charms; she imagined that if somewhere, in some great assembly, men could have seen how beautifully she was made and the colour of her skin, she would have vanquished all Italy, the whole world. Her talk of her figure, of her skin, offended me, and observing this, she would, when she was angry, say all sorts of vulgar things taunting me.

A few strokes of cruelty are added to the portrait:

> Even at a good-humoured moment, she could always insult a servant or kill an insect without a pang; she liked bull-fights, liked to read about murders, and was angry when prisoners were acquitted.

As one reads *Ariadne*, one feels that those who say the artist is not a judge are in error. What he must avoid becoming is a prosecuting—perhaps even a defending—counsel.

Egoism seems to be the quality which offends Tchehov most. He is no more in love with it when it masquerades as virtue than when it parades as vice. *An Artist's Story*—a beautiful sad story, which might almost have been written by Turgenev—contains a fine critical portrait of a woman absorbed in the egoism of good works. She is always looking after the poor, serving on committees, full of enthusiasm for nursing and education. She lacks only that charity of the heart which loves human beings, not because they are poor, but because they are human beings. She is by nature a "boss." She "bosses" her mother and her younger sister, and

when the artist falls in love with the latter, the stronger will of the woman of high principles immediately separates lovers so frivolous that they had never sat on a committee in their lives. When, the evening after the artist confesses his love, he waits for the girl to come to him in the garden of her house, he waits in vain. He goes into the house to look for her, but does not find her. Then through one of the doors he overhears the voice of the lady of the good works:

"'God . . . sent . . . a crow,'" she said in a loud, emphatic voice, probably dictating—"'God sent a crow a piece of cheese. . . . A crow. . . . A piece of cheese . . .' Who's there?" she called suddenly, hearing my steps.

"It's I."

"Ah! Excuse me, I cannot come out to open this minute; I'm giving Dasha her lesson."

"Is Ekaterina Pavlovna in the garden?"

"No, she went away with my sister this morning to our aunt in the province of Penza. And in the winter they will probably go abroad," she added after a pause. "'God sent . . . the crow . . . a piece . . . of cheese . . .' Have you written it?"

I went into the hall and stared vacantly at the pond and the village, and the sound reached me of "A piece of cheese . . . God sent the crow a piece of cheese."

And I went back by the way I had come here for the first time—first from the yard into the garden past the house, then into the avenue of lime-trees. . . . At this point I was overtaken by a small boy who gave me a note.

"I told my sister everything and she insisted on my parting from you," I read. "I could not wound her by disobeying. God will give you happiness. Forgive me. If only you knew how bitterly my mother and I are crying!"

The people who cannot wound others—those are the people whose sharp pangs we feel in our breasts as we read the stories of Tchehov. The people who wound—it is they whom he paints (or, rather, as Mr. Garnett suggests, etches) with such felicitous and untiring irony.

But, though he often makes his people beautiful in their sorrow, he more often than not sets their sad figures against a common and ugly background. In

Anyuta, the medical student and his mistress live in a room disgusting in its squalor :

> Crumpled bed-clothes, pillows thrown about, boots, clothes, a big filthy slop-pail filled with soap-suds in which cigarette-ends were swimming, and the litter on the floor—all seemed as though purposely jumbled together in one confusion. . . .

And, if the surroundings are no more beautiful than those in which a great part of the human race lives, neither are the people more beautiful than ordinary people. In *The Trousseau*, the poor thin girl who spends her life making a trousseau for a marriage that will never take place becomes ridiculous as she flushes at the entrance of a stranger into her mother's house :

> Her long nose, which was slightly pitted with small-pox, turned red first, and then the flush passed up to her eyes and her forehead.

I do not know if a blush of this sort is possible, but the thought of it is distressing.

The woman in *The Darling*, who marries more than once and simply cannot live without some one to love and to be an echo to, is " not half bad " to look at. But she is ludicrous even when most unselfish and adoring—especially when she rubs with eau-de-Cologne her little, thin, yellow-faced, coughing husband with " the curls combed forward on his forehead," and wraps him in her warm shawls to an accompaniment of endearments. " ' You're such a sweet pet ! ' she used to say with perfect sincerity, stroking his hair. ' You're such a pretty dear ! ' "

Thus sympathy and disgust live in a curious harmony in Tchehov's stories. And, as he seldom allows disgust entirely to drive out sympathy in himself, he seldom allows it to do so in his readers either. His world may be full of unswept rooms and unwashed men and women, but the presiding genius in it is the genius of gentleness and love and laughter. It is a dark world, but Tchehov brings light into it. There is no other

author who gives so little offence as he shows us offensive things and people. He is a writer who desires above all things to see what men and women are really like—to extenuate nothing and to set down naught in malice. As a result, he is a pessimist, but a pessimist who is black without being bitter. I know no writer who leaves one with the same vision of men and women as lost sheep.

We are now apparently to have a complete edition of the tales of Tchehov in English from Mrs. Garnett. It will deserve a place, both for the author's and the translator's sake, beside her Turgenev and Dostoevsky. In lifelikeness and graciousness her work as a translator always reaches a high level. Her latest volumes confirm one in the opinion that Tchehov is, for his variety, abundance, tenderness and knowledge of the heart of the "rapacious and unclean animal" called man, the greatest short-story writer who has yet appeared on the planet.

XX

LADY GREGORY

It was Mr. Bernard Shaw who, in commenting on the rowdy reception of the Irish players in some American theatres, spoke of Lady Gregory as "the greatest living Irishwoman." She is certainly a remarkable enough writer to put a generous critic a little off his balance. Equal mistress in comedy and tragedy, essayist, gatherer of the humours of folk-lore, imaginative translator of heroic literature, venturesome translator of Molière, she has contributed a greater variety of grotesque and beautiful things to Anglo-Irish literature than any of her contemporaries.

She owes her chief fame, perhaps, to the way in which, along with Mr. G. A. Birmingham and the authors of *Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.*, she has kept alive the tradition of Ireland as a country in which Laughter has frequent occasion to hold both his sides. She surpasses the others in the quality of her comedy, however. Not that she is more comic, but that she is more comprehensively true to life. Mr. Birmingham has given us farce with a salt of reality; Miss Somerville and Miss Ross, practical jokers of literature, turned to reality as upper-class patrons of the comic; but Lady Gregory has gone to reality as to a cave of treasure. She is one of the discoverers of Ireland. Her genius, like Synge's, opened its eyes one day and saw spread below it the immense sea of Irish common speech, with its colour, its laughter, and its music. It is a sort of second birth which many Irishmen and women of the last generation or so have

experienced. The beggar on the road, the piper at the door, the old people in the workhouse, are henceforth accepted as a sort of aristocracy in exile.

Lady Gregory obviously sought out their company as the heirs to a great inheritance—an inheritance of imaginative and humorous speech. Not that she plundered them of their fantastic tropes so greedily as Synge did. She studied rather their common turn of phrase, its heights and its hollows, its exquisite illogic, its passionate underflow of poetry. Has she not herself told us how she could not get on with the character of Bartley Fallon in *Spreading the News*, till one day she met a melancholy man by the sea at Duras, who, after describing the crosses he endured at home, said : " But I'm thinking if I went to America, it's long ago I'd be dead. And it's a great expense for a poor man to be buried in America." Out of sentences like these—sentences seized upon with the genius of the note-book—she has made much of what is most delightful in her plays. Her sentences are steeped and dyed in life, even when her situations are as mad as hatters.

Some one has said that every great writer invents a new language. Lady Gregory, whom it would be unfair to praise as a great writer, has at least qualified as one by inventing a new language out of her knowledge of Irish peasant speech. This, perhaps, is her chief literary peril. Having discovered the beautiful dialect of the Kiltartan peasantry, she was not content to leave it a peasant dialect—as we find it in her best dramatic work, *Seven Short Plays* ; but she set about transforming it into a tongue into which all literature and emotion might apparently be translated. Thus, she gave us Molière in Kiltartan—a ridiculously successful piece of work—and she gave us Finn and Cuchullain in modified Kiltartan, and this, too, was successful, sometimes very beautifully so. Here, however, she had masterpieces to begin with. In *Irish Folk-History*

Plays, on the other hand, we find her embarking, not upon translation, but upon original heroic drama, in the Kiltartan language. The result is unreality as unreal as if Meredith had made a farm-labourer talk like Diana of the Crossways. Take, for instance, the first of the plays, *Grania*, which is founded on the story of the pursuit of Diarmuid and Grania by Finn MacCool, to whom Grania had been betrothed. When Finn, disguised as a blind beggar, visits the lovers in their tent, Grania, who does not recognize him, bids him give Finn this message from her :—

> Give heed to what I say now. If you have one eye is blind, let it be turned to the place where we are, and that he might ask news of. And if you have one seeing eye, cast it upon me, and tell Finn you saw a woman no way sad or afraid, but as airy and high-minded as a mountain-filly would be challenging the winds of March !

I flatly refuse to take the high-minded mountain filly seriously as a tragic heroine, and I confess I hold Finn equally suspect, disguised as a beggar though he is, when he speaks of himself to Grania as a hard man—"as hard as a barren step-mother's slap, or a highway gander's gob." After all, in heroic literature, we must have the illusion of the heroic. If we can get the peasant statement of the heroic, that is excellent ; its sincerity brings its illusion. But a mere imitation of the peasant statement of the heroic, such as Lady Gregory seems to aim at giving us in these sentences, is as pinchbeck and unreal as Macpherson's *Ossian*. It reaches a grotesque absurdity when at the close of Act II Finn comes back to the door of the tent and, in order to stir up Diarmuid's jealousy, says :—

> It is what they were saying a while ago, the King of Foreign is grunting and sighing, grunting and sighing, around and about the big red sally tree beside the stream !

To write like that is to use not a style but a jargon.

If you want a standard of reality with which to compare these passages of Abbey-Theatre rhetoric, you have only to turn to Lady Gregory's own notes at the end of *Irish Folk-History Plays*, where she records a number of peasant utterances on Irish history. Here, and not in the plays—in the tragic plays, at any rate—is the real "folk-history" of her book to be found. One may take, as an example, the note on *Kincora*, where some one tells of the Battle of Clontarf, in which Brian Boru defeated the Danes :—

> Clontarf was on the head of a game of chess. The generals of the Danes were beaten at it, and they were vexed. It was Broder, that the Brodericks are descended from, that put a dagger through Brian's heart, and he attending to his prayers. What the Danes left in Ireland were hens and weasels. And when the cock crows in the morning the country people will always say: "It is for Denmark they are crowing; crowing they are to be back in Denmark."

Lady Gregory reveals more of life—leaping, imaginative life—in that little note than in all the three acts about Grania and the three about Brian. It is because the characters in the comic plays in the book are nearer the peasantry in stature and in outlook that she is so much more successful with them than with the heroes and heroines of the tragedies. She describes the former plays as "tragic comedies"; but in the first and best of them, *The Canavans*, it is difficult to see where the tragedy comes in. *The Canavans* is really a farce of the days of Elizabeth. The principal character is a cowardly miller, who ensues nothing but his own safety in the war of loyalties and disloyalties which is destroying Ireland. He is equally afraid of the wrath of the neighbours on the one hand, and the wrath of the Government on the other. Consequently, he is at his wits' end when his brother Antony comes seeking shelter in his house, after deserting from the English Army. When the soldiers come looking for Antony, so helpless with terror is the miller, that he

flies into hiding among his sacks, and his brother has to impersonate him in the interview with the officer who carries out the search. The situation obviously lends itself to comic elaborations, and Lady Gregory misses none of her opportunities. She flies off from every semblance of reality at a tangent, however, in a later scene, where Antony disguises himself as Queen Elizabeth, supposed to have come on a secret visit of inspection to Ireland, and takes in both his brother and the officer (who is himself a Canavan, anglicized under the name of Headley). This is a sheer invention of the theatre; it turns the play from living speech into machinery. *The Canavans*, however, has enough of present-day reality to make us forgive its occasional stage-Elizabethanism. On the whole, its humours gain nothing from their historical setting.

The White Cockade, the second of the tragic comedies, is a play about the flight of King James II after the Battle of the Boyne, and it, too, is lifeless and mechanical in so far as it is historical. King James himself is a good comic figure of a conventional sort, as he is discovered hiding in the barrel; but Sarsfield, who is meant to be heroic, is all joints and sawdust; and the mad Jacobite lady is a puppet who might have been invented by any writer of plays. "When my *White Cockade* was produced," Lady Gregory tells us, "I was pleased to hear that Mr. Synge had said my method had made the writing of historical drama again possible." But surely, granted the possession of the dramatic gift, the historical imagination is the only thing that makes the writing of historical drama possible. Lady Gregory does not seem to me to possess the historical imagination. Not that I believe in archæology in the theatre; but, apart from her peasant characters, she cannot give us the illusion of reality about the figures in these historical plays. If we want the illusion of reality, we shall have to turn from *The White Cockade* to the impossible scene outside

the post-office and the butcher's shop in *Hyacinth Halvey*. As for the third of the tragic comedies, *The Deliverer*, it is a most interesting curiosity. In it we have an allegory of the fate of Parnell in a setting of the Egypt of the time of Moses. Moses himself—or the King's nursling, as he is called—is Parnell; and he and the other characters talk Kiltartan as to the manner born. *The Deliverer* is grotesque and, in its way, impressive, though the conclusion, in which the King's nursling is thrown to the King's cats by his rebellious followers, invites parody. The second volume of the *Irish Folk-History Plays*, even if it reveals only Lady Gregory's talent rather than her genius, is full of odd and entertaining things, and the notes at the end of both of these volumes, short though they are, do give us the franchise of a wonderful world of folk-history.

XXI

MR. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

MR. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM is a grandee of contemporary literature. He is also a grandee of revolutionary politics. Both in literature and in politics he is a figure of challenge for the love of challenge more than any other man now writing. Other men challenge us with Utopias, with moral laws and so forth. But Mr. Graham has little of the prophet or the moralist about him. He expresses himself better in terms of his hostilities than in terms of visionary cities and moralities such as Plato and Shelley and Mazzini have built for us out of light and fire. It is a temperament, indeed, not a vision or a logic, that Mr. Graham has brought to literature. He blows his fantastic trumpet outside the walls of a score of Jerichos—Jerichos of empire, of cruelty, of self-righteousness, of standardized civilization—and he seems to do so for the sheer soldierly joy of the thing. One feels that if all the walls of all the Jerichos were suddenly to collapse before his trumpet-call he would be the loneliest man alive. For he is one of those for whom, above all, "the fight's the thing."

It would be difficult to find any single purpose running through the sketches which fill most of his books. His characteristic book is a medley of cosmopolitan "things seen" and comments grouped together under a title in which irony lurks. Take the volume called *Charity*, for example. Both the title of the book and the subject-matter of several of the sketches may be regarded as a challenge to the unco' guid (if there

are any left) and to respectability (from which even the humblest are no longer safe). On the other hand, his title may be the merest lucky-bag accident. It seems likely enough, however, that in choosing it the author had in mind the fact that the supreme word of charitableness in the history of man was spoken concerning a woman who was taken in adultery. It is scarcely an accident that in *Charity* a number of the chapters relate to women who make a profession of sin.

Mr. Graham is unique in his treatment of these members of the human family. If he does not throw stones at them, as the Pharisees of virtue did, neither does he glorify them as the Pharisees of vice have done in a later generation. He simply accepts them as he would accept a broken-down nation or a wounded animal, and presents them as characters in the human drama. It would be more accurate to say "as figures in the human picture," for he is far more of a painter than a dramatist. But the point to be emphasized is that these stories are records, tragic, grim or humorous, as the portraits in Chaucer are—acceptances of life as it is—at least, of life as it is outside the vision of policemen and other pillars of established interests. For Mr. Graham can forgive you for anything but two things—being successful (in the vulgar sense of the term) or being a policeman.

It would be wrong, however, to suggest that Mr. Graham achieves the very finest things in charity. It is the charity of tolerance, or the minor charity, that is most frequent in his pages. The larger charity which we find in Tolstoi and the great teachers is not here. We could not imagine Mr. Graham forgetting himself so far in his human sympathies as Ruskin did when he stooped and kissed the filthy beggar outside the church door in Rome. Nor do we find in any of these sketches of outcasts that sense of humanity bruised and exiled that we get in such a story as

Maupassant's *Boule de Suif*. Mr. Graham gloriously insists upon our recognizing our human relations, but many of them he introduces to us as first cousins once removed rather than as brothers and sisters by the grace of God.

He does more than this in his preface, indeed, a marvellous piece of reality and irony which tells how a courtesan in Gibraltar fell madly in love with a gentleman-sponger who lived on her money while he could, and then took the first boat home with discreet heartlessness on coming into a bequest from a far-off cousin. "Good God, a pretty sight I should have looked . . ." he explained to a kindred spirit as they paced the deck of the boat to get an appetite. "I like her well enough, but what I say is, Charity begins at home, my boy. Ah, there's the dinner bell!" Mr. Graham has a noble courtesy, an unerring chivalry that makes him range himself on the side of the bottom dog, a detestation of anything like bullying—every gift of charity, indeed, except the shy genius of pity. For lack of this last, some of his sketches, such as *Un Autre Monsieur*, are mere anecdotes and decorations.

Possibly, it is as a romantic decorator that Mr. Graham, in his art as opposed to his politics, would prefer to be judged. He has dredged half the world for his themes and colours, and Spain and Paraguay and Morocco and Scotland and London's tangled streets all provide settings for his romantic rearrangements of life in this book. He has a taste for uncivil scenes, as Henley had a taste for uncivil words. Even a London street becomes a scene of this kind as he pictures it in his imagination with huge motor-buses, like demons of violence, smashing their way through the traffic. Or he takes us to some South American forest, where the vampire bats suck the blood of horses during the night. Or he introduces us to a Spanish hidalgo, "tall, wry-necked, and awkwardly built, with a nose like a lamprey and feet like coracles."

(For there is the same note of violence, of exaggeration, in his treatment of persons as of places.) Even in Scotland, he takes us by preference to some lost mansion standing in grotesque contrast to the "great drabness of prosperity which overspreads the world." He is a great scene-painter of wildernesses and lawless places, indeed. He is a Bohemian, a lover of adventures in wild and sunny lands, and even the men and women are apt to become features in the strange scenery of his pilgrimages rather than dominating portraits. In his descriptions he uses a splendid rhetoric such as no other living writer of English commands. He has revived rhetoric as a literary instrument. Aubrey Beardsley called Turner a rhetorician in paint. If we were to speak of Mr. Graham as a painter in rhetoric, we should be doing more than making a phrase.

But Mr. Graham cannot be summed up in a phrase. To meet him in his books is one of the desirable experiences of contemporary literature, as to hear him speak is one of the desirable experiences of modern politics. Protest, daring, chivalry, the passion for the colour of life and the colour of words—he is the impersonation of these things in a world that is muddling its way half-heartedly towards the Promised Land.

XXII

SWINBURNE

1. The Exotic Bird

SWINBURNE was an absurd character. He was a bird of showy strut and plumage. One could not but admire his glorious feathers; but, as soon as he began to moult—and he had already moulted excessively by the time Watts-Dunton took him under his roof—one saw how very little body there was underneath. Mr. Gosse in his biography compared Swinburne to a coloured and exotic bird—a "scarlet and azure macaw," to be precise—and the comparison remains in one's imagination. Watts-Dunton, finding the poor creature moulted and "off its feed," carried it down to Putney, resolved to domesticate it. He watched over it as a farmer's wife watches over a sick hen. He taught it to eat out of his hand. He taught it to speak—to repeat things after him, even "God Save the Queen." Some people say that he ruined the bird by these methods. Others maintain that, on the contrary, but for him the bird would have died of a disease akin to the staggers. They say, moreover, that the tameness and docility of the bird, while he was looking after it, have been greatly exaggerated, and they deny that it was entirely bald of its old gay feathers.

There you have a brief statement of the great Swinburne question, which, it seems likely, will last as long as the name of Swinburne is remembered. It is not a question of any importance; but that will not prevent us from arguing it hotly. The world takes a malicious joy in jibing at men of genius and their associates, and

a generous joy in defending them from jibes. Further, the discussion that interests the greatest number of people is discussion that has come down to a personal level. Ten people will be bored by an argument as to the nature of Swinburne's genius for one who will be bored by an argument as to the nature of Swinburne's submissiveness to Watts-Dunton. Was Watts-Dunton, in a phrase deprecated by the editors of a recent book of letters, a "kind of amiable Svengali"? Did he allow Swinburne to have a will of his own? Did Swinburne, in going to Putney, go to the Devil? Or did not Watts-Dunton rather play the part of the good Samaritan? Unfortunately, all those who have hitherto attempted to describe the relations of the two men have succeeded only in making them both appear ridiculous. Mr. Gosse, a man of letters with a sting, has done it cleverly. The others, like the editors to whom I have referred, have done it inadvertently. They write too solemnly. If Swinburne had lost a trouser-button, they would not have felt it inappropriate, one feels, for the Archbishop of Canterbury to hurry to the scene and go down on his knees on the floor to look for it. . . . Well, no doubt, Swinburne was an absurd character. And so was Watts-Dunton. And so, perhaps, is the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Most of us have, at one time or another, fallen under the spell of Swinburne owing to the genius with which he turned into music the enthusiasm of the heretic. He fluttered through the sooty and Sabbatic air of the Victorian era, uttering melodious cries of protest against everything in morals, politics, and religion for which Queen Victoria seemed to stand. He was like a rebellious boy who takes more pleasure in breaking the Sabbath than in the voice of nightingales. He was one of the few Englishmen of genius who have understood the French zest for shocking the bourgeois. He had little of his own to express, but he discovered the heretic's gospel in Gautier and Baudelaire and set it forth in

English in music that he might have learned from the Sirens who sang to Ulysses. He revelled in blasphemous and licentious fancies that would have made Byron's hair stand on end. Nowadays, much of the blasphemy and licentiousness seems flat and unprofitable as Government beer. But in those days it seemed heady as wine and beautiful as a mediæval tale. There was always in Swinburne more of pose than of passion. That is why we have to some extent grown tired of him. But in the atmosphere of Victorianism his pose was original and astonishing. He was anti-Christ in a world that had annexed Christ rather than served him. Nowadays, there is such an abundance of anti-Christs that the part seems hardly worth playing by a man of first-rate ability. Consequently, we have to remember the circumstances in which they were written in order to appreciate to the full many of Swinburne's poems and even some of the amusing outbursts of heresy in his letters. Still, even to-day, one cannot but enjoy the gusto with which he praised Trelawney—Shelley's and Byron's Trelawney—"the most splendid old man I have seen since Landor and my own grandfather":—

> Of the excellence of his principles I will say but this: that I did think, by the grace of Saban (unto whom, and not unto me, be the glory and thanksgiving. Amen: Selah), I was a good atheist and a good republican; but in the company of this magnificent old rebel, a lifelong incarnation of the divine right of insurrection, I felt myself, by comparison, a Theist and a Royalist.

In another letter he writes in the same gay, undergraduatish strain of marriage:—

> When I hear that a personal friend has fallen into matrimonial courses, I feel the same sorrow as if I had heard of his lapsing into theism—a holy sorrow, unmixed with anger; for who am I to judge him? I think at such a sight, as the preacher—was it not Baxter?—at the sight of a thief or murderer led to the gallows: "There, but for the grace of ——, goes A. C. S.," and drop a tear over fallen man.

There was, it is only fair to say, a great deal in Swin-

burne's insurrectionism that was noble, or, at least, in tune with nobleness. But it is impossible to persuade oneself that he was ever among the genuine poets of liberty. He loved insurrectionism for its own sake. He revelled in it in the spirit of a rhetorician rather than of a martyr. He was a glorious humbug, a sort of inverted Pecksniff. Even his republicanism cannot have gone very deep if it is true, as certain of his editors declare, that having been born within the precincts of Belgravia "was an event not entirely displeasing to a man of his aristocratic leanings." Swinburne, it seems, was easily pleased. One of his proudest boasts was that he and Victor Hugo bore a close resemblance to each other in one respect: both of them were almost dead when they were born, "certainly not expected to live an hour." There was also one great difference between them. Swinburne never grew up.

His letters, some of which Messrs. Hake and Compton Rickett have given us, are interesting and amusing, but they do not increase one's opinion of Swinburne's mind. He reveals himself as a sensitive critic in his remarks on the proofs of Rossetti's poems, in his comments on Morris, and in his references to Tennyson's dramas. But, as a rule, his intemperance of praise and blame makes his judgments appear mere eccentricities of the blood. He could not praise Falstaff, for instance, without speaking of "the ever dear and honoured presence of Falstaff," and applauding the "sweet, sound, ripe toothsome, wholesome kernel" of Falstaff's character as well as humour. He even defied the opinion of his idol, Victor Hugo, and contended that Falstaff was not really a coward. All the world will agree that Swinburne was right in glorifying Falstaff. He glorified him, however, on the wrong plane. He mixed his planes in the same way in his pæan over Captain Webb's feat in swimming the English Channel. "I consider it," he said, "as the greatest glory that has befallen England since the publication of Shelley's greatest poem,

whatever that may have been." This is shouting, not speech. But then, as I have said, Swinburne never grew up. He never learned to speak. He was ever a shouter. The question that has so far not been settled is: Did Watts-Dunton put his hand over Swinburne's mouth and forcibly stop him from shouting? As we know, he certainly stopped him from swearing before ladies, except in French. But, as for shouting, Swinburne had already exhausted himself when he went to the Pines. Meanwhile, questions of this sort have begun to absorb us to such a degree that we are apt to forget that Swinburne after all *was* a man of genius—a man with an entrancing gift of melody—spiritually an echo, perhaps, but æsthetically a discoverer, a new creature, the most amazing ecstatician of our time.

2. Genius without Eyes

Swinburne, says Mr. Gosse, "was not quite like a human being." That is chiefly what is the matter with his poetry. He did not write quite like a human being. He wrote like a musical instrument. There are few poets whose work is less expressive of personal passions. He was much given to ecstasies, but it is remarkable that most of these were echoes of other people's ecstasies. He sought after rapture both in politics and poetry, and he took as his masters Mazzini in the one and Victor Hugo in the other. He has been described as one who, while conversing, even in his later years, kept "bobbing all the while like a cork on the sea of his enthusiasms." And, in a great deal of his rapture, there is much of the levity as well as the "bobbing" quality of the cork. He who sang the hymns of the Republic in his youth, ended his life as rhetorician-in-chief of the Jingoes against the Irish and the Boers. Nor does one feel that there was any philosophic basis for the change in his attitude as there was for a similar change in the attitude of Burke and Wordsworth in their later

years. He was influenced more by persons than by principles. One does not find any real vision of a Republic in his work as one finds it in the work of Shelley. He had little of the saintliness of spirit which marks the true Republican and which turns politics into music in *The Masque of Anarchy*. His was not one of those tortured souls, like Francis Adams's, which desire the pulling-down of the pillars of the old, bad world more than love or fame. There is no utterance of the spirit in such lines as :—

> Let our flag run out straight in the wind!
> The old red shall be floated again
> When the ranks that are thin shall be thinned,
> When the names that are twenty are ten;
>
> When the devil's riddle is mastered
> And the galley-bench creaks with a Pope,
> We shall see Buonaparte the bastard
> Kick heels with his throat in a rope.

It is possible for those who agree with the sentiments to derive a certain satisfaction from verse of this sort as from a vehement leading article. But there is nothing here beyond the rhetoric of the hot fit. There is nothing to call back the hot fit in anybody older than a boy.

Even when Swinburne was writing out of his personal experience, he contrived somehow to empty his verse of personality and to put sentimentalism and rhetoric in its place. We have an instance of this in the story of the love-affair recorded by Mr. Gosse. Swinburne, at the age of twenty-five, fell in love with a kinswoman of Sir John Simon, the pathologist. "She gave him roses, she played and sang to him, and he conceived from her gracious ways an encouragement which she was far from seriously intending." Swinburne proposed to her, and, possibly from nervousness, she burst out laughing. He was only human in feeling bitterly offended, and "they parted on the worst of terms."

He went off to Northumberland to escape from his wretchedness, and there he wrote *The Triumph of Time*, which Mr. Gosse maintains is "the most profound and the most touching of all his personal poems." He assured Mr. Gosse, fourteen years afterwards, that "the stanzas of this wonderful lyric represented with the exactest fidelity the emotions which passed through his mind when his anger had died down, and when nothing remained but the infinite pity and the pain." Beautiful though the poem intermittently is, however, it seems to me to lack that radiance of personal emotion which we find in the great love poems. There is much decoration of music of a kind of which Swinburne and Poe alone possessed the secret, as in the verse beginning :—

> There lived in France a singer of old
> By the tideless, dolorous, midland sea.
> In a land of sand and ruin and gold
> There shone one woman and none but she.

But is there more than the decoration of music in the verses which express the poet's last farewell to his passion?

> I shall go my ways, tread out my measure,
> Fill the days of my daily breath
> With fugitive things not good to treasure,
> Do as the world doth, say as it saith ;
> But if we had loved each other—O sweet,
> Had you felt, lying under the palms of your feet,
> The heart of my heart, beating harder with pleasure,
> To feel you tread it to dust and death——
>
> Ah, had I not taken my life up and given
> All that life gives and the years let go,
> The wine and honey, the balm and leaven,
> The dreams reared high and the hopes brought low ?
> Come life, come death, not a word be said ;
> Should I lose you living, and vex you dead ?
> I shall never tell you on earth, and in heaven,
> If I cry to you then, will you care to know ?

Browning, unquestionably, could have expressed Swinburne's passion better than Swinburne did it himself. He would not have been content with a sequence of vague phrases that made music. With him each phrase would have been dramatic and charged with a personal image or a personal memory.

Swinburne, however, was a great musician in verse and beyond belittlement in this regard. It would be incongruous to attempt a close comparison between him and Longfellow, but he was like Longfellow in having a sense of music out of all proportion to the imaginative content of his verse. There was never a distinguished poet whose work endures logical analysis so badly. Mr. Arthur Symons, in a recent essay, refers scornfully to those who say that "the dazzling brilliance of Swinburne's form is apt to disguise a certain thinness or poverty of substance." But he produces no evidence on the other side. He merely calls on us to observe the way in which Swinburne scatters phrases and epithets of "imaginative subtlety" by the way, while most poets "present us with their best effects deliberately." It seems to me, on the contrary, that Swinburne's phrasing is far from subtle. He induces moods of excitement and sadness by his musical scheme rather than by individual phrases. Who can resist, for example, the spell of the opening verses of *Before the Mirror*, the poem of enchantment addressed to Whistler's *Little White Girl*? One hesitates to quote again lines so well known. But it is as good an example as one can find of the pleasure-giving qualities of Swinburne's music, apart from his phrases and images :—

> White rose in red rose-garden
> Is not so white;
> Snowdrops that plead for pardon
> And pine from fright,
> Because the hard East blows
> Over their maiden rows,
> Grow not as thy face grows from pale to bright.

Behind the veil, forbidden,
  Shut up from sight,
Love, is there sorrow hidden,
  Is there delight ?
Is joy thy dower or grief,
White rose of weary leaf,
  Late rose whose life is brief, whose loves are light ?

The snowdrop image in the first verse is, charming as is the sound of the lines, nonsense. The picture of the snowdrops pleading for pardon and pining from fright would have been impossible to a poet with the realizing genius of the great writers. Swinburne's sense of rhythm, however, was divorced in large measure from his sense of reality. He was a poet without the poet's gift of sight. William Morris complained that Swinburne's poems did not make pictures. Swinburne had not the necessary sense of the lovely form of the things around him. His attitude to Nature was lacking, as Mr. Gosse suggests, in that realism which gives coherence to poetry. To quote Mr. Gosse's own words :—

Swinburne did not live, like Wordsworth, in a perpetual communion with Nature, but exceptional, and even rare, moments of concentrated observation wakened in him an ecstasy which he was careful to brood upon, to revive, and perhaps, at last, to exaggerate. As a rule, he saw little of the world around him, but what he did see was presented to him in a blaze of limelight.

Nearly all his poems are a little too long, a little tedious, for the simple reason that the muzziness of vision in them, limelight and all, is bewildering to the intelligence. There are few of his poems which close in splendour equal to the splendour of their opening verses. *The Garden of Proserpine* is one of the few that keep the good wine for the last. Here, however, as in the rest of his poems, we find beautiful passages rather than beauty informing the whole poem. Swinburne's poems have no spinal cord. One feels this even in that most beautiful of his lyrics, the first chorus in *Atalanta in*

Calydon. But how many poets are there who could have sustained for long the miracle of "When the hounds of spring are on winter traces," and the verse that follows? Mrs. Disney Leith tells us in a charming book of recollections and letters that the first time Swinburne recited this poem to her was on horseback, and one wonders whether he had the ecstasy of the gallop and the music of racing horses in his blood when he wrote the poem. His poems are essentially expressions of ecstasy. His capacity for ecstasy was the most genuine thing about him. A thunderstorm gave him "a more vivid pleasure than music or wine." His pleasure in thunder, in the gallop of horses, in the sea, was, however, one fancies, largely an intoxication of music. It is like one's own enjoyment of his poems. This, too, is simply an intoxication of music.

The first series of *Poems and Ballads*, it must be admitted, owed its success for many years to other things besides the music. It broke in upon the bourgeois moralities of nineteenth-century England like a defiance. It expressed in gorgeous wordiness the mood of every green-sick youth of imagination who sees that beauty is being banished from the world in the name of goodness. One has only to look at the grey and yellow and purple brick houses built during the reign of Victoria to see that the green-sick youth had a good right to protest. A world that makes goodness the enemy of beauty and freedom is a blasphemous denial of both goodness and beauty, and young men will turn from it in disgust to the praise of Venus or any other god or goddess that welcomes beauty at the altar. The first volume of *Poems and Ballads* was a challenge to the lie of tall-hatted religion. There is much truth in Mr. Gosse's saying that "the poet is not a lotus-eater who has never known the Gospel, but an evangelist turned inside out." He had been brought up Puritanically by his mother, who kept all fiction from him in his childhood, but grounded him with the happiest results in the Bible and Shake-

speare. "This acquaintance with the text of the Bible," says Mr. Gosse, "he retained to the end of his life, and he was accustomed to be emphatic about the advantage he had received from the beauty of its language." His early poems, however, were not a protest against the atmosphere of his home, but against the atmosphere of what can only be described by the worn-out word "respectability." Mrs. Disney Leith declares that she never met a character more "reverent-minded." And, certainly, the irreverence of his most pagan poems is largely an irreverence of gesture. He delighted in shocking his contemporaries, and planned shocking them still further with a volume called *Lesbia Brandon*, which he never published; but at heart he never freed himself from the Hebrew awe in presence of good and evil. His *Aholibah* is a poem that is as moral in one sense as it is lascivious in another. As Mr. Gosse says, "his imagination was always swinging, like a pendulum, between the North and the South, between Paganism and Puritanism, between resignation to the instincts and an ascetic repudiation of their authority." It is the conflict between the two moods that is the most interesting feature in Swinburne's verse, apart from its purely artistic qualities. Some writers find Swinburne as great a magician as ever in those poems in which he is free from the obsession of the flesh. But I doubt if Swinburne ever rose to the same great heights in his later work as in the two first series of *Poems and Ballads*. Those who praise him as a thinker quote *Hertha* as a masterpiece of philosophy in music, and it was Swinburne's own favourite among his poems. But I confess I find it a too long sermon. Swinburne's philosophy and religion were as vague as his vision of the world about him. "I might call myself, if I wished," he wrote in 1875, "a kind of Christian (of the Church of Blake and Shelley), but assuredly in no sense a Theist."

Mr. Gosse has written Swinburne's life with distinction and understanding; but it was so eventless a life that

the biographer's is not an easy task. The book contains plenty of entertainment, however. It is amusing to read of the author of *Anactoria* as a child going about with Bowdler's Shakespeare under his arm and, in later years, assisting Jowett in the preparation of a *Child's Bible*.

XXIII

THE WORK OF T. M. KETTLE

To have written books and to have died in battle has been a common enough fate in the last few years. But not many of the young men who have fallen in the war have left us with such a sense of perished genius as Lieutenant T. M. Kettle, who was killed at Ginchy. He was one of those men who have almost too many gifts to succeed. He had the gift of letters and the gift of politics : he was a mathematician, an economist, a barrister, and a philosopher : he was a Bohemian as well as a scholar : as one listened to him, one suspected at times that he must be one of the most brilliant conversationalists of the age. He lived in a blaze of adoration as a student, and, though this adoration was tempered by the abuse of opponents in his later years, he still had a way of going about as a conqueror with his charm. Had he only had a little ordinariness in his composition to harden him, he would almost certainly have ended as the leading Irish statesman of his day. He was undoubtedly ambitious of success in the grand style. But with his ambition went the mood of Ecclesiastes, which reminded him of the vanity of ambition. In his youth he adhered to Herbert Spencer's much-quoted saying : "What I need to realize is how infinitesimal is the importance of anything I can do, and how infinitely important it is that I should do it." But, while with Spencer this was a call to action, with Kettle it was rather a call to meditation, to discussion. He was the Hamlet of modern Ireland. And it is interesting to remember that in one

of his early essays he defended Hamlet against the common charge of "inability to act," and protested that he was the victim, not of a vacillating will, but of the fates. He contended that, so great were the issues and so dubious the evidence, Hamlet had every right to hesitate. "The commercial blandness," he wrote, "with which people talk of Hamlet's 'plain duty' makes one wonder if they recognize such a thing as plain morality. The 'removal' of an uncle without due process of law and on the unsupported evidence of an unsubpœnable ghost; the widowing of a mother and her casting-off as unspeakably vile, are treated as enterprises about which a man has no right to hesitate or even to feel unhappy." This is not mere speciousness. There is the commonsense of pessimism in it too.

The normal Irish man of letters begins as something of a Utopian. Kettle was always too much of a pessimist —he himself would have said a realist—to yield easily to romance. As a very young man he edited in Dublin a paper called *The Nationist*, for which he claimed, above all things, that it stood for "realism" in politics. Some men are driven into revolution by despair: it was as though Kettle had been driven into reform by despair. He admired the Utopians, but he could not share their faith. "If one never got tired," he wrote in a sketch of the International Socialist Congress at Stuttgart in 1907, "one would always be with the revolutionaries, the re-makers, with Fourier and Kropotkin. But the soul's energy is strictly limited; and with weariness there comes the need for compromise, for 'machines,' for reputation, for routine. Fatigue is the beginning of political wisdom." One finds the same strain of melancholy transmuting itself into gaiety with an epigram in much of his work. His appreciation of Anatole France is the appreciation of a kindred spirit. In an essay called *The Fatigue of Anatole France* in *The Day's Burden* he defended his author's pessimistic attitude as he might have defended his own:

A pessimism, stabbed and gashed with the radiance of epigrams, as a thundercloud is stabbed by lightning, is a type of spiritual life far from contemptible. A reasonable sadness, chastened by the music of consummate prose, is an attitude and an achievement that will help many men to bear with more resignation the burden of our century.

How wonderfully, again, he portrays the Hamlet doubts of Anatole France, when, speaking of his bust, he says: "It is the face of a soldier ready to die for a flag in which he does not entirely believe." And he goes on:

He looks out at you like a veteran of the lost cause of intellect, to whose soul the trumpet of defeat strikes with as mournful and vehement a music as to that of Pascal himself, but who thinks that a wise man may be permitted to hearten himself up in evil days with an anecdote after the manner of his master Rabelais.

Kettle himself practised just such a gloom shot with gaiety. He did not, however, share Anatole France's gaiety of unbelief. In some ways he was more nearly akin to Villiers de l'Isle Adam, with his religion and his love of the fine gesture. Had he been a Frenchman of an earlier generation, he would have been famous for his talk, like Villiers, in the cafés. Most people who knew him contend that he talked even better than he wrote; but one gets a good enough example of his ruling mood and attitude in the fine essay called *On Saying Good-bye*. Meditating on life as "a sustained good-bye," he writes:

Life is a cheap *table d'hôte* in a rather dirty restaurant, with Time changing the plates before you have had enough of anything.

We were bewildered at school to be told that walking was a perpetual falling. But life is, in a far more significant way, a perpetual dying. Death is not an eccentricity, but a settled habit of the universe. The drums of to-day call to us, as they call to young Fortinbras in the fifth act of *Hamlet*, over corpses piled up in such abundance as to be almost ridiculous. We praise the pioneer, but we praise him on wrong grounds. His strength lies not in his leaning out to new things—that may be mere curiosity—but in his power to abandon old things. All his courage is a courage of adieus,

This meditativeness on the passing nature of things is one of the old moods of mankind. Kettle, however, was one of the men of our time in whom it has achieved imaginative expression. I remember his once saying, in regard to some hostile criticisms that had been passed on his own "power to abandon old things": "The whole world is nothing but the story of a renegade. The bud is renegade to the tree, and the flower to the bud, and the fruit to the flower." Though he rejoiced in change as a politician, however, he bewailed the necessity of change as a philosopher. His praise of death in the essay I have just quoted from is the praise of something that will put an end to changes and good-byes:

> There is only one journey, as it seems to me . . . in which we attain our ideal of going away and going home at the same time. Death, normally encountered, has all the attractions of suicide without any of its horrors. The old woman—

an old woman previously mentioned who complained that "the only bothersome thing about walking was that the miles began at the wrong end"—

> the old woman when she comes to that road will find the miles beginning at the right end. We shall all bid our first real adieu to those brother-jesters of ours, Time and Space; and though the handkerchiefs flutter, no lack of courage will have power to cheat or defeat us. "However amusing the comedy may have been," wrote Pascal, "there is always blood in the fifth act. They scatter a little dust in your face; and then all is over for ever." Blood there may be, but blood does not necessarily mean tragedy. The wisdom of humility bids us pray that in that fifth act we may have good lines and a timely exit; but, fine or feeble, there is comfort in breaking the parting word into its two significant halves, à Dieu. Since life has been a constant slipping from one good-bye to another, why should we fear that sole good-bye which promises to cancel all its forerunners?

There you have a passage which, in the light of events, seems strangely prophetic. Kettle certainly got his "good lines" at Ginchy. He gave his life greatly for his ideal of a free Ireland in a free Europe.

This suggests that underlying his Hamlet there was a man of action as surely as there was a jester. He was a man with a genius for rising to the occasion—for saying the fine word and doing the fine thing. He compromised often, in accordance with his "realistic" view of things; but he never compromised in his belief in the necessity of large and European ideals in Ireland. He stood by all good causes, not as an extremist, but as a helper somewhat disillusioned. But his disillusionment never made him feeble in the middle of the fight. He was the sworn foe of the belittlers of Ireland. One will get an idea of the passion with which he fought for the traditional Ireland, as well as for the Ireland of coming days, if one turns to his rhymed reply to a living English poet who had urged the Irish to forget their history and gently cease to be a nation. The last lines of this poem—*Reason in Rhyme*, as he called it—are his testament to England no less than his call to Europeanism is his testament to Ireland:

> Bond, from the toil of hate we may not cease:
> Free, we are free to be your friend.
> And when you make your banquet, and we come,
> Soldier with equal soldier must we sit,
> Closing a battle, not forgetting it.
> With not a name to hide,
> This mate and mother of valiant "rebels" dead
> Must come with all her history on her head.
> We keep the past for pride:
> No deepest peace shall strike our poets dumb:
> No rawest squad of all Death's volunteers,
> No rudest men who died
> To tear your flag down in the bitter years,
> But shall have praise, and three times thrice again,
> When at the table men shall drink with men.

That was Kettle's mood to the last. This was the mood that made him regard with such horror the execution of Pearse and Connolly, and the other leaders of the Dublin insurrection. He regarded these men as having all but destroyed his dream of an Ireland enjoying the free-

dom of Europe. But he did not believe that any English Government possessed the right to be merciless in Ireland. The murder of Sheehy-Skeffington, who was his brother-in-law, cast another shadow over his imagination from which he never recovered. Only a week before he died he wrote to me from France: "The Skeffington case oppresses me with horror." When I saw him in the previous July, he talked like a man whose heart Easter Week and its terrible retributions had broken. But there must have been exaltation in those days just before his death, as one gathers from the last, or all but the last, of his letters home:

> We are moving up to-night into the battle of the Somme. The bombardment, destruction, and bloodshed are beyond all imagination, nor did I ever think that the valour of simple men could be quite as beautiful as that of my Dublin Fusiliers. I have had two chances of leaving them—one on sick leave and one to take a staff job. I have chosen to stay with my comrades.

There at the end you have the grand gesture. There you have the "good lines" that Kettle had always desired.

XXIV.

MR. J. C. SQUIRE

IT would not have been easy a few years ago to foresee the achievement of Mr. Squire as a poet. He laboured under the disadvantage of being also a wit. It used to be said of Ibsen that a Pegasus had once been shot under him, and one was alarmed lest the reverse of this was about to happen to Mr. Squire, and lest a writer who began in the gaiety of the comic spirit should end soberly astride Pegasus. When, in *Tricks of the Trade*, he announced that he was going to write no more parodies, one had a depressed feeling that he was about to give up to poetry what was meant for mankind. Yet, on reading Mr. Squire's collected poems in *Poems: First Series*, it is difficult not to admit that it was to write serious verse even more than parody and political epigram that he was born.

He has arranged the poems in the book in the order of their composition, so that we can follow the development of his powers and see him, as it were, learning to fly. To read him is again and again to be reminded of Donne. Like Donne, he is largely self-occupied, examining the horrors of his own soul, overburdened at times with thought, an intellect at odds with the spirit. Like Donne, he will have none of the merely poetic, either in music or in imagery. He beats out a music of his own and he beats out an imagery of his own. In his early work, this sometimes resulted in his poems being unable to rise far from the ground. They seemed to be labouring on unaccustomed wings towards the ether. What other living poet has ever given a

poem such a title as *Antinomies on a Railway Station*? What other has examined himself with the same X-rays sort of realism as Mr. Squire has done in *The Mind of Man*? The latter, like many of Mr. Squire's poems, is an expression of fastidious disgust with life. The early Mr. Squire was a master of disgust, and we see the same mood dominant even in the *Ode: In a Restaurant*, where the poet suddenly breaks out:—

> Soul! This life is very strange,
> And circumstances very foul
> Attend the belly's stormy howl.

The ode, however, is not merely, or even primarily, an expression of disgust. Here, too, we see Mr. Squire's passion for romance and energy. Here, too, we see him as a fisherman of strange imagery, as when he describes the sounds of the restaurant band as they float in upon him from another room and die again:—

> Like keen-drawn threads of ink dropped into a glass
> Of water, which curl and relax and soften and pass.

The *Ode: In a Restaurant* is perhaps the summit of Mr. Squire's writing as a poet at odds with himself, a poet who floats above the obscene and dull realities of every day, "like a draggled seagull over dreary flats of mud." He has already escaped into bluer levels in the poem, *On a Friend Recently Dead*, written in the same or the following year. Here he ceases to be a poet floating and bumping against a ceiling. He is now ranging the heaven of the emancipated poets. Even when he writes of the common and prosaic things he now charges them with significance for the emotions. He is no longer a satirist and philosopher, but a lover. How well he conjures up the picture of the room in which his friend used to sit and talk:—

> Capricious friend!
> Here in this room, not long before the end,
> Here in this very room six months ago
> You poised your foot and joked and chuckled so,

Beyond the window shook the ash-tree bough,
You saw books, pictures, as I see them now,
The sofa then was blue, the telephone
Listened upon the desk and softly shone
Even as now the fire-irons in the grate,
And the little brass pendulum swung, a seal of fate
Stamping the minutes; and the curtains on window and door
Just moved in the air; and on the dark boards of the floor
These same discreetly-coloured rugs were lying . . .
And then you never had a thought of dying.

How much richer, too, by this time Mr. Squire's imagery has become! His observation is both exact and imaginative when he notes how—

the frail ash-tree hisses
With a soft sharpness like a fall of mounded grain.

Elsewhere in the same poem Mr. Squire has given us a fine new image of the brevity of man's life:—

And I, I see myself as one of a heap of stones,
Wetted a moment to life as the flying wave goes over.

It was not, however, till *The Lily of Malud* appeared that readers of poetry in general realized that Mr. Squire was a poet of the imagination even more than of the intellect. This is a flower that has blossomed out of the vast swamps of the anthropologists. It is the song of the ritual of initiation. Mr. Squire's power in the sphere both of the grotesque and of lovely imagery is revealed in the triumphant close of this poem:—

And the surly thick-lipped men, as they sit about their huts
Making drums out of guts, grunting gruffly now and then,
Carving sticks of ivory, stretching shields of wrinkled skin,
Smoothing sinister and thin squatting gods of ebony,
Chip and grunt and do not see.
But each mother, silently,
Longer than her wont stays shut in the dimness of her hut,
For she feels a brooding cloud of memory in the air,
A lingering thing there that makes her sit bowed
With hollow shining eyes, as the night-fire dies,
And stare softly at the ember, and try to remember

Something sorrowful and far, something sweet and vaguely seen
Like an early evening star when the sky is pale green :
A quiet silver tower that climbed in an hour,
Or a ghost like a flower, or a flower like a queen :
Something holy in the past that came and did not last,
But she knows not what it was.

It is easy to see in the last lines that Mr. Squire has escaped finally from the idealist's disgust to the idealist's exaltation. He has learned to express the beautiful mystery of life and he is no longer haunted in his nerves by the ugliness of circumstances. Not that he has shut himself up in an enchanted world : he still remains a poet of this agonizing earth. In *The Stronghold* he summons up a vision of " easeful death," only to turn aside from it as Christian turned aside from the temptations on his way :—

But, O, if you find that castle,
Draw back your foot from the gateway,
Let not its peace invite you,
Let not its offerings tempt you,
For faded and decayed like a garment,
Love to a dust will have fallen,
And song and laughter will have gone with sorrow,
And hope will have gone with pain ;
And of all the throbbing heart's high courage
Nothing will remain.

And these later poems are not only nobler in passion than the early introspective work ; they are also more moving. Few of the " in memoriam " poems of the war touch the heart as does that poem, *To a Bulldog*, with its moving close :—

And though you run expectant as you always do
  To the uniforms we meet,
You will never find Willy among all the soldiers
  Even in the longest street.

Nor in any crowd : yet, strange and bitter thought,
  Even now were the old words said,
If I tried the old trick, and said " Where's Willy ? "
  You would quiver and lift your head.

And your brown eyes would look to ask if I was serious,
  And wait for the word to spring.
Sleep undisturbed: I shan't say that again,
  You innocent old thing.

I must sit, not speaking, on the sofa,
  While you lie there asleep on the floor;
For he's suffered a thing that dogs couldn't dream of,
  And he won't be coming here any more.

Of the new poems in the book, one of the most beautiful is *August Moon*. The last verses provide an excellent example of Mr. Squire's gift both as a painter of things and a creator of atmosphere :—

A golden half-moon in the sky, and broken gold in the water.

In the water, tranquilly severing, joining, gold:
Three or four little plates of gold on the river:
A little motion of gold between the dark images
Of two tall posts that stand in the grey water.
A woman's laugh and children going home.
A whispering couple, leaning over the railings,
And somewhere, a little splash as a dog goes in.

I have always known all this, it has always been,
There is no change anywhere, nothing will ever change

I heard a story, a crazy and tiresome myth.

Listen! Behind the twilight a deep, low sound
Like the constant shutting of very distant doors,

Doors that are letting people over there
Out to some other place beyond the end of the sky.

The contrast between the beauty of the stillness of the moonlit world and the insane intrusion of the war into it has not, I think, been suggested so expressively in any other poem.

Now that these poems have been collected into a single volume it is possible to measure the author's stature. His book will, I believe, come as a revelation to the majority of readers. A poet of original music,

of an original mind, of an original imagination, Mr. Squire has now taken a secure place among the men of genius of to-day. *Poems: First Series,* is literary treasure so novel and so abundant that I can no longer regret, as I once did, that Mr. Squire has said farewell to the brilliant lighter-hearted moods of *Steps to Parnassus* and *Tricks of the Trade*. He has brought us gifts better even than those.

XXV

MR. JOSEPH CONRAD

1. The Making of an Author

MR. JOSEPH CONRAD is one of the strangest figures in literature. He has called himself "the most unliterary of writers." He did not even begin to write till he was half-way between thirty and forty. I do not like to be more precise about the date, because there seems to be some doubt as to the year in which Mr. Conrad was born. Mr. Hugh Walpole, in his brief critical study of Mr. Conrad, gives the date as the 6th of December, 1857; the *Encyclopædia Britannica* says 1856; Mr. Conrad himself declares in his reminiscences that he was "nine years old or thereabouts" in 1868, which would bring the year of his birth nearer 1859. Of one thing, however, there is no question. He grew up without any impulse to be a writer. He apparently never even wrote bad verse in his teens. Before he began to write *Almayer's Folly* he "had written nothing but letters and not very many of these." "I never," he declares, "made a note of a fact, of an impression, or of an anecdote in my life. The ambition of being an author had never turned up among those precious imaginary existences one creates fondly for oneself in the stillness and immobility of a day-dream."

At the same time, Mr. Conrad's is not a genius without parentage or pedigree. His father was not only a revolutionary, but in some degree a man of letters. Mr. Conrad tells us that his own acquaintance with English

literature began at the age of eight with *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which his father had translated into Polish. He has given us a picture of the child he then was (dressed in a black blouse with a white border in mourning for his mother) as he knelt in his father's study chair, "with my elbows on the table and my head held in both hands over the pile of loose pages." While he was still a boy he read Hugo and *Don Quixote* and Dickens, and a great deal of history, poetry, and travel. He had also been fascinated by the map. It may be said of him even in his childhood, as Sir Thomas Browne has said in general of every human being, that Africa and all her prodigies were within him. No passage in his autobiography suggests the first prophecy of his career so markedly as that in which he writes: "It was in 1868, when nine years old or thereabouts, that while looking at a map of Africa of the time and putting my finger on the blank space then representing the unsolved mystery of that continent, I said to myself with absolute assurance and an amazing audacity which are no longer in my character now: 'When I grow up I shall go *there*.'" Mr. Conrad's genius, his consciousness of his destiny, may be said to have come to birth in that hour. What but the second sight of genius could have told this inland child that he would one day escape from the torturing round of rebellion in which the soul of his people was imprisoned to the sunless jungles and secret rivers of Africa, where he would find an imperishable booty of wonder and monstrous fear? Many people regard *Heart of Darkness* as his greatest story. *Heart of Darkness* surely began to be written on the day on which the boy of nine "or thereabouts" put his finger on the blank space of the map of Africa and prophesied.

He was in no hurry, however, to accomplish his destiny. Mr. Conrad has never been in a hurry, even in telling a story. He has waited on fate rather than run to meet it. "I was never," he declares, "one of those

wonderful fellows that would go afloat in a washtub for the sake of the fun." On the other hand, he seems always to have followed in his own determined fashion certain sudden intuitions, much as great generals and saints do. Alexander or Napoleon could not have seized the future with a more splendid defiance of reason than did Mr. Conrad, when, though he did not yet know six words of English, he came to the resolve: "If a seaman, then an English seaman." He has always been obedient to a star. He likes to picture himself as a lazy creature, but he is really one of the most dogged day-labourers who have ever served literature. In *Typhoon* and *Youth* he has written of the triumph of the spirit of man over tempest and fire. We may see in these stories not only the record of Mr. Conrad's twenty years' toil as a seaman, but the image of his desperate doggedness as an author writing in a foreign tongue. "Line by line," he writes, "rather than page by page, was the growth of *Almayer's Folly*." He has earned his fame in the sweat of his brow. He speaks of the terrible bodily fatigue that is the lot of the imaginative writer even more than of the manual labourer. "I have," he adds, "carried bags of wheat on my back, bent almost double under a ship's deck-beams, from six in the morning till six in the evening (with an hour and a half off for meals), so I ought to know." He declares, indeed, that the strain of creative effort necessary in imaginative writing is "something for which a material parallel can only be found in the everlasting sombre stress of the westward winter passage round Cape Horn." This is to make the profession of literature a branch of the heroic life. And that, for all his smiling disparagement of himself as a Sybarite, is what Mr. Conrad has done.

It is all the more curious that he should ever have been regarded as one who had added to the literature of despair. He is a tragic writer, it is true; he is the only novelist now writing in English with the grand

tragic sense. He is nearer Webster than Shakespeare, perhaps, in the mood of his tragedy ; he lifts the curtain upon a world in which the noble and the beautiful go down before an almost meaningless malice. In *The End of the Tether*, in *Freya of the Seven Isles*, in *Victory*, it is as though a very Nero of malice who took a special delight in the ruin of great spirits governed events. On the other hand, as in *Samson Agonistes*, so in the stories of Mr. Conrad we are confronted with the curious paradox that some deathless quality in the dying hero forbids us utterly to despair. Mr. Hardy has written the tragedy of man's weakness ; Mr. Conrad has written the tragedy of man's strength " with courage never to submit or yield." Though Mr. Conrad possesses the tragic sense in a degree that puts him among the great poets, and above any of his living rivals, however, the mass of his work cannot be called tragic. *Youth*, *Typhoon*, *Lord Jim*, *The Secret Sharer*, *The Shadow Line* —are not all these fables of conquest and redemption? Man in Mr. Conrad's stories is always a defier of the devils, and the devils are usually put to flight.

Though he is eager to disclaim being a moralist or even having any liking for moralists, it is clear that he is an exceedingly passionate moralist and is in more ardent imaginative sympathy with the duties of man and Burke than with the rights of man and Shelley. Had it not been so, he might have been a political visionary and stayed at home. As it is, this son of a Polish rebel broke away from the wavering aspirations and public dreams of his revolutionary countrymen, and found salvation as an artist in the companionship of simple men at sea.

Some such tremendous breach with the past was necessary in order that Mr. Conrad might be able to achieve his destiny as an artist. No one but an inland child could, perhaps, have come to the sea with such a passion of discovery. The sea to most of us is a glory, but it is a glory of our everyday earth. Mr.

Conrad, in his discovery of the sea, broke into a new and wonder-studded world, like some great adventurer of the Renaissance. He was like a man coming out of a pit into the light. That, I admit, is too simple an image to express all that going to sea meant to Mr. Conrad. But some such image seems to me to be necessary to express that element in his writing which reminds one of the vision of a man who has lived much underground. He is a dark man who carries the shadows and the mysteries of the pit about with him. He initiates us in his stories into the romance of Erebus. He leads us through a haunted world in which something worse than a ghost may spring on us out of the darkness. Ironical, sad, a spectator, he is nevertheless a writer who exalts rather than dispirits. His genius moves enlargingly among us, a very spendthrift of treasure—treasure of recollection, observation, imagery, tenderness, and humour. It is a strange thing that it was not until he published *Chance* that the world in general began to recognize how great a writer was enriching our time. Perhaps his own reserve was partly to blame for this. He tells us that all the "characters" he ever got on his discharge from a ship contained the words "strictly sober," and he claims that he has observed the same sobriety—"asceticism of sentiment," he calls it—in his literary work as at sea. He has been compared to Dostoevsky, but in his quietism he is the very opposite of Dostoevsky—an author, indeed, of whom he has written impatiently. At the same time, Mr. Conrad keeps open house in his pages as Dostoevsky did for strange demons and goblins—that population of grotesque characters that links the modern realistic novel to the fairy tale. His tales are tales of wonder. He is not only a philosopher of the bold heart under a sky of despair, but one of the magicians of literature. That is why one reads the volume called *Youth* for the third and fourth time with even more enthusiasm than when one reads it for the first,

2. Tales of Mystery

Mr. Joseph Conrad is a writer with a lure. Every novelist of genius is that, of course, to some extent. But Mr. Conrad is more than most. He has a lure like some lost shore in the tropics. He compels to adventure. There is no other living writer who is sensitive in anything like the same degree to the sheer mysteriousness of the earth. Every man who breathes, every woman who crosses the street, every wind that blows, every ship that sails, every tide that fills, every wave that breaks, is for him alive with mystery as a lantern is alive with light—a little light in an immense darkness. Or perhaps it is more subtle than that. With Mr. Conrad it is as though mystery, instead of dwelling in people and things like a light, hung about them like an aura. Mr. Kipling communicates to us aggressively what our eyes can see. Mr. Conrad communicates to us tentatively what only his eyes can see, and in so doing gives a new significance to things. Occasionally he leaves us puzzled as to where in the world the significance can lie. But of the presence of this significance, this mystery, we are as uncannily certain as of some noise that we have heard at night. It is like the "mana" which savages at once reverence and fear in a thousand objects. It is unlike "mana," however, in that it is a quality not of sacredness, but of romance. It is as though for Mr. Conrad a ghost of romance inhabited every tree and every stream, every ship and every human being. His function in literature is the announcement of this ghost. In all his work there is some haunting and indefinable element that draws us into a kind of ghost-story atmosphere as we read. His ships and men are, in an old sense of the word, possessed.

One might compare Mr. Conrad in this respect with his master—his master, at least, in the art of the long novel—Henry James. I do not mean that in the

matter of his genius Mr. Conrad is not entirely original. Henry James could no more have written Mr. Conrad's stories than Mr. Conrad could have written Henry James's. His manner of discovering significance in insignificant things, however, is of the school of Henry James. Like Henry James, he is a psychologist in everything down to descriptions of the weather. It can hardly be questioned that he has learned more of the business of psychology from Henry James than from any other writer. As one reads a story like *Chance*, however, one feels that in psychology Mr. Conrad is something of an amateur of genius, while Henry James is a professor. Mr. Conrad never gives the impression of having used the dissecting-knife and the microscope and the test-tubes as Henry James does. He seems rather to be one of the splendid guessers. Not that Henry James is timid in speculations. He can sally out into the borderland and come back with his bag of ghosts like a very hero of credulity. Even when he tells a ghost story, however—and *The Turn of the Screw* is one of the great ghost stories of literature—he remains supremely master of his materials. He has an efficiency that is scientific as compared with the vaguer broodings of Mr. Conrad. Where Mr. Conrad will drift into discovery, Henry James will sail more cunningly to his end with chart and compass.

One is aware of a certain deliberate indolent hither-and-thitherness in the psychological progress of Mr. Conrad's *Under Western Eyes*, for instance, which is never to be found even in the most elusive of Henry James's novels. Both of them are, of course, in love with the elusive. To each of them a bird in the bush is worth two in the hand. But while Henry James's birds perch in the cultivated bushes of botanical gardens, Mr. Conrad's call from the heart of natural thickets—often from the depths of the jungle. The progress of the steamer up the jungle river in *Heart of Darkness* is symbolic of his method as a writer. He goes on

and on, with the ogres of romance always lying in wait round the next bend. He can describe things seen as well as any man, but it is his especial genius to use things seen in such a way as to suggest the unseen things that are waiting round the corner. Even when he is portraying human beings, like Flora de Barrel—the daughter of the defalcating financier and wife of the ship's captain, who is the heroine of *Chance*—he often permits us just such glimpses of them as we get of persons hurrying round a corner. He gives us a picture of disappearing heels as the portrait of a personality. He suggests the soul of wonder in a man not by showing him realistically as he is so much as by suggesting a mysterious something hidden, something on the horizon, a shadowy island seen at twilight. One result of this is that his human beings are seldom as rotund as life. They are emanations of personality rather than collections of legs, arms, and bowels. They are, if you like, ghostly. That is why they will never be quoted like Hamlet and my Uncle Toby and Sam Weller.

But how wonderful they are in their environment of the unusual! How wonderful as seen in the light of the strange eyes of their creator! "Having grown extremely sensitive (an effect of irritation) to the tonalities, I may say, of the affair"—so the narrator of *Chance* begins one of his sentences; and it is not in the invention of new persons or incidents, but in just such a sensitiveness to the tonalities of this and that affair that Mr. Conrad wins his laurels as a writer of novels. He would be sensitive, I do not doubt, to the tonalities of the way in which a waitress in a Lyons tea-shop would serve a lumpy-shouldered City man with tea and toasted scone. His sensitiveness only becomes matter for enthusiasm, however, when it is concerned with little man in conflict with destiny—when, bare down to the immortal soul, he grapples with fate and throws it, or is beaten back by it into a savage of the first days.

Some of his best work is contained in the two stories *Typhoon* and *The Secret Sharer*, the latter of which appeared in the volume called *'Twixt Land and Sea*. And each of these is a fable of man's mysterious quarrel with fate told with the Conrad sensitiveness, the dark Conrad irony, and the Conrad zest for courage. These stories are so great that while we read them we almost forget the word "psychology." We are swept off our feet by a tide of heroic literature. Each of the stories, complex though Mr. Conrad's interest in the central situation may be, is radically as heroic and simple as the story of Jack's fight with the giants or of the defence of the round-house in *Kidnapped*. In each of them the soul of man challenges fate with its terrors: it dares all, it risks all, it invades and defeats the darkness. *Typhoon* was, I fancy, not consciously intended as a dramatization of the struggle between the soul and the Prince of the power of the air. But it is because it is eternally true as such a dramatization that it is—let us not shrink from praise—one of the most overwhelmingly fine short stories in literature. It is the story of an unconquerable soul even more than of an unconquerable ship. One feels that the ship's struggles have angels and demons for spectators, as time and again the storm smashes her and time and again she rises alive out of the pit of the waters. They are an affair of cosmic relevance as the captain and the mate cling on, watching the agonies of the steamer.

Opening their eyes, they saw the masses of piled-up foam dashing to and fro amongst what looked like fragments of the ship. She had given way as if driven straight in. Their panting hearts yielded before the tremendous blow; and all at once she sprang up again to her desperate plunging, as if trying to scramble out from under the ruins. The seas in the dark seemed to rush from all sides to keep her back where she might perish. There was hate in the way she was handled, and a ferocity in the blows that fell. She was like a living creature thrown to the rage of a mob: hustled terribly, struck at, borne up, flung down, leaped upon.

It is in the midst of these blinding, deafening, whirling, drowning terrors that we seem to see the captain and the mate as figures symbolic of Mr. Conrad's heroic philosophy of life.

> He [the mate] poked his head forward, groping for the ear of his commander. His lips touched it, big, fleshy, very wet. He cried in an agitated tone, "Our boats are going now, sir."
>
> And again he heard that voice, forced and ringing feebly, but with a penetrating effect of quietness in the enormous discord of noises, as if sent out from some remote spot of peace beyond the black wastes of the gale; again he heard a man's voice—the frail and indomitable sound that can be made to carry an infinity of thought, resolution, and purpose, that shall be pronouncing confident words on the last day, when the heavens fall and justice is done—again he heard it, and it was crying to him, as if from very, very far: "All right."

Mr. Conrad's work, I have already suggested, belongs to the literature of confidence. It is the literature of great hearts braving the perils of the darkness. He is imaginatively never so much at home as in the night, but he is aware not only of the night, but of the stars. Like a cheer out of the dark comes that wonderful scene in *The Secret Sharer* in which, at infinite risk, the ship is sailed in close under the looming land in order that the captain may give the hidden manslayer a chance of escaping unnoticed to the land. This is a story in which the "tonalities of the affair" are much more subtle than in *Typhoon*. It is a study in eccentric human relations—the relations between the captain and the manslayer who comes naked out of the seas as if from nowhere one tropical night, and is huddled away with his secrets in the captain's cabin. It is for the most part a comedy of the abnormal—an ironic fable of splendid purposeless fears and risks. Towards the end, however, we lose our concern with nerves and relationships and such things, and our hearts pause as the moment approaches when the captain ventures his ship in order to save the interloper's life.

That is a moment with all romance in it. As the ship swerves round into safety just in the nick of time, we have a story transfigured into the music of the triumphant soul. Mr. Conrad, as we see in *Freya of the Seven Isles* and elsewhere, is not blind to the commonness of tragic ruin—tragic ruin against which no high-heartedness seems to avail. He is, indeed, inclined rather than otherwise to represent fate as a monstrous spider, unaccountable, often maleficent, hard to run away from. But he loves the fantastic comedy of the high heart which persists in the heroic game against the spider till the bitter end. His *Youth* is just such a comedy of the peacockry of adventure amid the traps and disasters of fate.

All this being so, it may be thought that I have underestimated the flesh-and-blood qualities in Mr. Conrad's work. I certainly do not want to give the impression that his men are less than men. They are as manly men as ever breathed. But Mr. Conrad seldom attempts to give us the complete synthesis of a man. He deals rather in aspects of personality. His longer books would hold us better if there were some overmastering characters in them. In reading such a book as *Under Western Eyes* we feel as though we had here a precious alphabet of analysis, but that it has not been used to spell a magnificent man.

Worse than this, Mr. Conrad's long stories at times come out as awkwardly as an elephant being steered backwards through a gate. He pauses frequently to impress upon us not only the romance of the fact he is stating but the romance of the circumstances in which somebody discovered it. In *Chance* and *Lord Jim* he is not content to tell us a straightforward story: he must show us at length the processes by which it was pieced together. This method has its advantages. It gives us the feeling, as I have said, that we are voyaging into strange seas and harbours in search of mysterious clues. But the fatigue of reconstruction is apt to tell

on us before the end. One gets tired of the thing just as one does of interviewing a host of strangers. That is why some people fail to get through Mr. Conrad's long novels. They are books of a thousand fascinations, but the best imagination in them is by the way. Besides this, they have little of the economy of dramatic writing, but are profusely descriptive, and most people are timid of an epic of description.

Mr. Conrad's best work, then, is to be found, I agree with most people in believing, in three of his volumes of short stories—in *Typhoon*, *Youth*, and *'Twixt Land and Sea*. His fame will, I imagine, rest chiefly on these, just as the fame of Wordsworth and Keats rests on their shorter poems. Here is the pure gold of his romance—written in terms largely of the life of the old sailing-ship. Here he has written little epics of man's destiny, tragic, ironic, and heroic, which are unique in modern (and, it is safe to say, in all) literature.

XXVI

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING

1. The Good Story-teller

MR. KIPLING is an author whom one has loved and hated a good deal. One has loved him as the eternal schoolboy revelling in smells and bad language and dangerous living. One has loved him less, but one has at least listened to him, as the knowing youth who could tell one all about the ladies of Simla. One has found him rather adorable as the favourite uncle with the funny animal stories. One has been amazed by his magnificent make-believe as he has told one about dim forgotten peoples that have disappeared under the ground. One has detested him, on the other hand, as the evangelist with the umbrella—the little Anglo-Indian Prussian who sing hymns of hate and Hempire.

Luckily, this last Kipling is allowed an entirely free voice only in verse. If one avoids *Barrack Room Ballads* and *The Seven Seas*, one misses the worst of him. He visits the prose stories, too, it is true, but he does not dominate them in the same degree. Prose is his easy chair, in which his genius as a humorist and anecdotalist can expand. Verse is a platform that tempts him at one moment into the performance of music-hall turns and the next into stump orations the spiritual home of which is Hyde Park Corner rather than Parnassus. *Recessional* surprises one like a noble recantation of nearly all the other verse Mr. Kipling has written. But, apart from *Recessional,* most of his political verse is a mere quickstep of bragging and sneering.

His prose, certainly, stands a third or a fourth reading, as his verse does not. Even in a world which Henry James and Mr. Conrad have taught to study motives and atmospheres with an almost scientific carefulness, Mr. Kipling's "well-hammered anecdotes," as Mr. George Moore once described the stories, still refuse to bore us.

At the same time, they make a different appeal to us from their appeal of twenty or twenty-five years ago. In the early days, we half-worshipped Mr. Kipling because he told us true stories. Now we enjoy him because he tells us amusing stories. He conquered us at first by making us think him a realist. He was the man who knew. We listened to him like children drinking in travellers' tales. He bluffed us with his cocksure way of talking about things, and by addressing us in a mysterious jargon which we regarded as a proof of his intimacy with the barrack-room, the engine-room, the racecourse, and the lives of generals, Hindus, artists, and East-enders. That was Mr. Kipling's trick. He assumed the realistic manner as Jacob assumed the hairy hands of Esau. He compelled us to believe him by describing with elaborate detail the setting of his story. And, having once got us in the mood of belief, he proceeded to spin a yarn that as often as not was as unlike life as *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*. His characters are inventions, not portraits. Even the dialects they speak—dialects which used to be enthusiastically spoken of as masterly achievements of realism—are ludicrously false to life, as a page of Mulvaney's or Ortheris's talk will quickly make clear to any one who knows the real thing. But with what humour the stories are told! Mr. Kipling does undoubtedly possess the genius of humour and energy. There are false touches in the boys' conversation in *The Drums of the Fore and Aft*, but the humour and energy with which the progress of the regiment to the frontier, its disgrace and its rescue by the drunken

children, are described, make it one of the most admirable short stories of our time.

His humour, it must be admitted, is akin to the picaresque. It is amusing to reflect as one looks round the disreputable company of Mr. Kipling's characters, that his work has now been given a place in the library of law and order. When *Stalky and Co.* was published, parents and schoolmasters protested in alarm, and it seemed doubtful for a time whether Mr. Kipling was to be reckoned among the enemies of society. If I am not mistaken, *The Spectator* came down on the side of Mr. Kipling, and his reputation as a respectable author was saved.

But the parents and the schoolmasters were not nervous without cause. Mr. Kipling is an anarchist in his preferences to a degree that no bench of bishops could approve. He is, within limits, on the side of the Ishmaelites—the bad boys of the school, the "rips" of the regiment. His books are the praise of the Ishmaelitish life in a world of law and order. They are seldom the praise of a law and order life in a world of law and order. Mr. Kipling demands only one loyalty (beyond mutual loyalty) from his characters. His schoolboys may break every rule in the place, provided that somewhere deep down in their hearts they are loyal to the "Head." His pet soldiers may steal dogs or get drunk, or behave brutally to their heart's content, on condition that they cherish a sentimental affection for the Colonel. Critics used to explain this aspect of Mr. Kipling's work by saying that he likes to show the heart of good in things evil. But that is not really a characteristic of his work. What he is most interested in is neither good nor evil but simply roguery. As an artist, he is a born rebel and lover of mischief. As a politician he is on the side of the judges and the lawyers. It was his politics and not his art that ultimately made him the idol of the genteel world.

2. The Poet of Life with a Capital Hell

Everybody who is older than a schoolboy remembers how Mr. Rudyard Kipling was once a modern. He might, indeed, have been described at the time as a Post-Imperialist. Raucous and young, he had left behind him the ornate Imperialism of Disraeli, on the one hand, and the cultured Imperialism of Tennyson, on the other. He sang of Imperialism as it was, or was about to be—vulgar and canting and bloody—and a world that was preparing itself for an Imperialism that would be vulgar and canting and bloody bade him welcome. In one breath he would give you an invocation to Jehovah. In the next, with a dig in the ribs, he would be getting round the roguish side of you with the assurance that :—

> If you've ever stole a pheasant-egg behind the keeper's back,
> If you've ever snigged the washin' from the line,
> If you've ever crammed a gander in your bloomin' 'aversack,
> You will understand this little song o' mine.

This jumble—which seems so curious nowadays—of delight in piety and delight in twopence-coloured mischiefs came as a glorious novelty and respite to the oppressed race of Victorians. Hitherto they had been building up an Empire decently and in order ; no doubt, many reprehensible things were being done, but they were being done quietly : outwardly, so far as was possible, a respectable front was preserved. It was Mr. Kipling's distinction to tear off the mask of Imperialism as a needless and irritating encumbrance ; he had too much sense of reality—too much humour, indeed—to want to portray Empire-builders as a company of plaster saints. Like an *enfant terrible,* he was ready to proclaim aloud a host of things which had, until then, been kept as decorously in the dark as the skeleton in the family cupboard. The thousand and one incidents of lust and loot, of dishonesty and

brutality and drunkenness—all of those things to which builders of Empire, like many other human beings, are at times prone—he never dreamed of treating as matters to be hushed up, or, apparently, indeed, to be regretted. He accepted them quite frankly as all in the day's work; there was even a suspicion of enthusiasm in the heartiness with which he referred to them. Simple old clergymen, with a sentimental vision of an Imperialism that meant a chain of mission-stations (painted red) encircling the earth, suddenly found themselves called upon to sing a new psalm :—

> Ow, the loot!
> Bloomin' loot!
> That's the thing to make the boys git up an' shoot!
> It's the same with dogs an' men,
> If you'd make 'em come again.
> Clap 'em forward with a Loo! Loo! Lulu! Loot!
> Whoopee! Tear 'im, puppy! Loo! Loo! Lulu! Loot!
> Loot! Loot!

Frankly, I wish Mr. Kipling had always written in this strain. It might have frightened the clergymen away. Unfortunately, no sooner had the old-fashioned among his readers begun to show signs of nervousness than he would suddenly feel in the mood for a tune on his Old Testament harp, and, taking it down, would twang from its strings a lay of duty. "Take up," he would sing—

> Take up the White Man's burden,
> Send forth the best ye breed,
> Go, bind your sons to exile,
> To serve your captives' need;
> To wait in heavy harness
> On fluttered folk and wild—
> Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
> Half-devil and half-child.

Little Willie, in the tracts, scarcely dreamed of a thornier path of self-sacrifice. No wonder the sentimentalists were soon all dancing to the new music—

music which, perhaps, had more of the harmonium than the harp in it, but was none the less suited on that account to its revivalistic purpose.

At the same time, much as we may have been attracted to Mr. Kipling in his Sabbath moods, it was with what we may call his Saturday night moods that he first won the enthusiasm of the young men. They loved him for his bad language long before he had ever preached a sermon or written a leading article in verse. His literary adaptation of the unmeasured talk of the barrack-room seemed to initiate them into a life at once more real and more adventurous than the quiet three-meals-a-day ritual of their homes. He sang of men who defied the laws of man; still more exciting, he sang of men who defied the laws of God. Every oath he loosed rang heroically in the ear like a challenge to the universe; for his characters talked in a daring, swearing fashion that was new in literature. One remembers the bright-eyed enthusiasm with which very young men used to repeat to each other lines like the one in *The Ballad of "The Bolivar,"* which runs—

> Boys, the wheel has gone to Hell—rig the winches aft!

Not that anybody knew, or cared, what "rigging the winches aft" meant. It was the familiar and fearless commerce with hell that seemed to give literature a new horizon. Similarly, it was the eternal flames in the background that made the tattered figure of Gunga Din, the water-carrier, so favourite a theme with virgins and boys. With what delight they would quote the verse:—

> So I'll meet 'im later on,
> At the place where 'e is gone—
> Where it's always double drill and no canteen;
> 'E'll be squattin' on the coals,
> Givin' drink to poor damned souls,
> An' I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din!

Ever since the days of Aucassin, indeed, who praised hell as the place whither were bound the men of fashion and the good scholars and the courteous fair ladies, youth has taken a strange, heretical delight in hell and damnation. Mr. Kipling offered new meats to the old taste.

> Gentlemen-rankers, out on the spree,
> Damned from here to eternity,

began to wear halos in the undergraduate imagination. Those "seven men from out of Hell" who went

> Rolling down the Ratcliff Road,
> Drunk, and raising Cain,

were men with whom youth would have rejoiced to shake hands. One even wrote bad verses oneself in those days, in which one loved to picture oneself as

> Cursed with the curse of Reuben,
> Seared with the brand of Cain,

though so far one's most desperate adventure into reality had been the consumption of a small claret hot with a slice of lemon in it in a back-street public-house. Thus Mr. Kipling brought a new violence and wonder, a sort of debased Byronism, into the imagination of youth; at least, he put a crown upon the violence and wonder which youth had long previously discovered for itself in penny dreadfuls and in its rebellion against conventions and orthodoxies.

It may be protested, however, that this is an incomplete account of Mr. Kipling's genius as a poet. He does something more in his verse, it may be urged, than drone on the harmonium of Imperialism, and transmute the language of the Ratcliff Road into polite literature. That is quite true. He owes his fame partly also to the brilliance with which he talked adventure and talked "shop" to a generation that was exceptionally greedy for both. He, more than any

other writer of his time, set to banjo-music the restlessness of the young man who would not stay at home—the romance of the man who lived and laboured at least a thousand miles away from the home of his fathers. He excited the imagination of youth with deft questions such as—

Do you know the pile-built village, where the sago-dealers trade—
Do you know the reek of fish and wet bamboo ?

If you did not know all about the sago-dealers and the fish and the wet bamboo, Mr. Kipling had a way of making you feel unpardonably ignorant ; and the moral of your ignorance always was that you must "go—go—go away from here." Hence an immense increase in the number of passages booked to the colonies. Mr. Kipling, in his verse, simply acted as a gorgeous poster-artist of Empire. And even those who resisted his call to adventure were hypnotized by his easy and lavish manner of talking "shop." He could talk the "shop" of the army, the sea, the engine-room, the art-school, the charwoman ; he was a perfect young Bacon of omniscience. How we thrilled at the unintelligible jingle of the *Anchor Song,* with its cunning blend of "shop" and adventure :—

Heh ! Tally on. Aft and walk away with her !
Handsome to the cathead, now ! O tally on the fall !
Stop, seize, and fish, and easy on the davit-guy.
Up, well up, the fluke of her, and inboard haul !

Well, ah, fare you well for the Channel wind's took hold of us,
Choking down our voices as we snatch the gaskets free,
And its blowing up for night,
And she's dropping light on light,
And she's snorting and she's snatching for a breath of open sea.

The worst of Mr. Kipling is that, in verse like this, he is not only omniscient ; he is knowing. He mistakes knowingness for knowledge. He even mistakes it for wisdom at times, as when he writes, not of ships, but

of women. His knowing attitude to women makes some of his verse—not very much, to be quite fair—absolutely detestable. *The Ladies* seems to me the vulgarest poem written by a man of genius in our time. As one reads it, one feels how right Oscar Wilde was when he said that Mr. Kipling had seen many strange things through keyholes. Mr. Kipling's defenders may reply that, in poems like this, he is merely dramatizing the point of view of the barrack-room. But it is unfair to saddle the barrack-room with responsibility for the view of women which appears here and elsewhere in the author's verse. One is conscious of a kind of malign cynicism in Mr. Kipling's own attitude, as one reads *The Young British Soldier,* with a verse like—

If your wife should go wrong with a comrade, be loth
To shoot when you catch 'em—you'll swing, on my oath!—
Make 'im take 'er and keep 'er; that's hell for them both,
And you're shut o' the curse of a soldier.

That seems to me fairly to represent the level of Mr. Kipling's poetic wisdom in regard to the relations between the sexes. It is the logical result of the keyhole view of life. And, similarly, his Imperialism is a mean and miserable thing because it is the result of a keyhole view of humanity. Spiritually, Mr. Kipling may be said to have seen thousands of miles and thousands of places through keyholes. In him, wide wanderings have produced the narrow mind, and an Empire has become as petty a thing as the hoard in a miser's garret. Many of his poems are simply miser's shrieks when the hoard seems to be threatened. He cannot even praise the flag of his country without a shrill note of malice:—

Winds of the world, give answer! They are whimpering to and fro—
And what should they know of England who only England know?
The poor little street-bred people, that vapour, and fume, and brag,
They are lifting their heads in the stillness, to yelp at the English flag!

Mr. Kipling is a good judge of yelping.

The truth is, Mr. Kipling has put the worst of his genius into his poetry. His verses have brazen "go" and lively colour and something of the music of travel; but they are too illiberal, too snappish, too knowing, to afford deep or permanent pleasure to the human spirit.

XXVII

MR. THOMAS HARDY

1. His Genius as a Poet

MR. THOMAS HARDY, in the opinion of some, is greater as a poet than as a novelist. That is one of the mild heresies in which the amateur of letters loves to indulge. It has about as much truth in it as the statement that Milton was greater as a controversialist than as a poet, or that Lamb's plays are better than his essays. Mr. Hardy has undoubtedly made an original contribution to the poetry of his time. But he has given us no verse that more than hints at the height and depth of the tragic vision which is expressed in *Jude the Obscure*. He is not by temperament a singer. His music is a still small voice unevenly matched against his consciousness of midnight and storm. It is a flutter of wings in the rain over a tomb. His sense of beauty is frail and midge-like compared with his sense of everlasting frustration. The conceptions in his novels are infinitely more poetic than the conceptions in his verse. In *Tess* and *Jude* destiny presides with something of the grandeur of the ancient gods. Except in *The Dynasts* and a few of the lyrics, there is none of this brooding majesty in his verse. And even in *The Dynasts*, majestic as the scheme of it is, there seems to me to be more creative imagination in the prose passages than in the poetry.

Truth to tell, Mr. Hardy is neither sufficiently articulate nor sufficiently fastidious to be a great poet. He does not express life easily in beautiful words or in images. There is scarcely a magical image in the hundred or

so poems in the book of his selected verse. Thus he writes in *I Found Her Out There* of one who :—

> would sigh at the tale
> Of sunk Lyonesse
> As a wind-tugged tress
> Flapped her cheek like a flail.

There could not be an uglier and more prosaic exaggeration than is contained in the image in the last line. And prose intrudes in the choice of words as well as in images. Take, for example, the use of the word "domiciled" in the passage in the same poem about—

> that western sea,
> As it swells and sobs,
> Where she once domiciled.

There are infelicities of the same kind in the first verse of the poem called *At an Inn* :—

> When we, as strangers, sought
> Their catering care,
> Veiled smiles bespoke their thought
> Of what we were.
>
> They warmed as they opined
> Us more than friends—
> That we had all resigned
> For love's dear ends.

"Catering care" is an appalling phrase.

I do not wish to over-emphasize the significance of flaws of this kind. But, at a time when all the world is eager to do honour to Mr. Hardy's poems, it is surely well to refrain from doing equal honour to his faults. We shall not appreciate the splendid interpretation of earth in *The Return of the Native* more highly for persuading ourselves that :—

> Intermissive aim at the thing sufficeth,

is a line of good poetry. Similarly the critic, if he is to enjoy the best of Mr. Hardy, must also be resolute not

to shut his eyes to the worst in such a verse as that with which *A Broken Appointment* begins :—

> You did not come,
> And marching time drew on, and wore me numb,—
> Yet less for loss of your dear presence there
> Than that I thus found lacking in your make
> That high compassion which can overbear
> Reluctance for pure loving kindness' sake
> Grieved I, when, as the hope-hour stroked its sum,
> You did not come.

There are hints of the grand style of lyric poetry in these lines, but phrases like " in your make " and " as the hope-hour stroked its sum " are discords that bring it tumbling to the levels of Victorian commonplace.

What one does bless Mr. Hardy for, however, both in his verse and in his prose, is his bleak sincerity. He writes out of the reality of his experience. He has a temperament sensitive beyond that of all but a few recent writers to the pain and passion of human beings. Especially is he sensitive to the pain and passion of frustrated lovers. At least half his poems, I fancy, are poems of frustration. And they hold us under the spell of reality like a tragedy in a neighbour's house, even when they leave us most mournful over the emptiness of the world. One can see how very mournful Mr. Hardy's genius is if one compares it with that of Browning, his master in the art of the dramatic lyric. Browning is also a poet of frustrated lovers. One can remember poem after poem of his with a theme that might easily have served for Mr. Hardy—*Too Late, Cristina, The Lost Mistress, The Last Ride Together, The Statue and the Bust,* to name a few. But what a sense of triumph there is in Browning's tragedies! Even when he writes of the feeble-hearted, as in *The Statue and the Bust,* he leaves us with the feeling that we are in the presence of weakness in a world in which courage prevails. His world is a place of opulence, not of poverty. Compare *The Last Ride Together* with

Mr. Hardy's *The Phantom Horsewoman*, and you will see a vast energy and beauty issuing from loss in the one, while in the other there is little but a sad shadow. To have loved even for an hour is with Browning to live for ever after in the inheritance of a mighty achievement. To have loved for an hour is, in Mr. Hardy's imagination, to have deepened the sadness even more than the beauty of one's memories.

Not that Mr. Hardy's is quite so miserable a genius as is commonly supposed. It is false to picture him as always on his knees before the grave-worm. His faith in beauty and joy may be only a thin flame, but it is never extinguished. His beautiful lyric, *I Look into my Glass*, is the cry of a soul dark but not utterly darkened :—

> I look into my glass,
> And view my wasting skin,
> And say : " Would God, it came to pass
> My heart had shrunk as thin ! "
>
> For then, I, undistrest,
> By hearts grown cold to me,
> Could lonely wait my endless rest
> With equanimity.
>
> But Time, to make me grieve,
> Part steals, lets part abide ;
> And shakes this fragile frame at eve
> With throbbings of noontide.

That is certainly worlds apart from the unquenchable joy of Browning's " All the breath and the bloom of the world in the bag of one bee " ; but it is also far removed from the " Lo ! you may always end it where you will " of *The City of Dreadful Night*. And despair is by no means triumphant in what is perhaps the most attractive of all Mr. Hardy's poems, *The Oxen* :—

> Christmas Eve, and twelve of the clock,
> " Now they are all on their knees,"
> An elder said as we sat in a flock
> By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek mild creatures where
  They dwelt in their strawy pen,
Nor did it occur to one of us there
  To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy few would weave
  In these years! Yet, I feel,
If some one said on Christmas Eve,
  "Come; see the oxen kneel

"In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
  Our childhood used to know,"
I should go with him in the gloom,
  Hoping it might be so.

The mood of faith, however—or, rather, of delight in the memory of faith—is not Mr. Hardy's prevailing mood. At the same time, his unfaith relates to the duration of love rather than to human destiny. He believes in "the world's amendment." He can enter upon a war without ironical doubts, as we see in the song *Men who March Away*. More than this, he can look forward beyond war to the coming of a new patriotism of the world. "How long," he cries, in a poem written some years ago:—

How long, O ruling Teutons, Slavs, and Gaels,
Must your wroth reasonings trade on lives like these,
That are as puppets in a playing hand?
When shall the saner softer polities
Whereof we dream, have sway in each proud land,
And Patriotism, grown Godlike, scorn to stand
Bondslave to realms, but circle earth and seas?

But, perhaps, his characteristic attitude to war is to be found, not in lines like these, but in that melancholy poem, *The Souls of the Slain*, in which the souls of the dead soldiers return to their country and question a "senior soul-flame" as to how their friends and relatives have kept their doughty deeds in remembrance:—

"And, General, how hold out our sweethearts,
Sworn loyal as doves?"
"Many mourn; many think
It is not unattractive to prink
Them in sable for heroes. Some fickle and fleet hearts
Have found them new loves."

"And our wives?" quoth another, resignedly,
"Dwell they on our deeds?"
"Deeds of home; that live yet
Fresh as new—deeds of fondness or fret,
Ancient words that were kindly expressed or unkindly,
These, these have their heeds."

Mr. Hardy has too bitter a sense of reality to believe much in the glory of war. His imagination has always been curiously interested in soldiers, but that is more because they have added a touch of colour to the tragic game of life than because he is on the side of the military show. One has only to read *The Dynasts* along with *Barrack-room Ballads* to see that the attitude of Mr. Hardy to war is the attitude of the brooding artist in contrast with that of the music-hall politician. Not that Mr. Kipling did not tell us some truths about the fate of our fellows, but he related them to an atmosphere that savoured of beer and tobacco rather than of eternity. The real world to Mr. Hardy is the world of ancient human things, in which war has come to be a hideous irrelevance. That is what he makes emphatically clear in *In the Time of the Breaking of Nations*:—

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk.

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch grass:
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by;
War's annals will fade into night
Ere their story die.

It may be thought, on the other hand, that Mr. Hardy's poems about war are no more expressive of tragic futility than his poems about love. Futility and frustration are ever-recurring themes in both. His lovers, like his soldiers, rot in the grave defeated of their glory. Lovers are always severed both in life and in death :—

> Rain on the windows, creaking doors,
> With blasts that besom the green,
> And I am here, and you are there,
> And a hundred miles between !

In *Beyond the Last Lamp* we have the same mournful cry over severance. There are few sadder poems than this with its tristful refrain, even in the works of Mr. Hardy. It is too long to quote in full, but one may give the last verses of this lyric of lovers in a lane :—

> When I re-trod that watery way
> Some hours beyond the droop of day,
> Still I found pacing there the twain
> Just as slowly, just as sadly,
> Heedless of the night and rain.
> One could but wonder who they were
> And what wild woe detained them there.
>
> Though thirty years of blur and blot
> Have slid since I beheld that spot,
> And saw in curious converse there
> Moving slowly, moving sadly,
> That mysterious tragic pair,
> Its olden look may linger on—
> All but the couple ; they have gone.
>
> Whither ? Who knows, indeed. . . . And yet
> To me, when nights are weird and wet,
> Without those comrades there at tryst
> Creeping slowly, creeping sadly,
> That love-lane does not exist.
> There they seem brooding on their pain,
> And will, while such a lane remain.

And death is no kinder than life to lovers :—

I shall rot here, with those whom in their day
You never knew.
And alien ones who, ere they chilled to clay,
Met not my view,
Will in yon distant grave-place ever neighbour you.

No shade of pinnacle or tree or tower,
While earth endures,
Will fall on my mound and within the hour
Steal on to yours;
One robin never haunt our two green covertures.

Mr. Hardy, fortunately, has the genius to express the burden and the mystery even of a world grey with rain and commonplace in achievement. There is a beauty of sorrow in these poems in which "life with the sad, seared face" mirrors itself without disguise. They bring us face to face with an experience intenser than our own. There is nothing common in the tragic image of dullness in *A Common-place Day* :—

The day is turning ghost,
And scuttles from the kalendar in fits and furtively,
To join the anonymous host
Of those that throng oblivion; ceding his place, maybe,
To one of like degree. . . .

Nothing of tiniest worth
Have I wrought, pondered, planned; no one thing asking blame or praise,
Since the pale corpse-like birth
Of this diurnal unit, bearing blanks in all its rays—
Dullest of dull-hued days!

Wanly upon the panes
The rain slides, as have slid since morn my colourless thoughts; and yet
Here, while Day's presence wanes,
And over him the sepulchre-lid is slowly lowered and set,
He wakens my regret.

In the poem which contains these verses the emotion of the poet gives words often undistinguished an almost

Elizabethan rhythm. Mr. Hardy, indeed, is a poet who often achieves music of verses, though he seldom achieves music of phrase.

We must, then, be grateful without niggardliness for the gift of his verse. On the larger canvas of his prose we find a vision more abundant, more varied, more touched with humour. But his poems are the genuine confessions of a soul, the meditations of a man of genius, brooding not without bitterness but with pity on the paths that lead to the grave, and the figures that flit along them so solitarily and so ineffectually.

2. A Poet in Winter

In the last poem in his last book, *Moments of Vision*, Mr. Hardy meditates on his own immortality, as all men of genius probably do at one time or another. *Afterwards*, the poem in which he does so, is interesting, not only for this reason, but because it contains implicitly a definition and a defence of the author's achievement in literature. The poem is too long to quote in full, but the first three verses will be sufficient to illustrate what I have said:

When the Present has latched its postern behind my tremulous stay,
And the May month flaps its glad green leaves like wings,
Delicate-filmed as new-spun silk, will the people say:
"He was a man who used to notice such things"?

If it be in the dusk when, like an eyelid's soundless blink,
The dewfall-hawk comes crossing the shades to alight
Upon the wind-warped upland thorn, will a gazer think:
"To him this must have been a familiar sight"?

If I pass during some nocturnal blackness, mothy and warm,
When the hedgehog travels furtively over the lawn,
Will they say: "He strove that such innocent creatures should come to no harm,
But he could do little for them; and now he is gone"?

Even without the two other verses, we have here a remarkable attempt on the part of an artist to paint a portrait, as it were, of his own genius.

Mr. Hardy's genius is essentially that of a man who "used to notice such things" as the fluttering of the green leaves in May, and to whom the swift passage of a night-jar in the twilight has "been a familiar sight." He is one of the most sensitive observers of nature who have written English prose. It may even be that he will be remembered longer for his studies of nature than for his studies of human nature. His days are among his greatest characters, as in the wonderful scene on the heath in the opening of *The Return of the Native*. He would have written well of the world, one can imagine, even if he had found it uninhabited. But his sensitiveness is not merely sensitiveness of the eye: it is also sensitiveness of the heart. He has, indeed, that hypersensitive sort of temperament, as the verse about the hedgehog suggests, which is the victim at once of pity and of a feeling of hopeless helplessness. Never anywhere else has there been such a world of pity put into a quotation as Mr. Hardy has put into that line and a half from *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which he placed on the title-page of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*:—

> Poor wounded name, my bosom as a bed
> Shall lodge thee!

In the use to which he put these words Mr. Hardy may be said to have added to the poetry of Shakespeare. He gave them a new imaginative context, and poured his own heart into them. For the same helpless pity which he feels for dumb creatures he feels for men and women:

> . . . He strove that such innocent creatures should come to no harm,
> But he could do little for them.

It is the spirit of pity brooding over the landscape in Mr. Hardy's books that makes them an original and beautiful contribution to literature, in spite of his endless errors as an artist.

His last book is a reiteration both of his genius and of his errors. As we read the hundred and sixty or so poems it contains we get the impression of genius presiding over a multitude of errors. There are not half a dozen poems in the book the discovery of which, should the author's name be forgotten, would send the critics in quest of other work from the same magician's hand. One feels safe in prophesying immortality for only two, *The Oxen* and *In Time of "the Breaking of Nations"*; and these have already appeared in the selection of the author's poems published in the Golden Treasury Series. The fact that the entirely new poems contain nothing on the plane of immortality, however, does not mean that *Moments of Vision* is a book of verse about which one has the right to be indifferent. No writer who is so concerned as Mr. Hardy with setting down what his eyes and heart have told him can be regarded with indifference. Mr. Hardy's art is lame, but it carries the burden of genius. He may be a stammerer as a poet, but he stammers in words of his own concerning a vision of his own. When he notes the bird flying past in the dusk, "like an eyelid's soundless blink," he does not achieve music, but he chronicles an experience, not merely echoes one, with such exact truth as to make it immortally a part of all experience. There is nothing borrowed or secondhand, again, in Mr. Hardy's grim vision of the yew-trees in the churchyard by moonlight in *Jubilate*:

> The yew-tree arms, glued hard to the stiff, stark air,
> Hung still in the village sky as theatre-scenes.

Mr. Hardy may not enable us to hear the music which is more than the music of the earth, but he enables us to see what he saw. He communicates his spectacle

of the world. He builds his house lopsided, harsh, and with the windows in unusual places; but it is his own house, the house of a seer, of a personality. That is what we are aware of in such a poem as *On Sturminster Foot Bridge*, in which perfect and precise observation of nature is allied to intolerably prosaic utterance. The first verse of this poem runs:

> Reticulations creep upon the slack stream's face
> When the wind skims irritably past,
> The current clucks smartly into each hollow place
> That years of flood have scrabbled in the pier's sodden base;
> The floating-lily leaves rot fast.

One could make as good music as that out of a milk-cart. One would accept such musicless verse only from a man of genius. But even here Mr. Hardy takes us home with him and makes us stand by his side and listen to the clucking stream. He takes us home with him again in the poem called *Overlooking the River Stour*, which begins:

> The swallows flew in the curves of an eight
> Above the river-gleam
> In the wet June's last beam:
> Like little crossbows animate,
> The swallows flew in the curves of an eight
> Above the river-gleam.
>
> Planing up shavings made of spray,
> A moor-hen darted out
> From the bank thereabout,
> And through the stream-shine ripped her way;
> Planing up shavings made of spray,
> A moor-hen darted out.

In this poem we find observation leaping into song in one line and hobbling into a hard-wrought image in another. Both the line in which the first appears, however—

> Like little crossbows animate,

and the line in which the second happens—

> Planing up shavings made of spray,

equally make us feel how watchful and earnest an observe is Mr. Hardy. He is a man, we realize, to whom bir and river, heath and stone, road and field and tree mean immensely more than to his fellows. I do no suggest that he observes nature without bias—that h mirrors the procession of visible things with the deligh of a child or a lyric poet. He makes nature his mirro as well as himself a mirror of nature. He colours with all his sadness, his helplessness, his (if one ma invent the word and use it without offence) warpedness If I am not mistaken, he once compared a bleak morn ing in *The Woodlanders* to the face of a still-bor baby. He loves to dwell on the uncomfortable mood of nature—on such things as :—

> . . . the watery light
> Of the moon in its old age ;

concerning which moon he goes on to describe how :

> Green-rheumed clouds were hurrying past where mute and col
> it globed
> Like a dying dolphin's eye seen through a lapping wave.

This, I fear, is a failure, but it is a failure in a commo mood of the author's. It is a mood in which nature look out at us, almost ludicrous in its melancholy. In suc a poem as that from which I have quoted, it is as thoug we saw nature with a drip on the end of its nose Mr. Hardy's is something different from a tragic visior It is a desolate, disheartening, and, in a way, morbi vision. We wander with him too often under—

> Gaunt trees that interlace,
> Through whose flayed fingers I see too clearly
> The nakedness of the place.

And Mr. Hardy's vision of the life of men and women transgresses similarly into a denial of gladness. His gloom, we feel, goes too far. It goes so far that we are tempted at times to think of it as a factitious gloom. He writes a poem called *Honeymoon Time at an Inn*, and this is the characteristic atmosphere in which he introduces us to the bridegroom and bride :

> At the shiver of morning, a little before the false dawn,
> The moon was at the window-square,
> Deedily brooding in deformed decay—
> The curve hewn off her cheek as by an adze ;
> At the shiver of morning, a little before the false dawn,
> So the moon looked in there.

There are no happy lovers or happy marriages in Mr. Hardy's world. Such people as are happy would not be happy if only they knew the truth. Many of Mr. Hardy's poems are, as I have already said, dramatic lyrics on the pattern invented by Robert Browning—short stories in verse. But there is a certain air of triumph even in Browning's tragic figures. Mr. Hardy's figures are the inmates of despair. Browning's love-poems belong to heroic literature. Mr. Hardy's love-poems belong to the literature of downheartedness. Browning's men and women are men and women who have had the courage of their love, or who are shown at least against a background of Browning's own courage. Mr. Hardy's men and women do not know the wild faith of love. They have not the courage even of their sins. They are helpless as fishes in a net—a scarcely rebellious population of the ill-matched and the ill-starred.

Many of the poems in his last book fail through a lack of imaginative energy. It is imaginative energy that makes the reading of a great tragedy like *King Lear* not a depressing, but an exalting experience. But is there anything save depression to be got from reading such a poem as *A Caged Goldfinch* :—

Within a churchyard, on a recent grave,
  I saw a little cage
That jailed a goldfinch. All was silence, save
  Its hops from stage to stage.

There was inquiry in its wistful eye,
  And once it tried to sing;
Of him or her who placed it there, and why,
  No one knew anything.

True, a woman was found drowned the day ensuing,
  And some at times averred
The grave to be her false one's, who when wooing
  Gave her the bird.

Apart even from the ludicrous associations which mode slang has given the last phrase, making it look like queer pun, this poem seems to one to drive sorrow ov the edge of the ridiculous. That goldfinch has sure escaped from a Max-Beerbohm parody. The ingenui with which Mr. Hardy plots tragic situations for h characters in some of his other poems is, indeed, repeated danger of misleading him into parody. One his poems tells, for instance, how a stranger finds a old man scrubbing a Statue of Liberty in a city squa and, hearing he does it for love, hails him as "Liberty knight divine." The old man confesses that he does n care twopence for Liberty, and declares that he kee the statue clean in memory of his beautiful daughte who had sat as a model for it—a girl fair in fame in form. In the interests of his plot and his dism philosophy, Mr. Hardy identifies the stranger with t sculptor of the statue, and dismisses us with his blightin aside on the old man's credulous love of his dead daughte

Answer I gave not. Of that form
  The carver was I at his side;
His child my model, held so saintly,
    Grand in feature,
    Gross in nature,
  In the dens of vice had died.

This is worse than optimism.

It is only fair to say that, though poem after poem —including the one about the fat young man whom the doctors gave only six months to live unless he walked a great deal, and who therefore was compelled to refuse a drive in the poet's phæton, though night was closing over the heath—dramatizes the meaningless miseries of life, there is also to be found in some of the poems a faint sunset-glow of hope, almost of faith. There have been compensations, we realize in *I Travel as a Phantom Now*, even in this world of skeletons. Mr. Hardy's fatalism concerning God seems not very far from faith in God in that beautiful Christmas poem, *The Oxen*. Still, the ultimate mood of the poems is not faith. It is one of pity so despairing as to be almost nihilism. There is mockery in it without the merriment of mockery. The general atmosphere of the poems, it seems to me, is to be found perfectly expressed in the last three lines of one of the poems, which is about a churchyard, a dead woman, a living rival, and the ghost of a soldier :

> There was a cry by the white-flowered mound,
> There was a laugh from underground,
> There was a deeper gloom around.

How much of the art of Thomas Hardy is suggested in those lines ! The laugh from underground, the deeper gloom—are they not all but omnipresent throughout his later and greatest work? The war could not deepen such pessimism. As a matter of fact, Mr. Hardy's war poetry is more cheerful, because more heroic, than his poetry about the normal world. Destiny was already crueller than any war-lord. The Prussian, to such an imagination, could be no more than a fly—a poisonous fly—on the wheel of destiny's disastrous car.

Printed in Great Britain by
UNWIN BROTHERS, LIMITED
WOKING AND LONDON

RICHARD COBDEN:
THE INTERNATIONAL MAN

By J. A. Hobson. With a Photogravure Frontispiece, and 8 other Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 21/- net. (Second Impression.)

¶ It is the international aspect of Mr. Cobden's ideals that are especially dealt with in this book, written by one who is perhaps the foremost economist of the modern school as he is also one of the most modern of internationalists. Mr. Hobson has had the advantage of access to much material hitherto unpublished, so that future students will find the book an essential complement to Lord Morley's famous biography.

¶ "Mr. Hobson has produced one of those rare books which it is difficult to read through, because they are too interesting. It continually lures one into reflection; one puts it down on one's knees and wanders away straight out of the text down some pleasant (and sometimes unpleasant) path of speculation. . . . Almost every page testifies to Cobden's soundness of judgment in the sphere of international policy." *New Statesman.*

¶ "Mr. J. A. Hobson's able study of 'Richard Cobden' could not have come at a more opportune moment, for not only is his work a contribution to the understanding of present-day international problems in the light of their development, but it is full of useful passages bearing on devices which we are only too apt to regard as the special product of the 20th century."—*Cambridge Magazine.*

T. FISHER UNWIN LD., 1 ADELPHI TERRACE, LONDON

THE LIFE OF LAMARTINE

By H. Remsen Whitehouse. With many Illustrations. Two volumes. Demy 8vo, cloth, 42/- net.

¶ "Mr. H. Remsen Whitehouse has shown great thoroughness in his 'Life of Lamartine,' which gives evidence of careful study and research. It deals with a time of great men, and in the course of its pages we come across the names of such people as Louis Philippe, Charles X, Napoleon III, Louis Blanc, Lord Byron, Cavour, Chateaubriand, Guizot, Victor Hugo, Julie Charles, Lord Palmerston, Cobden, Thiers, Louis de Vignet, and others." — *Morning Advertiser.*

¶ "The standard work on the subject. . . . Succeeding writers will find it a great storehouse of facts respecting the public and private life of Lamartine and the exciting and troublous times in which he lived." — *Daily Telegraph.*

FACTS ABOUT FRANCE

By E. Saillens. With a Foreword by E. Hovelaque. With 66 Illustrations. Plans and Maps. Large Crown 8vo, cloth, 8/6 net.

¶ "M. Saillens has compiled an encylopædic book which answers every question about the country, the people and their ways of life and thought that is likely to occur to an intelligent and inquisitive foreigner." *Birmingham Post.*

¶ "M. Saillens has performed a huge task, and is to be congratulated on having done it so well." *Westminster Gazette.*

¶ "Just the sort of book of reference which many people want." *The Athenæum.*

T. FISHER UNWIN LD., 1 ADELPHI TERRACE, LONDON

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKMANSHIP

By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, M.A., Litt.D., King Edward VII Professor of English Literature in the University of Cambridge. Demy 8vo, cloth, 15/- net. (Third Impression.)

¶ These studies seek to discover, in some of his plays, just what Shakespeare was trying to do as a playwright. This has always seemed to the author a sensible way of approaching him, and one worth reverting to from time to time. For it is no disparagement to the erudition and scholarship that have so piously been heaped about Shakespeare to say that we shall sometimes find it salutary to disengage our minds from it all, and recollect that the poet was a playwright.

¶ "Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's analysis of Shakespeare's craftsmanship goes direct to the principles of dramatic construction; and if ever the poetic drama seriously revives in England it is more than likely that this book will be found to have had a hand in the revival."—*Westminster Gazette.*

PRIME MINISTERS AND SOME OTHERS

By the Right Hon. George W. E. Russell, Author of "Portraits of the 'Seventies," etc. Large Crown 8vo, cloth, 12/6 net. (Second Impression.)

¶ "Mr. Russell is at his best in this book where he gossips in delightful fashion about Prime Ministers he has known, from Palmerston down to 'C.B.'. And not only about Prime Ministers, for other men of mark are included in his gallery."—*Daily Chronicle.*

T. FISHER UNWIN LD., 1 ADELPHI TERRACE, LONDON

LURES OF LIFE

By JOSEPH LUCAS, Author of "Our Villa in Italy." Crown 8vo, cloth, 6/- net.

¶ "The Lures of Life" are many and masterful, but only a few of them are recorded in this book. There is the lure of happiness; men travel far and wide to find happiness under the sun. The lure of self-denial is fascinating to natures of a melancholic turn. The New Democracy is a lure which arrests national attention to-day. Its claims to hold the world in fee are herein set forth. The gentle lover of antiques will yield gladly to the lure of old furniture and the Montelupo plate, both of which are discoursed on sympathetically. The fastidious reader will find to his taste the lure of nice people and the lure of pluck. The lure of magic words reveals the enchantments of literature in their manifold harmonies of style and language. The lure of an old Tuscan garden conveys us to Italy, the land of colour, sunlight and haunting memories.

OUR VILLA IN ITALY

By JOSEPH LUCAS. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5/- net. (Second Edition.)

¶ "Mr. Lucas has written a book which will delight every English lover of Italy. . . . Many an agreeable story do we find in these simple, well-written pages so full of the lure of Florence, and, indeed, of all Italy." *The Guardian.*

¶ "Mr. Lucas has made an amusing and instructive book out of his experiences as a villa hunter near Florence." *Truth.*

T. FISHER UNWIN LD., 1 ADELPHI TERRACE, LONDON

UNCENSORED CELEBRITIES

By E. T. RAYMOND. Cloth, 10/6 net. 3rd Impression.

¶ "Some exceedingly frank portraits of public men are contained in a book with the curious title of 'Uncensored Celebrities.' The author is mercilessly careful to explain in his preface that the work is not meant for the hero-worshipper." *The Evening Standard.*

¶ "In his portraits of some thirty or forty public personages Mr. Raymond endeavours to reproduce for us the real and abiding characteristics of his heterogeneous sitters. . . . His book is one for the day and hour and will be read with relish by most people who read their daily paper."—*The Observer.*

¶ "No reader could deny the brilliancy of these studies of contemporary statesmen and politicians. The writer has a mordant gift of epigram; a power of summary in a sentence or a phrase; with considerable insight upon the work and character of those whom he dissects with little mercy."—*The Outlook.*

¶ "Mr. Raymond is a real discovery. . . . No book of personal studies of recent years has given so much food for thought and, in spite of its frankness, it is always fair. Mr. Raymond has succeeded in revealing men without taking sides. . . . Here we have clear vision, sane opinion, and a very useful sense of humour, not always free from acid." *The National News.*

¶ "Amusing books about political figures are so rare that Mr. Raymond has provided a positive oasis." *Land and Water.*

T. FISHER UNWIN LD., 1 ADELPHI TERRACE, LONDON

A SHORT HISTORY OF FRANCE

By MARY DUCLAUX. With 4 Maps. Demy
cloth, 10/6 net. (Fourth Impres

¶ "Mme. Duclaux is a true literary artist ; a
one, we venture to say, even among the writ
her adopted nation, the home of brilliant liter
was better fitted for the exact task she has he
herself and so charmingly fulfilled. . . . O
the chief merits of the book, which mal
valuable for all persons, and they are legi
these days, who wish really to unde
France, is Mme. Duclaux's penetrating l
ledge of the French character."—*The Spe*

¶ "Madame Duclaux's History is, as mig
expected, intimate and fascinating from th
chapter to the last. . . . Madame Duclau
added a treasure to literature in her '
History of France.'" *Country*

HOW FRANCE IS GOVERNED

By RAYMOND POINCARÉ. Large Crown
cloth, 8/6 net. (Fifth Impre

¶ "A most interesting and valuable account
whole framework of French administration
packed with information not easily ob
elsewhere, and conveyed in language of re
able and attractive simplicity."—*The Spe*

¶ "The book is a lucid, a quite extraordi
lucid, exposition of the entire machinery of g
ment in France." *The*

T. FISHER UNWIN LD., 1 ADELPHI TERRACE, LC

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
3 9015 03124 2038

...s label mus... ...oved from this book nor the
figures th...eon altered.

use when
ied as
extra.

OCT. WI